

LATIN

Our Living Heritage

BOOK III

Teacher's Guide and Answer Key



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TEACHER'S GUIDE AND ANSWER KEY

LATIN: Our Living Heritage (Book III)

PREFACE

The Teacher's Guide to *Latin: Our Living Heritage*, Book III, presents an accurate translation of the selections in the text as well as a discussion of certain other material that will be of assistance to the teacher and the student. The guide presents the selections in the order of the text, and is keyed to the text through the use of the page numbers of each selection.

The following components of the guide are especially worthy of note:

1. COURSE OF STUDY

When so large an amount of reading material, so diverse in style and content, has been made available, teachers will naturally be interested to ask how much or what selections would constitute a year's program. A strong program might well include three selections at least from the Ciceronian corpus, *Aeneid* II and whatever else the teacher preferred for the time available. On this basis here are some specific programs:

1. Erasmus, *Prō Rōsciō*, *In Verrem*, *In Catilinam I*, *Dē Officiis*, Letters of Cicero, *Aeneid* II, Ovid
2. *Gesta Rōmānōrum*, Joan of Arc, Petrarch, *In Verrem*, *Prō Archiā*, *Dē Senectūte*, *Dē Officiis*, Catullus, *Aeneid* II, Ovid
3. Joan of Arc, *Prō Rōsciō*, Sallust, *In Catilinam I* and *III*, Seneca, *Aeneid* II, Ovid
4. Vulgate selections, Augustine, Erasmus, *Prō Rōsciō*, *Prō Archiā*, *Dē Senectūte*, *Dē Officiis*, Catullus, *Aeneid* II, Ovid
5. *Prō Rōsciō*, *In Verrem*, Joan of Arc, *In Catilinam I*, Letters of Cicero, Pliny, *Aeneid* II, Ovid

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It is obvious that many other combinations are possible especially as some teachers will prefer to postpone the reading of Virgil to a later stage.

2. CICERO AND ORATORY

Traditionally the oratorical works of Cicero have received central emphasis in third-year Latin. As an aid to a more rounded treatment of this one aspect of Cicero we have included in the text a discussion of the nature of Cicero's oratory. (See Grammatical Appendix, 333.) In the guide there is further discussion of this detailed and technical material (**Sound and Rhythm, Periodic Sentence**).

The purpose of discussing Cicero and his oratory is to demonstrate the importance of integrating *sound to sense* in the teaching of all material from the *Prō Rōsciō* selection through *Prō Archiā*. If Cicero is to be taught as an orator, his oratorical works must rise from the printed page into the ears and imagination of students. We have tried to assist the task of returning students to a specific area of that strange, unfamiliar territory: oral literature.

3. TRANSLATION

The translations attempt to steer a middle course between an idiomatic and a literal rendering of the Latin. At the same time the translations furnished in the Teacher's Guide deliberately avoid the version furnished in the notes to the text. Since the Latin appropriate to third-year audiences is naturally more difficult and complex, the varying translations serve to clarify and reconcile obscurities created by the nature of the Latin. Where neither of these measures serves to reveal the sense of the Latin, further parenthetical explanation is provided.

4. AENEID II

The *Aeneid* Book II is included as a self-contained unit for third-year students. For those classes wishing to extend their reading of the *Aeneid* the following school editions are recommended:

Page, T. E. *Virgil's Aeneid* Books 1-6. New York: St. Martin's Press.

Pharr, Clyde, editor. *Virgil's Aeneid* Books 1-6. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., 1964.

5. PRONUNCIATION

A brief description of the main differences in the pronunciation of Latin ("Church," etc.) is also included in the guide.

6. REFERENCE WORKS

A list of reference works has been included. This bibliography should serve as an excellent point of departure for classroom projects and for outside reading.

Sound and Rhythm

Cicero relied on assonance as often as on anaphora to drive home a point that he wanted to make. The direct questions in the first paragraph of *In Catilinam* I, chapter one are hammered out with the repeated *nihil*. The indirect questions of the following paragraph achieve their emphasis by the sound of the perfect subjunctive ending in *ēgeris, fueris, convocāveris, cēperis*.

Parallel structure is perhaps the most noteworthy feature of Cicero's style. His phrases may balance one another, often in pairs of equal length, or increase in weight to create a crescendo. When balance and assonance are used to present contrasting ideas (antithesis), the rhythm of the balanced phrases becomes more noticeable. In the *Ōrator* (165), Cicero cites the following example of his art:

Est enim, iūdicēs, haec nōn scripta, sed nāta lēx, quam
nōn didicimus, accēpimus, lēgimus, vērūm ex nātūrā
ipsā arripuimus, hausimus, expressimus, ad quam nōn
doctī, sed factī, nōn institūtī, sed imbūtī sumus.

Of all the features of rhythmic prose the one on which Cicero laid most emphasis was the metrical element, the succession of long and short syllables. He states as a cardinal rule that the orator must avoid the metrical forms used in verse and especially that the *clausula* (the ending of the sentence) must not consist of the dactyl (– ∪ ∪) followed by a spondee (– –) or trochee (– ∪), the usual ending of the hexameter or heroic verse. (*Ōr.* 217)

To this negative rule Cicero adds a positive one in specifying certain metrical arrangements as preferred. These cadences are most easily distinguished at the *clausulae*. In the *Ōrator* (218), Cicero mentions the paeon (– ∪ ∪ ∪ or ∪ ∪ ∪ –) as one of the rhythms adapted to the *clausula*. He used it for the foot just before the last. Indeed the first paeon (– ∪ ∪ ∪) followed by a trochee or a spondee is frequent in Cicero and is the type of the famous “*esse videātur*” ending of which Quintilian said:

Nōveram quōsdam quī sē pulchrē expressisse genus illud
caelestis huius in dicendō virī (of this godlike orator)
sibi vidērentur, sī in clausulā posuissent “*esse videātur*.”
(*Inst. Ōrat.* X. 2.18)

Cicero shows clearly the importance of the metrical cadence in a passage of the *Ōrātor* (232) where he quotes from his lost speech *Prō C. Cornēliō*: “Neque me dīvitiae movent, quibus omnēs Āfricānōs et Laeliōs multī vēnālīcī mercātō|rēsque superārunt” (I am not moved by his wealth, in which many traders and slave dealers have outdone all the Africani and Laelii). “Change this just a little,” he says, “to read — multī superārunt mercātōrēs vēnālīcīque — and the whole effect is lost.” The difference in effect may be too subtle for us to grasp, but the remark does allow us to observe that Cicero must have been unusually sensitive to the cadence of his phrasing.

The Periodic Sentence

Over the centuries English has shed its inflections, so that our word-order is comparatively rigid. On the other hand, because Latin is a highly inflected language, it has greater freedom in the grouping of words, phrases and clauses. Cicero exploits this potentiality to such an extent that the periodic style may be said to culminate in his oratory. A periodic sentence is one in which there is a complex and balanced arrangement of subordinate clauses while the meaning of the whole complex is not complete until the last word has been heard.

To illustrate how a periodic sentence may be constructed, let us take its components and state them so far as possible in paratactic style, i.e. without subordination.

- | | |
|--|---|
| A. The children of the head
of the household have
been killed by a slave. | Liberī patris familiās ā
servō interfectī sunt. |
| A. His wife has been slain. | Uxor occīsa est. |
| A. His house has been burned. | Domus incēnsa est. |
| B. The head of the household
has not inflicted the sever-
est punishment possible on
the slave. | Pater familiās supplicium
dē servō nōn quam acer-
bissimum sūmpsīt. |
| C. Is he merciful or very
cruel? | Estne is clēmēns an crūdē-
lissimus? |

Cicero is arguing that no punishment can be too severe for the confederates of Catiline. Making logical subordination, Cicero

delivers the statements in a periodic sentence: The propositions indicated by A. are in the ablative absolute; B. becomes a supposition for the question C. The period (*In Cat.* IV. 6) is as follows:

Quaerō, sī quis pater familiās, liberīs suis ā servō interfectīs, uxōre occīsā, incēnsā domō, supplicium dē servō nōn quam acerbissimum sūmpserit, utrum is clēmēns ac misericors an inhūmānissimus et crūdēlissimus esse videātur.

Notice in the above period chiasmus: **uxōre occīsā, incēnsā domō**; the use of the adjectives in pairs: **clēmēns, misericors** and **inhūmānus, crūdēlis**; the use of the superlatives in the second pair to stress the important part in the balance, viz. the hypothetical father's lack of feeling for his murdered family; the rhythmical clausula **esse videātur**.

In the following example from *In Catilinam* II. 2, we see the orderliness of the subordination. Although the main thought does not appear until **rem hūc dēdūxī**, the progression is so skillfully handled that each subordinate element fits neatly and logically into its proper relationship to the whole:

Sed cum vidērem, nē vōbīs quidem omnibus rē etiam tum probātā, sī illum, ut erat meritis, morte multāssem, fore ut eius sociōs invidiā oppressus persequī nōn possem, rem hūc dēdūxī, ut tum palam pugnāre possētis, cum hostem apertē vidērētis.

Not all sentences will be of this nature, for such a style would be extremely monotonous. The style will vary with the situation, the nature of the audience and the mood of the orator. Cicero, recommending a sparing use of the periodic structure (*Ōr.* 211), says that sentences or phrases of shorter or of medium length, which he calls **incīsa** and **membra**, should often be employed. In the *Ōrator* (233 f.) Cicero gives an example, taken from the fragmentary *Prō Scaurō*:

Domus tibi deerat? At habēbās. Pecūnia superābat? At egēbās. Incurristī āmēns in columnās. In aliēnōs īnsānus īnsānistī.

In the rolling period, such as the first sentence of *In Catilinam* III, we see Cicero at his greatest. Here symmetry of expression and the rhythm of the cadences make for harmony of sense and sound. It is not so much that order and clarity go hand in hand with the music as that they are one.

Pronunciation

With the *Cōfessiō* and subsequent selections teachers may prefer to present or use the pronunciation variously termed “Church,” “Italian,” or “Medieval.” The principal variations from the pronunciation of Latin of the Classical period are here listed:

1. the diphthongs *-æ* and *-œ* are pronounced like long *-e*, the sound of *-ay* in *say*; e.g. *mēnsae*;
2. the consonant *c* is soft before *e*, *i*, *ae*, or *oe*, the sound of *ch* in *chair*, e.g. *dulcis*, *caelum*;
3. the consonant *g* is soft before *e*, *i*, *ae*, or *oe*, the sound of *g* in *gem*, e.g. *lēgēs*, *frīgidus*;
4. *gn* is pronounced like *ni* in *onion*, e.g. *ignāvīs*;
5. *ti* and *te* before vowels change the consonant sound to *s* or *z*, as in *iūstitia* (*iūstitzia*);
6. *v* is pronounced as *v*, not as *w*;
7. in unstressed syllables the distinction between long and short vowels is generally ignored;
8. confusion in spelling such as *amīcitia*, *amīcicia*; *condiciō*, *conditiō*; *nūntius*, *nūncius* indicates that the *ci*, *ti* must have been very similar in sound when preceding a vowel.

Blank pages are provided on pp. 180-184 for Teacher's Notes.

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SPEECH TO THE JURORS IN DEFENSE OF SEXTUS ROSCIUS
OF AMERIA

14-34

Statement of Facts

VI. Sextus Roscius, father of my client here, was a townsman of Ameria, by birth, nobility, and wealth easily the foremost man in his township. He had an old feud with the two Roscii of Ameria, one of whom, I see, is sitting on the benches of the accusers, while the other, so I hear, possesses three estates belonging to my client; for there are two of them with the name "Titus Roscius," one of whom has the surname Capito; that man present in court is called Magnus.

VII. When my client, Sextus Roscius, was in Ameria,—whereas yonder Roscius was in Rome, when my client, the son, was constantly on the estates and by his father's desire had devoted himself to the family property and a country life,—whereas the accuser was frequently in Rome—near the Palatine Baths, Sextus Roscius was slain as he returned from dinner. From this very fact I hope it is quite clear on whom the suspicion of crime rests. But unless the case itself makes clear what is so far merely suspicious, you shall judge my client implicated in the guilt.

When Sextus Roscius was slain, the first man to announce it in Ameria was one Mallius Glaucia, a client and friend of yonder Titus Roscius, and he brought the announcement not to the son's house, but to that of Titus Capito, the personal enemy; and though it was seven o'clock in the evening (the first hour of the night) that he was killed, at daybreak this messenger came to Ameria. Four days after this happened, the incident was reported to Chrysogonus in the camp of Lucius Sulla at Volaterra.

The size of his fortune was indicated. The excellence of the estates—for he left thirteen farms which almost all border the Tiber; my client's destitution and his isolation were reported. They pointed out that since my client's father, Sextus Roscius, so eminent and influential a man, had been killed with no trouble, this man, unsuspecting, a rustic, unknown in Rome, could very easily be put out of the way. They volunteered their aid for this purpose. To put it briefly, gentlemen of the jury, a partnership was formed.

VIII. When mention was no longer made of proscription, when even citizens who had earlier been in fear were returning and thinking that they had now got free of dangers, the name of Sextus Roscius, a very staunch supporter of the nobles, was entered on the lists. Chrysogonus became the purchaser. Three estates, the very finest, were handed over to Capito as his own, which he possesses today. The accuser, Titus Roscius, raids all the rest of the property in the name of Chrysogonus, as he himself states. All this, gentlemen of the jury, as I surely know, was done without the knowledge of Lucius Sulla.

My client, unhappy man, lost in grief, though he had not yet performed all the due rites even for his father's funeral, (the accuser) banishes destitute from his home, and thrusts him headlong, gentlemen of the jury, away from his ancestral hearth and household gods. The accuser becomes the controller of the very considerable wealth.

IX. Envoys come into the camp. It is realized, gentlemen of the jury—as I have already said—that these criminal and shameful deeds were done without the knowledge of Lucius Sulla. For immediately Chrysogonus himself approaches them and asks them not to go to Sulla; (he said) that he would do everything that they wanted. Now he had become so frightened that he would die rather than have Sulla be informed of these matters.

Plain honest men, the kind who imagined that others were after their own nature (were like themselves), believed when Chrysogonus assured them that he would take the name of Sextus Roscius off the lists and would surrender the estates, unoccupied, to the son. They returned to Ameria without having pleaded their case.

And at first the accomplices began to postpone daily and procrastinate; finally,—as is easy to grasp—they began to make plots against the life of my client here, Sextus Roscius, and to believe that they could no longer hold another's wealth, while the owner was living.

X. When the accomplices realized that Sextus Roscius' life was being most carefully guarded and that they were given no opportunity of committing murder, they formed a plan that was full of crime and audacity, a plan formally to accuse my client of parricide and to hire some seasoned accuser for this purpose, who could say something about this matter in which there was no ground for suspicion.

This was the way they would put it: because regular trials had not been held for so long a time, the first man to be brought to trial was sure to be found guilty; furthermore this man would lack defenders because of Chrysogonus' influence; regarding the sale of property and regarding that partnership no one would utter a word; from the atrocity of the charge this man would be got out of the way with no trouble, since he would have been defended by nobody.

Spurred on by this planning and this folly, they have handed over to you for strangling this man whom they could not themselves kill, though they wanted to.

The Division of the Arguments

XII. There are, so far as I can see, three matters that at this time confront Sextus Roscius: the charge brought by his adversaries, their audacity, and their power. Erucius undertook the trumping up of a charge. The Roscii demanded the roles in audacity for themselves; Chrysogonus, moreover, who is the most powerful,

lights with his influence. About these matters I realize that I ought to speak.

I ought to refute the charge. You must both resist the audacity and stamp out and destroy the pernicious and unbearable influence of men of this sort at the very first opportunity. Sextus Roscius is accused of having slain his father. In so great, so enormous, so unparalleled a crime what proofs, Erucius, I ask, do you think that an accuser should use? Ought you not show unparalleled audacity in the man who is brought to trial and a life surrendered to vices and deeds of shame? You have leveled none of these charges against Sextus Roscius, not even by way of reproach.

Refutation

XIV. It is parricide that Sextus Roscius has committed. What kind of man was he? A weak young man corrupted and led astray by ne'er-do-wells? He was more than forty years old. A seasoned cutthroat, doubtless, a bravo often involved in murder? But you have not heard this said, even by the accuser. Clearly then extravagance, the size of his debts, and his untamed passions drove the man to this crime? Erucius cleared him of extravagance when he said that my client usually did not take part in any banquet even. Moreover he was never in debt. Furthermore what passions can there be in a man who has always lived on the land and spent his life in farming? What was it then that brought such madness on Sextus Roscius? "His father," he says, "did not like him." Why? For it is necessary that the reason be sound, weighty and clear. For, just as it is incredible that a father was slain by his son without very many and compelling motives, so it is not likely that a father hated his son without many, weighty and vital motives. Again, therefore, let us come back to the same point and let us ask what vices in an only son were so great (as to warrant parricide). But it is obvious that there was none. Was the father, therefore, mad since he hated without motive him whom he had begotten? But he was, to be sure, the most level-headed of all men. This then is now clear, that the father had no motive for hatred, and the son had no motive for the crime.

XV. "I do not know," he says, "what motive for hatred there was. That there was hatred I do know, because earlier when he had his two sons he wanted that other who died to be with him at all time, this son he had banished to the country estates." What is it you are saying, Erucius? Had Sextus Roscius surrendered the care of the estates, so many, so fine, so productive, to his son as a way of banishing and punishing him? Come now, heads of households who have children, do they not think that this is their dearest wish, that their sons should above all show concern for property and devote most of their effort and interest to cultivating the estates?

XVIII-XIX. Therefore, I suppose, Erucius, the hatred, the most violent hatred of the father for his son is revealed from this fact that

he allowed my client to be in the country? Surely there is nothing else? "Yes, there is," he says, "for he intended to cut him out of his will." I am listening. Now you are saying something that bears on the case. "He wanted to disinherit his son." Why? "I don't know." Did he disinherit him? "No." Who prevented him? "He was thinking of it." Whom did he tell? "Nobody."

Surely this is taking advantage of the lawcourt, of the laws, and of your dignity, for gain and for lawlessness—to accuse in this way and to bring a kind of charge that, so far from being able to establish, you do not even attempt to do so. Everyone sees your motive in coming as personal enemy of my client. They know that you have been attracted by his wealth.

XXI-XXII. What have you given me to refute, my good accuser? What have you given these jurymen to suspect? "He was afraid that he would be disinherited." I am listening; but no one tells why he ought to be afraid. "His father intended." Make it clear. There is nothing; (you do not tell) with whom he discussed it, whom he informed, whence that suspicion entered your minds.

When you accuse in this way, Erucius, are you not openly saying this—"I know what I have received; I do not know what I am saying; I considered only this—what Chrysogonus said—that nobody would be his defender; that there would be nobody who would dare to utter a word about the selling of the property and about this partnership at this time." This mistaken opinion drove you into this deceit. You would not have uttered a word, if you had thought that anyone would answer you. Admit that you came here with this expectation, that you thought that here there would be brigandage and not a lawsuit. A case of parricide is being pleaded. A reason has not been given by the accuser, as to why the son murdered his father.

XXIII. Not so many years ago they say that one Titus Caelius of Tarracina, a prominent man, was found murdered in the morning, when after dinner he had gone to bed with his two sons, young men, in the same bedroom.

Since no slave or free man was found on whom suspicion might rest, since moreover the two sons who were sleeping nearby said that they had not even been aware, the sons were formally charged with parricide.

What could be so suspicious? Was neither aware? Moreover, did anyone dare to venture into that bedroom when the two young men were in that very place, and could easily know about it and offer defense? Furthermore, there was nobody else to whom the suspicion would point.

However, when it had been made clear to the jurors that they had been found asleep with the door open, the young men were acquitted at the trial and freed of all suspicion. For nobody thought that there was anyone who, when by sinful crime he had outraged all laws, human and divine, could at once fall asleep, for

the reason that those who have perpetrated such a crime not only cannot rest without worry but cannot even breathe without fear.

XXV. Accordingly, from many facts it can be realized that our ancestors were more powerful than other peoples not only in arms but also in policy and wisdom, and from this fact—most of all—that they devised an unparalleled punishment for the impious. In this particular just consider how far superior they were to those who are regarded as wisest in the eyes of the rest of mankind.

The state of the Athenians is reported to have been the wisest during the time that it was supreme. Furthermore, they say that Solon was the wisest man in that state—Solon, who wrote the laws that they use today. When he was asked why he had enacted no punishment for a man who had killed a parent, he answered that he had not thought that anyone would do this. He is said to have acted wisely in that he passed no law for a crime that had not hitherto been committed, lest it seem that he suggested rather than forbade the crime.

How much more wisely our ancestors acted! Since they were well aware that nothing was so holy that recklessness did not at some time violate it, they thought out a unique punishment for parricides, in order that those whom Nature herself could not keep obedient might be deterred from wrongdoing by the severity of the penalty. They wanted them while alive to be sewn into a leather bag and cast adrift upon the flood.

XXVI. Wisdom beyond compare, gentlemen of the jury! Do they not show that they have removed and banished from the world this man from whom they have abruptly taken away sky and sun and water and earth, so that the parricide forfeited all those things whence all are said to have been created?

Do you think that you, Erucius, can prove to these intelligent jurymen a charge of a crime so great, a crime for which so unique a penalty has been established, if you have not advanced even a motive for the crime? If you were accusing him before the purchasers of the estates themselves and Chrysogonus presided over this trial, yet you would have come more carefully prepared.

Do you not know what is being pleaded or before whom it is pleaded? It is a charge of parricide, which cannot be committed without many motives. Moreover, it is being pleaded before very intelligent men who realize that no one commits even the least crime without motive.

XXVII. Well then, you cannot adduce a motive. Although I ought to have won the case immediately, I shall relinquish my claim and, relying on my client's innocence, I shall grant you in this case what I would not grant in another.

I do not ask you why Sextus Roscius killed his father; I ask by what means he killed. And I shall give you the opportunity either of answering or interrupting or even of putting a question, if you

have any. How did he kill? Did he strike the blow himself? Or did he have him killed by others? If you accuse him, he was not in Rome. If you say that he acted through others, I ask, through slaves or free men? If through free men, who? From his home town, Ameria? Or the hired killers here in the city? If from Ameria, who are they? Why are they not named? If from Rome, how did Roscius know them, Roscius, who for many years did not come to Rome, and was never there for more than three days? Where did he meet them? How did he communicate? How did he persuade them? Did he pay? Whom did he pay? Through whom did he pay? From what source or how much did he pay? Is it not by these clues that a crime is usually traced to its source?

XXVIII. In Rome Sextus Roscius was slain when his son was in the district of Ameria. He sent a letter, I suppose, to some assassin, this man did, who knew nobody in Rome. "He had someone come to him." Whom and when? "He sent a messenger." Whom or to whom? "With pay, hope, promises he induced someone." None of these things can even be invented, and yet a case of parricide is being pleaded.

It remains that he committed this crime through slaves. Immortal gods, an unhappy and disastrous state of affairs! Sextus Roscius is not allowed to do what is usually a source of safety for the innocent under such a charge—offer slaves for examination.

You who are accusing my client have all his slaves. Out of so large a household there has not been left a single slave for Sextus Roscius as a servant for everyday living. Where are his father's slaves? They wait upon Chrysogonus, gentlemen of the jury. They are in his esteem and pay. Even now I demand and my client begs and entreats that they be questioned. What are you doing? Why do you refuse?

Be doubtful even now, gentlemen of the jury, if you can, by whom Sextus Roscius was killed, whether by him who because of his death lives in destitution amid plots and who is not given opportunity even to investigate his father's death or by those who shun investigation, possess the property, and live in murder and from murder.

The Positive Argument (Directed Against Chrysogonus)

XLIII. I come now to that golden name of Chrysogonus, the name under which the whole partnership found cover. Purchaser of the goods of Sextus Roscius is Chrysogonus. First let us look at this: on what principle were that man's goods sold, or how could they be sold? For they say that the phrasing in the law itself is as follows—"that the goods of those who have been proscribed should be sold"—Sextus Roscius is not among them—"or of those who have been slain in the opponents' forces." As long as there were any forces, he was in the forces of Sulla. After hostilities ceased, when peace

was firmly secured, he was slain in Rome as he returned from dinner. If he was legally slain, I admit that the property too was legally sold; if on the other hand it is evident that he was slain in violation of all laws, both old and new, I ask by what right or by what custom or by what law the property has been sold.

XLIV–XLV. All this I say Chrysogonus has done, he lied; he pretended that Sextus Roscius was a disloyal citizen; he said he was slain in the forces of the opponents; he did not allow Lucius Sulla to be informed of these very facts by the delegates of the people of America. Finally, I suspect this also—that this property was not sold at all.

I think it states in the law the date up to which proscriptions and sales may be held, June the first. Several months afterwards the man was killed, and the property is said to have been sold. Surely this property was not entered on the state records and we are being tricked by this scoundrel more cleverly than we think; or else, if it was entered, the state records have been in some way tampered with; for it is evident that legally of course, the property could not have been sold.

XLV. Leaving Sextus Roscius out of the question, on my own initiative I ask these questions of Chrysogonus: in the first place, why the property of a very loyal citizen was sold; next, why the property of this man who was neither proscribed nor slain in the enemy forces was sold, whereas the law is directed against them alone; next, why it was sold considerably after the date that has been laid down in the law; finally, why it was sold for so little.

If, as worthless and unprincipled freedmen are in the habit of doing, he wishes to heap the blame for all this on his patron, it will get him nowhere; there is no one who is unaware that many have secretly done many things, when Lucius Sulla was unaware because of the magnitude of his tasks.

LII. But if, gentlemen of the jury, we cannot gain our request of Chrysogonus that he be satisfied with our wealth, that he should not seek our lives as well; if he is not satisfied to glut his greed with wealth unless blood is provided for his cruelty too, there is one refuge, one hope left for Sextus Roscius, gentlemen of the jury, the same as remains for the republic, your time-honored goodness and mercy; if these abide, even now we can be safe.

Have you been held in reserve for this purpose, chosen for this purpose, that you should condemn those whom thugs and assassins had not been able to murder?

Good generals on joining battle have the custom of doing this—they place forces where they think the enemy's flight will occur, and those who flee from the battle line come upon them to their surprise. Similarly those purchasers of property think that you sit here to cut off those who have escaped their clutches. May the gods forbid, gentlemen of the jury, that what our ancestors wanted to be called a public council be thought of as a defense for scoundrels.

Is it doubtful on whom suspicion of the crime rests when you see on the one side the purchaser, the enemy, the assassin, the accuser Titus Roscius Magnus, on the other side the son destitute, supported by his friends, the son on whom could light not only no guilt but no suspicion even? Surely you see that nothing else stands against Sextus Roscius except the fact that his father's property has been sold?

LIII. But if for this purpose you volunteer your assistance, that the children of those whose goods have been sold be brought before you, in the name of the immortal gods, take care, gentlemen of the jury, lest a new and far more cruel proscription appear to have been restored through you.

It is appropriate that wise men, endowed with such authority and power as you are endowed with, should most of all try to heal these wounds from which the republic most of all suffers. There is no one of you who does not realize that the Roman People which once was thought most merciful to its foes is suffering at this time from domestic cruelty. Remove this from the state, gentlemen of the jury, let this no longer prevail in this republic. Not only does it contain this evil within itself, that it has most brutally destroyed so many citizens, but it has also taken from the gentlest men the sense of pity through familiarity with misfortunes; for when every hour we see or we hear of some brutal action even those of us who are most compassionate by nature lose in our hearts all feeling for humanity through habituation to miseries.

SELECTIONS FROM THE VERRINE ORATIONS

38-66

Furthermore, of all his vices he has left most and greatest memorials and proofs in the province of Sicily. Over a three-year period he has so pillaged and ruined the province that it can in no way be brought back to its old standing, and only with difficulty after many years and honest governors it can, as it appears, to some extent be restored.

While he was governor, the Sicilians had neither their own laws nor our decrees of the senate nor human rights. In Sicily each man possesses only as much as escaped the folly or was left over from the satiety of a most greedy and lustful man.

For the three-year period no court case was settled except at his pleasure. No possession was so hereditary or so ancestral that it was not taken away from its owner in court at his command.

Countless sums of money were wrung from the estates of landholders by a new and evil practice. The most loyal allies were ranked as public enemies. Roman citizens were tortured and put to death like slaves. The most guilty of men were acquitted through bribery. The most honorable and upright were arraigned while absent, were found guilty and exiled though they had not pleaded their case. The most strongly fortified harbors, the largest

and best protected towns were exposed to pirates and raiders. Sailors and soldiers of Sicily, our allies and friends, were starved to death. The finest and most serviceable fleets were lost and destroyed to the deep humiliation of the Roman people.

The most ancient memorials, some belonging to their wealthiest kings, which they wanted to be an ornament for the cities, some also belonging to our generals which as victors they gave or restored to the Sicilian communities, this same governor despoiled and stripped bare every one. (I. IV-V)

I. I come now to what he calls his hobby, what his friends call a disease and madness, what the Sicilians call brigandage. I do not know what name to call it. I shall present the facts to you. You shall appraise them at their proper worth, without regard to the name.

First learn, gentlemen of the jury, the actual nature of the crime. Then perhaps you will not much ask by what name you think you should call it. I say that in all Sicily, so wealthy, so ancient a province, in so many towns, so many households so prosperous there was not one silver vase, no Corinthian or Delian ware, no gem or pearl, nothing made of gold or ivory, no bronze, marble or ivory statue; I say that there was no painting, either on board or on tapestry, that he did not seek out, examine and steal, if it caught his fancy.

I seem to exaggerate. Notice again how I state it. For I am not making a sweeping statement just to turn a phrase or to magnify the charge. When I say that he left nothing of this sort in all the province, you must know that I am speaking plain Latin, not in the manner of an accuser. Again more plainly: I say that he left nothing in anyone's house, not even where he was a guest; nothing in public places, not even in shrines; nothing in the possession of Sicilian or Roman citizen; in short that he left nothing, public or private property, common or sacred, that caught his eye or his fancy, in the whole of Sicily.

Where, then, should I begin rather than with this one state which was your special favorite? Or with what group rather than those very men who testify for you? For it will more clearly be seen what your nature was among those who hate, accuse and prosecute you, when among your own men of Messana you are found to have plundered most unscrupulously.

II. C. Heius is a citizen of Messana—everyone who has gone to Messana readily believes me in this—in every way the most distinguished in that state. His home is perhaps the finest in Messana, certainly the best known at any rate, and most friendly and hospitable to our fellow citizens. This home, before the arrival of the accused, was so provided with artistic treasure that it was an adornment for the city as well. In the home of Heius there was a shrine of great dignity, bequeathed by his ancestors and very ancient; and in it four very lovely statues, of the highest crafts-

manship, the highest reputation, so that they could delight not only this talented connoisseur but even anyone of us whom he labels as ignoramuses. There was one marble statue of Cupid by Praxiteles. —I too, of course, have learned the names of the craftsmen, while investigating his case. The same craftsman, I think, made the famous Cupid of the same kind which is at Thespiæ and is the reason why Thespiæ has visitors; for there is no other reason for visiting there. And the famous L. Mummius, when he was removing the Thespiadae (which are near the temple of Good Fortune) and the other unconsecrated statues from that town, did not lay finger on this marble Cupid, because it had been consecrated.

III. But to come back to that shrine—there was this statue which I am speaking of, the statue of Cupid, made of marble; on the other side was Hercules, splendidly wrought of bronze. It was said to be by Myron, I think, and—yes, it was. Likewise, in front of these gods there were small altars which could indicate to anyone the sanctity of the shrine. There were also two bronze statues, not very large but of exceptional charm, fashioned and dressed as girls; with hands upraised they supported certain sacred offerings that rested on their heads—after the manner of Athenian girls. The girls were called *canephoroe*. But (I wonder) who was the craftsman for them? Who? Your suggestion is correct. They said that he was Polyclitus. Whenever any of us came to Messana, he was in the habit of viewing these.

They were available for everyone to see every day. The home was an ornament for the state as much as for the owner. C. Claudius, whose aedileship, we know, was most magnificent, used this Cupid while he kept the forum adorned for the immortal gods and the Roman people; and since he was a guest friend of the Heius family, and also representative for the people of Messana, as he found them generous in loaning, he was scrupulous in returning it.

All these statues that I have mentioned, gentlemen of the jury, Verres took from Heius out of the shrine. Not one of them, I say, did he leave, nor anything else except one very old wooden statue of Good Fortune, I believe. This he did not want to have in his home. (*Against Verres*, II. IV)

XIII. Now his usual method for discovering and examining all these treasures is worth knowing, gentlemen of the jury. There are two brothers from Cibra, Hiero and Tlepolemus, one of whom, I think, was accustomed to shaping things in wax, while the other is a painter. These men, I think, fled from home, when they were suspected by their fellow citizens of having plundered the shrine of Apollo and were afraid of the punishment that a trial and the law would bring. Because they had learned that Verres was eager for their craftsmanship, when they fled their home, they went to him as exiles when he was in Asia. They are those men to whom Q. Tadius reports in the records that he had made payment, by order of the accused, “to the Greek painters.” They were now well

known and tested by experience when he led them with him into Sicily.

After they arrived there, amazingly—you might call them hunting dogs—they sniffed out and tracked down everything in such a way that somehow they found where each thing was. By threatening, by promising, through slaves, through free men, through friend, through foe, they came upon this, that and the other thing. Whatever had taken their fancy was doomed. Those whose silver plate was requisitioned asked only that it not take the fancy of Hiero and Tlepolemus.

XIV. This that I am about to tell, gentlemen of the jury, is the truth, on my word of honor. I remember that Pamphilus of Lilybaeum, my friend and host, a person of distinction told me that, after the accused had arbitrarily taken from him a water jug made by Boethius—a famous make and very heavy—he had come back home very depressed and upset because a vessel of this kind, handed down to him by his father and forefathers, one which he had been accustomed to using at festivals, for the visits of guests, had been taken from him. "I was sitting dejectedly in my house," said he, "when a slave of Venus ran up to me. He ordered me to bring the embossed goblets to the governor immediately. I was alarmed," he said. "I possessed a pair. I ordered them both to be produced so that no further mischief should occur, and be taken along as I went to the governor's residence. When I arrived there, the governor was resting. The famous brothers from Cibra were strolling about. When they saw me, they said, 'Where are the goblets, Pamphilus?' I showed them gloomily. They praised them. I began to complain that I would have nothing of any value if the goblets too were taken away. Then, when they saw that I was upset, they said, 'What are you willing to give us so that these will not be taken from you?' To make a long story short, they demanded a thousand sesterces from me," he said. "I said that I would pay. Meanwhile the governor called and asked for the goblets."

Then (Pamphilus told me) they began to tell the governor that they had thought, from what they had heard, that the goblets of Pamphilus were quite valuable; but it was worthless stuff, not fit for Verres to have in his silver collection. He said that he thought the same. So Pamphilus carried away his fine goblets.

And, on my honor, earlier, although I knew that this whatever it was—the art of the connoisseur—was nonsensical, still I used to marvel that he had any feeling in things of this kind, for I knew that he had no humanity in anything else.

XV. It was then for the first time that I realized that those brothers from Cibra were there for this purpose, so that in stealing he would use his own hands, but their eyes. (II. IV)

XVIII. Listen, if you will, gentlemen of the jury, to an incident such that you can clearly see his extraordinary madness and frenzy now, not his greed.

There is a man from Malta, Diodorus, who gave evidence before you earlier. He has been living for many years now at Lilybaeum, a man prominent in his own island and because of his character distinguished and influential among those with whom he came to live. In his case, Verres was told that he had excellent embossed goblets, and among them certain cups which are called Thericlean, made by Mentor with supreme craftsmanship. When he heard about this, Verres was so inflamed with greed, not merely to see them but to steal them as well, that he summoned Diodorus to him and demanded them.

Since Diodorus was quite willing to hold on to them, he answered that he did not keep them at Lilybaeum, that he had left them at Malta with a relative of his. Then the accused at once dispatched certain men to Malta. He wrote to some people of Malta, asking that they seek out these goblets. He asked Diodorus to write to that relative of his. He could not wait to see that silver.

Diodorus a thrifty, frugal person, who wanted to keep what was his, wrote to his relative, telling him to answer those who had come from Verres to the effect that he had sent them to Lilybaeum in the last few days. Meanwhile he himself withdrew. He preferred being away from home for a short time to being present and losing that excellently wrought silver.

When the accused heard of this, he was so violently worked up that without a doubt everyone thought that he was completely mad.

Because he was himself unable to rob the silver from Diodorus, he kept saying that he had been robbed of finely made goblets. He kept threatening Diodorus, absent though he was, raised a public outcry, and sometimes found it hard to keep back tears.

XIX. He ordered a hunt for Diodorus all over the province. Diodorus had already packed up and broken camp out of Sicily. To recall him somehow or other to the province, he devised this plan, if plan it should be called and not madness. He set one of his dogs to say that he wanted to put Diodorus of Malta on trial for a capital offense.

At first everyone thought it amazing that Diodorus be on trial, a man, completely law-abiding, completely removed from all suspicion not merely of crime but even of the slightest wrongdoing. Then it was obvious that all this was happening because of the silver. Verres had no hesitation about bringing formal charge. It was a *cause célèbre* all over Sicily that, because of a passion for embossed silver, men were charged with capital crimes, and not only that, but charged even when they were away.

Diodorus, in clothes of mourning went round to one patron, one guest friend after another. He told the incident to everyone. A strong letter was sent to the accused by his father, by friends to the same effect, that he should be careful what he was doing in the case of Diodorus; what he was leading to; that it was a notorious affair and unpopular; that he would be done for by this

charge alone if he did not watch out. He had not yet equipped himself for a trial. It was only his first year in the province. Accordingly his fury was abated a little, not by decency but by fear and dread. He did not dare to find Diodorus guilty while absent; he removed him from the list of those standing trial. In the meantime, while he was governor, Diodorus forfeited province and home for almost three years. (II. IV)

XXVII. I come now no longer to theft, not to greed, not to cupidity, but to such a crime that it seems to contain and hold all wickedness, a crime in which the immortal gods have been outraged, the reputation and the authority of the name of the Roman people have been weakened, the law of hospitality has been violated and betrayed; and by his crime he has estranged from us all the most friendly kings and the peoples that are under their royal power and sway. For, as you know, the kings of Syria, the young sons of King Antiochus, were recently in Rome. They had come not because of the kingdom of Syria—for there was no question of their right to this, as they had inherited from their father and forefathers—but they thought that the kingdom of Egypt belonged to them and to their mother Selene. When they were unable to negotiate successfully with the senate as they wished because of the political crisis, they set out for Syria and their ancestral kingdom.

One of them, whose name is Antiochus, wanted to journey by way of Sicily. Accordingly he came to Syracuse while Verres was governor. Hereupon Verres thought a legacy had come to him, because into his realm and into his clutches had come a man who, so he had heard, had with him many fine treasures, and he suspected as much. Very generously he sends these gifts for his household needs: the oil and wine as seemed appropriate, and plenty of wheat too, from his own tithes. Then he invited the king himself to dinner. He adorned his dining room fully and magnificently. He set out the things that he had in plenty: numerous and very lovely vessels of silver—for he had not yet converted them to gold. He saw to it that the banquet was correct and proper in every detail. In short, the king departed, believing that Verres was plentifully supplied and that he had been treated with respect.

After that, he himself invited the governor to dinner. He set out all his store: a great deal of silver, and numerous gold goblets; these, as is royal custom, particularly so in Syria, were enhanced with very brilliant jewels. There was also a wine vessel, a ladle hollowed from one very large jewel, with a handle of gold; and about this, I think, you have heard Q. Minucius, a very reliable, very competent witness, speaking. Verres took the vessels, one by one, into his hands, praised and admired them. The king was glad that a governor of the Roman people found that banquet quite a happy and pleasant occasion.

After he left the party, Verres' only thought, as the actual incident made clear, was to find a way to despoil and rob the king as he sent him away from the province. He sent to ask for those very lovely vessels that he had seen in his possession. He said that he wanted to show them to his own engravers. The king, since he did not know him, gave them very willingly without any suspicion. He also sent to ask for the jeweled ladle; he wanted, he said, to study it more carefully. It too was sent to him.

XXVIII. Now listen carefully, gentlemen of the jury, to the sequel; you have heard of this, and the Roman people will not be hearing for the first time now, and in foreign countries report has spread to the uttermost parts of the world. There was a candelabrum of the most brilliant jewels, an amazing piece of work. These kings of whom I speak had brought it here to Rome in order to place it in the Capitol. Because they found that the temple was not yet completed, they could not so place it nor did they wish to display and exhibit it publicly, so that it would make a more magnificent impression when, in its own time, it was placed in the sanctuary of Jupiter Best and Mightiest, and a more brilliant one, since its beauty would reach the eyes of men, fresh and undimmed.

They decided to take it back with them to Syria in order that, when they had heard that the statue of Jupiter Best and Mightiest had been dedicated, they might send delegates to bring to the Capitol along with other tributes this exceptional and most lovely gift also.

Somehow or other—for the king had wanted it kept secret—the story reached Verres' ears. He begged the king and asked him effusively to send it to him; he said that he wanted to view it and would give no one else the opportunity to see it. The youthful, kingly mind of Antiochus had no suspicion of Verres' lack of scruple. He ordered his attendants to wrap it and convey it as secretly as possible to the governor's headquarters.

When they had brought it there, thrown off the wrappings and set it up, Verres began to exclaim that it was a gift worthy of the kingdom of Syria, worthy of royal generosity, worthy of the Capitol. When it seemed that he had already examined it adequately, they began to remove it in order to take it back. He said that he wished to study it again and again; that he was by no means satisfied. He bade them depart and leave the candelabrum behind. So they then returned to Antiochus empty-handed.

XXIX. The king had no fear, no suspicion at first; a day, another, several went by, and it was not returned. Then he sent to ask that he please return it. He ordered the messengers to come back later. The king was amazed. He sent again. It was not returned. He himself called on the man and asked that he give it back.

Mark the fellow's gall and extraordinary insolence. He began to beg and plead most vehemently that the king give him this gift which, as he knew, as he had heard from the king's own lips,

was to be placed in the Capitol, which, as he saw, was held in reserve for Jupiter Best and Mightiest, and for the Roman people.

When the king said that he was prevented by a sacred obligation to the Capitoline Jupiter and by public opinion, because many peoples were witnesses to this gift and work of art, Verres began to utter the fiercest threats. Seeing that the king was moved by threats no more than by entreaties, he suddenly ordered him to leave the province before nightfall. He said that he had ascertained that pirates would be coming to Sicily from his kingdom.

In a great gathering, in Syracuse, in the market place—so that nobody may perhaps think that I am dealing with a little known crime and am elaborating on what people suspected—in the market place, I say, in Syracuse the king wept and invoked gods and men to be his witnesses; and he began to exclaim that the candelabrum wrought of gems, which he intended to send to the Capitol, which he had wanted to be in the most famous temple as a memorial for the Roman people of his alliance and friendship, that this candelabrum Verres had taken from him; that he was not concerned for the other works of gold and jewels which, though his, Verres now possessed; but that this be taken from him was distressing and humiliating. Although earlier it had already been consecrated in his own and his brother's mind and purpose, nevertheless in that gathering of Roman citizens he then gave and bestowed, hallowed and consecrated it to Jupiter Best and Mightiest; and he invoked Jupiter himself as witness of his intention and solemn vow.

XXX. What voice, what lungs, what physical power can do justice to the complaint involved in this one accusation? King Antiochus had been in Rome for almost two years, in full view of us all, with his kingly retinue and splendor. He was a friend and ally of the Roman people. His father, grandfather and ancestors, in an ancient and famous royal line, in a wealthy and powerful kingdom, had been our staunch friends. Despite all this he was driven without ceremony from a province of the Roman people. How did you think that foreign peoples would view this act? How did you think that report of this deed of yours would reach the realms of other kings and the ends of the earth, when men heard that in a province a king had been outraged, a guest had been robbed, a friend and ally of the Roman people had been expelled by a governor of the Roman people? You must realize, gentlemen of the jury, that your name and the name of the Roman people will be bitterly hated by foreign peoples if they think that this great wrong that he has inflicted has gone unpunished. All men will believe, particularly when this report of the greed and cupidity of our countrymen has spread abroad, that this is the crime not of Verres alone but of those too who have given their stamp of approval. (II. IV)

XLV. Hear too, gentlemen of the jury, of his unparalleled greed, effrontery and madness particularly in defiling those holy objects

which piety would forbid us not merely from touching with our hands but from profaning even in thought.

There is a shrine of Ceres among the people of Catana, held in the same veneration as at Rome, as in other places, as almost all the world over. In the heart of this shrine there was a very ancient statue of Ceres, and so far from knowing what it was like, men did not even know of its existence; for men have no access to this shrine. The sacred rites are habitually performed by women and girls.

This statue his slaves secretly removed by night from that most hallowed and ancient place. Next day the priestesses and ministrants of that shrine, older women of sound character and high birth, reported the incident to their town officials. Everyone thought it grievous, humiliating, an occasion, in short, for mourning.

Then Verres alarmed by the sacrilege of the incident, in order that suspicion of that crime might be shifted from him, commissioned a friend of his to discover someone who, he would charge, had committed that crime and to see to it that the victim was found guilty on this charge so that he would not himself be held responsible. There was prompt action. After he had left Catana, a slave was formally charged. He was put on trial. False witnesses were brought against him. The whole senate of the Catanians heard the case according to their laws. The priestesses were called in. They were secretly asked in court what they thought had happened, how the statue had been taken away.

They answered that the governor's slaves had been seen in that place. The situation, though it was not previously obscure, began to be obvious after the priestesses' testimony. They deliberated on the verdict. That innocent slave was acquitted unanimously, so that you might unanimously find this man guilty more easily.

What do you ask, Verres? What do you hope? What do you expect? What god or human do you think will help you? Did you dare to send slaves to pillage a shrine, to a place where free men may not approach even to offer prayer? Did you not hesitate to lay hands on those objects from which the claims of religious scruples forced you to turn away even your eyes? And yet it was not because your eyes were captivated that you fell into this act of treachery, so criminal and sinful. For you coveted what you had never seen. You set your heart, I say, on what you had not previously beheld. Was it through your ears that you conceived this great passion so that no fear, no religious scruple, no divine power, no thought for public opinion held it in check?

But, I suppose, you had heard of it from an honorable man, and an honorable source? How can you say this when you could not even have heard of it from any man? You heard of it, therefore, through a woman, since men could neither have seen nor known of it. Furthermore, what kind of woman do you think she was, gentlemen of the jury, how chaste, to talk to Verres; how religious,

to show the way to plunder the sanctuary? And it is anything but surprising that those holy rites that are performed with utmost purity in men and women have been violated by the lust and degradation of this man. (II. IV)

LXI. For how shall I speak of Publius Gavius, a citizen of Consa, gentlemen of the jury? Or with what power of voice, with what weight of words, with what grief of heart shall I speak? Yet grief does not fail me; I must strive all the more so that the other attributes may be supplied me as I speak in full measure with the theme, in full measure with my own grief.

This accusation is such that when it was first presented to me I did not think that I would use it; for although I realized that it was perfectly accurate, I did not think that it would be believed. Compelled by the tears of all the Roman citizens who conduct business in Sicily, convinced by the testimony of the people of Valentia, men wholly reliable, and of all the people of Regium, and of many Roman knights who then, as it happened, were in Messina, I gave so much evidence in the earlier examination of witnesses that there could be no doubt in anyone's mind.

What am I to do now? When for so many hours now I have been speaking on one topic, his wicked cruelty, when I have nearly exhausted all the power of those words that are suited to this man's crime on other instances, and when I have not taken the precaution of keeping you alert by varying the charges, how am I to speak on so important a matter?

There is, I think, but one way, one method. I shall lay the case before you. It is in itself so effective that neither my eloquence—for I have none—nor any man's is needed to stir burning indignation.

This Gavius of whom I speak, citizen of Consa, when in that group of Roman citizens he had been thrown into prison by Verres, when—somehow or other—he had escaped from the stone quarries secretly, when he had reached Messina, Gavius, who was now almost in sight of Italy and the walls of the people of Regium and after that dread of death and the darkness had, as it were, returned to life, restored by the light of freedom and by the fresh air of laws, began to speak in Messina and complain that he, though a Roman citizen, had been thrown into prison; that he was going straight to Rome, and that he would be ready for Verres when he arrived.

LXII. The poor man did not realize that it made no difference whether he spoke these words in Messina or before the governor in his headquarters; for, as I earlier informed you, Verres had chosen this city for himself as an abettor in his crimes, a receiver of stolen goods, and an accomplice in his shameful deeds. Accordingly Gavius was immediately brought to the chief magistrate in Messina, and that very day it chanced that Verres came to Messina.

The case was presented to him: there was a Roman citizen who complained that he had been in the stone quarries in Syracuse;

they had arrested him as he was going on board ship and was repeatedly uttering violent threats against Verres; and they had kept him under guard so that Verres himself would take such action against him as he saw fit. He thanked the gentlemen and extolled their goodwill toward him and their scrupulous behavior. He himself, inflamed with criminal fury, came into the market place. His eyes were blazing, and his whole face radiated cruelty. All were waiting to see just how far he would go or what he proposed to do, when suddenly he ordered the man to be flung out, to be stripped and bound securely in the heart of the forum, and rods to be made ready. That poor man kept crying out that he was a Roman citizen, from the township of Consa; that he had served under Lucius Raecius, a very distinguished Roman knight, who conducted business at Panormus, and from whom Verres could ascertain this. Then the accused replied that he had found out that he (Gavius) had been sent into Sicily as a spy by the leaders of the runaway slaves. It was such a charge that there was no informant, no trace of evidence, no suspicion in anyone's mind. Then he ordered the man to be flogged most severely all over his body. He was beaten with rods in the heart of the forum at Messana, a Roman citizen. And in the meantime no groan was heard, no word from that unhappy man amid the pain and thud of the blows other than this, "I am a Roman citizen." By this mention of citizenship he thought that he would ward off every blow, would keep the torture away from his body. Not only did he fail to do this, to avert by entreaty the force of the rods; but, when he persisted in his entreaty and asserted his claim to citizenship, a cross, yes, I say, a cross was made ready for that unhappy and illfated man, who had never known that curse.

LXIII. Sweet name of liberty! Glorious right of Roman citizenship! Porcian law and Sempronian laws! Tribunician power, sorely missed and at last restored to the common people of Rome! Has everything "shrunk to this little measure," that a Roman citizen in a province of the Roman people, in a town bound to us by treaty rights, should be bound and beaten in the market place by the man who held the rods and axes by the grace and favor of the Roman people? Tell me—when fire and red-hot plates and other instruments of torture were being applied—if that man's agonized entreaty, his pitiful words did not restrain you, were you not troubled by even the loud weeping and sobbing of the Roman citizens who then were witnesses? Did you dare crucify any man who claimed he was a Roman citizen?

I refused, gentlemen of the jury, to plead this point so vigorously in the first action; I refused. For you saw how public feeling was roused against him by grief, by hatred and by the fear of a common danger. Then I actually set a limit for myself, both for my speech and for my witness, the distinguished Roman knight, C. Numitorius; and I was glad that Glabrio did what he very wisely did in sud-

denly adjourning the hearing halfway through the testimony. For he was afraid that the Roman people would appear to have exacted with violence the penalty which it had feared that that man would not be likely to pay under the laws and in your court.

Now, since it is obvious to everyone how your case looks and what your fate will be, this is the way I shall deal with you. I shall prove that this man who you say was a spy all of a sudden had been thrown by you into the stone quarries at Syracuse. And I shall not prove this merely by documents of the people of Syracuse—for you could say that, just because there is a Gavius in the documents, I am inventing and selecting this name so as to be able to say that it is this particular man—instead I shall give you a choice and offer witnesses to state that this very man at Syracuse was thrown by you into the stone quarries. I shall produce also men of Consa, that man's townsmen and friends, too late now to inform you, but not too late to inform the jury that that Publius Gavius whom you crucified was a Roman citizen and a townsman of Consa and not a spy for the fugitives.

LXIV. Then when I have made all this that I am promising abundantly clear to your supporters, I shall keep to this very point which is given me by you; with this I shall say that I am satisfied. What did you yourself just recently, when you leapt up, alarmed at the shouting and the vehemence of the Roman people, what, I repeat, did you say? (You said) that, just because he sought to delay his execution, this was why he had kept calling that he was a Roman citizen, but he had been a spy. Now my witnesses are reliable. What else does C. Numitorius say; Marcus and Publius Cottius, very prominent men from the district of Tauromenium; Quintus Luceius, who had an extensive banking business at Regium; and the others? For until now witnesses have been produced by me such as said not that they knew Gavius but that they saw him when the man who shouted that he was a Roman citizen was being crucified. This is your statement, Verres; this is your own admission, that he had kept shouting that he was a Roman citizen; that with you a claim of citizenship did not even have this effect, that it could cause some hesitation about crucifying, at least some slight delay in the cruelest and foulest form of execution.

This is the one fact that I hold and stay with; with this fact alone I am content; everything else I disregard and overlook. By his own admission he must be convicted and executed. You did not know who the man was; you suspected that he was a spy; I am not asking on what ground for suspicion; I am accusing you out of your own mouth. He asserted that he was a Roman citizen. If you yourself, Verres, had been arrested in Persia or in the remotest part of India, and were being led to execution, what other protest would you make except that you were a Roman citizen? And if the claim to Roman citizenship, the glory and

renown of which is known to all men, had helped you, a stranger among strangers, among the uncivilized, among people in the furthest and uttermost parts of the earth, what about that man, whoever he was whom you were hurrying to crucify? Although he was a stranger to you, when he said that he was a Roman citizen, could he not gain if not the remission, at least a reprieve from the death penalty from you, a Roman magistrate, by the mention and claim of citizenship?

LXV. Needy men of humble birth sail and visit places that they have never seen before, where they can neither be known to those where they have touched in nor be with people to vouch for them. Yet simply by relying on their citizenship they think that they will be protected not merely with our magistrates, who are checked by fear of the laws and of public opinion, and not merely among Roman citizens, who are united by a common bond of language, of laws, and many other things; but wherever they go, they hope that this citizenship will be their safeguard. Remove this hope; remove this safeguard for Roman citizens; establish the principle that there is no protection in this phrase; "I am a Roman citizen;" that a governor or anyone else can with impunity sentence to what punishment he will a man who claims that he is a Roman citizen; immediately, by that defense of yours you will have closed to Roman citizens all provinces, all kingdoms, all free states, all the world which has always been open to our people above all others.

Tell me this—if he did mention Lucius Raecius, a Roman knight, who was then in Sicily, was it really difficult to send a letter to Panormus? You would have kept the man safe, with your Messanian friends as guards, you would have held him bound and imprisoned until Raecius came from Panormus; he would identify the man; you would relax somewhat the supreme penalty; if he did not know him, then, if you saw fit, you would establish this principle for all: that, if a man was not known to you or did not name a wealthy sponsor, he would be crucified even if he was a Roman citizen.

LXVI. But why say more of Gavius? As though you were then hostile to Gavius and not the open foe of the name, the nature and the rights of citizens. You were enemy, I say, not to that man but to the common cause of liberty. When the Messanians, by their usual procedure, had set up the cross behind the town on the Pompeian road, what else did it mean, your ordering them to set it up in the quarter that looked out over the Straits and your making this remark—which you certainly cannot deny, which you openly made while everyone listened,—that you selected that place for this very reason: so that, as he said that he was a Roman citizen, from the cross he would be able to view Italy and look out at his own home?

And so that was the only cross erected in that place since the day that Messana had been founded. The view of Italy was chosen by him for this very purpose, that Gavius, dying in pain and torture, would know that the rights of slavery and freedom were separated by a very narrow channel, and that Italy would see her son nailed to the worst extreme of punishment reserved for slaves.

It is an offense to bind a Roman citizen, a crime to flog, parricide, almost, to put to death; what word shall I apply to crucifying? No word is capable of expressing so monstrous a thing. With all this Verres was not content. "Let him gaze at his native land," said he. "Let him die in full view of laws and liberty." It was not Gavius that you thus tortured and crucified in this place, not some man or other, but the common cause of freedom and civic rights. Notice further the fellow's insolence. Don't you think that he was much distressed at being unable to set up that cross for Roman citizens in the forum, in the comitium, on the speakers' platform? For he selected in his province what most resembled those places in its crowded nature, and was nearest in its location. He wanted the memorial to his crime and insolence to be in view of Italy, at the approach to Sicily, in a place where all must pass who voyaged back and forth. (II. V)

THE SPEECH OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO BY WHICH HE DROVE
71-94 OUT CATILINE, DELIVERED IN THE SENATE

I. How long, I ask, Catiline will you sorely tax our patience? How long still will that frenzy of yours insult us? To what limit will unchecked audacity hurl itself? Did you feel no concern at the nighttime garrison on the Palatium? at the watches in the city? at the fear in the people? at the rally of all loyal citizens? at this strongly fortified meeting place for the senate? at the expressions on the faces of these senators?

Are you unaware that your plots are exposed? Do you not see that your conspiracy is now bound and held in the knowledge of them all? As to what you did last night, what you did the night before, where you were, what men you called together, what plan you formed—whom among us do you think ignorant of all this?

Alas for the degeneracy of our age! The senate knows this; a consul sees this; yet he is alive. Alive? Oh no, more than that, he even comes into the senate; he takes part in council of state; he marks and notes each one of us with his eyes as a murder victim. Yet we, brave fellows, think we do our duty to country if we may avoid this man's madness and weapons.

You, Catiline, should long ago have been led to your death; on you should have been heaped the poison that you are plotting for us. A very great man, Publius Scipio, the pontifex maximus, put to death Tiberius Gracchus when he caused no great disturbance in the state of the republic; and Scipio was just a private citizen: we, who are consuls, shall we tolerate Catiline when he

desires to lay waste the world with murder and fire? For those precedents in the too distant past I omit, the fact that Gaius Servilius Ahala with his own hand slew Spurius Maelius when he was intent on revolution. Once, once there was in this republic such courage that brave men checked a disloyal citizen with sterner punishments than the bitterest enemy. We have a rigorous and grave decree of the senate, Catiline, directed against you. The republic does not lack for policy nor for the expressed view of this body; we, we the consuls,—and I say it frankly,—fail in duty.

II. The senate once decreed that the consul Lucius Opimius should see to it that the republic suffered no harm. Not a night intervened: Gaius Gracchus, despite the distinction of his father, his grandfather, his ancestors, was put to death because of certain suspicions of disloyalty; Marcus Fulvius, a former consul, was slain along with his sons.

By a similar decree of the senate the welfare of the republic was entrusted to the consuls Gaius Marius and Lucius Valerius. Did death and the penalty that the republic required keep waiting for a single day Lucius Saturninus, a tribune of the people and Gaius Servilius, a praetor?

But yet for the twentieth day now we have been allowing the edge of authority of these senators to become blunted. For we have a decree of the senate of this kind, but concealed in the records as though put back in a scabbard, and by this decree of the senate you, Catiline, should have been put to death at once. You are alive, and living not to lay aside your audacious enterprise but to step it up. I desire, members of the senate, to be merciful, I desire not to appear remiss in these great dangers to the republic, but already I condemn myself for being inactive and inefficient.

A camp has been pitched in Italy in the mountain gap of Etruria, threatening the Roman people. The number of the enemy grows from day to day. Moreover we see the commander of that camp and the leader of the enemy within our walls and even in the senate, and every day from within he plots some destruction for the republic. If I order you to be seized now, Catiline, order you to be killed, I shall have to fear, I suppose, that all good men will not say that this has been done too late by me rather than that anyone will say that it has been done too cruelly. But for a good reason I am not yet induced to do this, which should have been done long ago. You will then at last be put to death when no one can now be found so wicked, so unprincipled, so much your counterpart, who does not admit that it was right to do this.

As long as there will be anyone who dares to defend you, you will live and will live as you now do, surrounded by my many, strong guards, in order that you may not be able to make a move against the republic. Though you do not realize it, the eyes and ears of many will still watch and guard you, as they have done hitherto.

III. For indeed what is there, Catiline, that you are any longer waiting for, if with its darkness night cannot hide the wicked gatherings, if within its walls a private home cannot keep in the utterances of your conspiracy, if everything is brought to light, if everything bursts forth? Now change your purpose, have confidence in me, forget about bloodshed and fires. You are surrounded on every side; all your plans are clearer than day to us. You may now review them with me.

Do you remember that on the twelfth day before the Kalends of November (October 21st) I said in the senate that on an appointed day, and this day was to be the sixth day before the Kalends of November (October 27th) Gaius Manlius, instrument and tool of your audacity, would take up arms? I was not wrong, was I, Catiline, not merely about the fact, so important, so outrageous and so incredible, but—and this is far more surprising—even the date?

I also said in the senate that you had arranged the slaughter of the Optimates for the fifth day before the Kalends of November (October 28th) a time when many leaders of the state fled Rome, not so much to save their lives as to foil your plans. Surely you cannot deny that on that very day, surrounded by my guards, my vigilance, you were unable to make a move against the republic; and then you said that, though the rest had departed, you would be satisfied with the slaughter of us who had stayed behind? Come now, on the very first of November when you felt confident that you would seize Praeneste by a night attack, did you realize that that colony had on my order been fortified with my guards, watches and sentinels?

Everything that you do, that you plot, that you think, I hear, and I see and I clearly know.

IV. Review, please, with me that night before last; you will realize directly that I am far more alert for the safety of the republic than you are for its destruction. I say that the night before last you came to the scythe-makers' district—I will not hint darkly—to the house of Marcus Laeca; that a number of partners in the same criminal madness gathered there. Surely you do not dare to deny it? Why are you quiet? I shall give proof if you deny. For I see that here in the senate there are certain men who were with you.

Oh immortal gods! Where in the world are we? In what city are we living? What kind of republic do we have? Here, here in our number, fellow senators, in this most sacred and most influential council in the world, there are those who plot for the destruction of us all, for the ruin of this city and of the world, in fact. As consul, I see them, and I ask for their view on the welfare of the republic, and I am not yet cutting with my words these men who should have been struck down with the sword.

So then you were at Laeca's house that night, Catiline; you apportioned parts of Italy; you decided where it was right for

each to go; you selected men to leave behind in Rome, men to lead out with you; you marked off parts of the city for burning; you assured that you yourself would leave directly; you said that there was even now a slight delay because I was living. Two Roman knights were found, to rid you of that worry and to promise that on that very night a little before daybreak they would murder me in my bed.

All this I discovered when your meeting had hardly even broken up. I protected and strengthened my home with more guards. I refused admission to those whom you had sent to call on me in the morning since there came those very men who, as I had already predicted to many leading men, would be coming to my house at that time.

V. Since this is so, Catiline, go on where you began. At last leave the city. The gates are open; depart. For too long that Manlian camp of yours has missed you, the commander-in-chief. Lead out with you all your supporters too; if not all, as many as possible; purify the city. You will rid me of a great fear, provided that a wall exists between you and me. You can no longer be active in our midst. I will not endure nor suffer nor permit it.

Deep gratitude must be felt to the immortal gods and to this very Jupiter Stator, most ancient guardian of this city, because we have so often escaped this plague so foul, so horrible, so dangerous to the republic. The supreme welfare of the republic must not too often be endangered in one man.

As long as you plotted against me, the consul-elect, Catiline, I protected myself, not with an official guard, but by personal alertness. When at the recent consular elections you wanted to kill me, the consul, and your rival candidates on the Campus, I foiled your evil efforts with a bodyguard and force of friends, without any official call to arms; in short, as often as you attacked me, I resisted you by my own efforts, although I saw that my own death involved a great disaster to the republic.

Now at last you are attacking the whole republic. You are dooming to ruin and devastation the temples of the immortal gods, the homes of the city, the lives of all citizens, the whole of Italy. And therefore, since I do not yet dare to do that which is of first importance and is in keeping with this authority and the tradition of our ancestors, I shall do what is more lenient in punishment and more conducive to the common safety. For, if I order you to be put to death, the rest of the band of conspirators will remain in the republic; but if you go forth, as I have now long urged you to do, the deep, noxious bilge-water in the ship of state, composed of your companions, will be drained out of the city.

Come now, Catiline. Surely you do not hesitate to do at my order what you already intended to do of your own accord? The consul is ordering an enemy to leave the city. You ask me whether I mean, into exile. I am not ordering, but if you consult me, I advise this.

VI. For what is there, Catiline, that can now delight you in this city in which there is, outside that conspiracy of corrupt men, no one who does not fear you, no one who does not hate you? What mark of domestic shame has not been branded on your life? What disgrace in personal matters does not cling to your reputation? What lust has never gleamed in your eyes, what crime has not stained your hands, what outrageous act has not defiled your whole body? For what misguided youth, whom you had ensnared with the lures of corruption, did you not hold out a sword for audacity or a torch for his lust (light the way for his vice)? Furthermore, recently when, by the death of your earlier wife, you had made your home free for a new marriage, did you not even climax this crime with another unbelievable crime? I pass over this and readily allow it to be unmentioned, lest a crime of such enormity appear either to have occurred or to have gone unpunished. I pass over the entire ruin of your fortune which faces you, as you will realize, on the coming Ides. I come to those matters which concern not the private shame of your vicious practices, not your financial embarrassment at home and its dishonor, but the supreme welfare of the republic and the lives and safety of us all.

Can this light or this air we breathe be pleasing to you, Catiline, when you know that there is none of these who does not know that, on the day before the Kalends of January (December 29th) when Lepidus and Tullus were consuls, you stood with your weapon in the Comitium, prepared a band to kill the consuls and the leaders of the state, and were thwarted in your criminal madness not by some change of heart nor by your fear but by the good fortune of the Roman people?

And yet I now pass over those—for your later crimes are neither dark nor few—how many times you tried to kill me when consul-elect, and when consul! How many thrusts of yours so aimed that they seemed unavoidable I escaped by a slight swerve and, as they say, by a hair's breadth! You do nothing, you gain nothing and still you do not cease trying and wishing.

How many times already that dagger has been wrenched out of your hands! How many times it has slipped and fallen by some accident! And certainly I do not know to what sacred rites you have vowed and dedicated it that you think it necessary to bury it in a consul's body.

VII. But now what sort of life is yours? For I shall now speak to you in such a way as to seem moved not by hatred as I ought, but by pity, which is not at all your due. A little while ago you came into the senate. In this large gathering, among your many friends and relatives, who greeted you? If this has happened to nobody within human memory, are you waiting for the insult of words when you have been most severely condemned by the verdict of silence? Again—the fact that at your approach those seats near you were vacated, the fact all the men of consular rank, whom you had so often marked off for murder, left that section of the benches

bare and empty, as soon as you took your place—how, I ask, should you endure all this?

By Hercules, if my slaves feared me in the same way as all your fellow citizens fear you, I would think that I ought to leave my home. Don't you think that you ought to leave the city? And if I saw that unjustly I was so deeply suspect and so offensive to my fellow citizens, I would wish to withdraw from their sight rather than be stared at by the hostile eyes of all. Since in the knowledge of your crimes you recognize that the universal hatred is justified and that you have now long deserved it, do you feel reluctant to avoid the sight and the presence of those whose minds and thoughts you are wounding?

If your parents feared and hated you and if you could not win them over in any way, you would, I think, move away somewhere out of their sight. As it is, our native land, which is the parent common to us all, hates and fears you and has long since judged that you are obsessed with the thought of murdering her: will you neither fear her authority nor obey her judgment nor dread her power?

She pleads after this manner and, though silent in a way, she is speaking: "For several years now there has been no crime committed except by you, no deed of shame without you; murders of citizens, the harassing and plundering of allies have gone unpunished and unchecked for you alone. You have been effective in not merely flouting the laws and courts of inquiry but even in overthrowing and destroying them. I endured as best I could those earlier crimes, though they were unbearable; but now for me to be wholly in dread because of you alone, for Catiline to be feared at the slightest sound, for no plot, as it seems, to be able to be hatched against me and not be linked to your crime—these things are unbearable.

Therefore depart and take this fear from me. If it is soundly based, so that I may not be destroyed; but if it is false, so that at long last I may cease to fear."

VIII. If, as I have said, your country were to speak these words to you, ought she not win her request, even if she were not able to apply force? What of the fact that you put yourself under protection, that in order to avoid suspicion you said that you wanted to live at the house of Manius Lepidus? When you were not welcomed by him, you dared to come even to me, and you asked that I keep you safe at my house. When you received from me too this answer, that I could by no means be safely with you inside the same house walls since I was in great danger because we were kept together inside the same city walls, you went to the praetor, Quintus Metellus. When you were rebuffed by him, you migrated to your boon companion, a really fine gentleman, Marcus Metellus. And you thought that he, of course, would be most earnest to protect you, most shrewd to suspect you, and most energetic to

correct you. But how far does it appear that a man ought to be from chains and prison, when he has already decided that he deserves to be kept in custody?

Since this is so, Catiline, if you cannot die calmly, do you hesitate to depart to some other country and surrender your life to loneliness and exile, when it has been saved from many justly deserved punishments?

"Lay the matter before the senate," you say. This is what you demand, and if this house decides that in its view you ought to go into exile, you say that you will obey. I shall not lay the matter before the senate, a course which is incompatible with my character, and yet I shall cause you to realize what they think of you. Leave the city, Catiline; free the republic from fear; set out, if this is the word you are waiting for, into exile.

Well then, Catiline? Do you heed at all? Do you pay any attention to their silence? They permit it, they are silent. Why do you wait for the spoken command of those whose wishes you clearly see from their silence?

But if I had made this same remark to this outstanding young man, Publius Sestius, or to the right gallant gentleman, Marcus Marcellus, by now in this very temple with every justification the senate would have laid violent hands on me, the consul. But in your case, Catiline, when they are quiet, they give approval; when they permit it, they pass the decree; when they are silent, they cry out; and not those alone whose authority is, of course, dear to you and whose lives are very cheap, but also those Roman knights, the most honorable and finest men and the other very brave citizens, who are surrounding the senate, whose large numbers you could see, whose enthusiastic approval you could register, and whose voices you could hear a little while ago. These same men whose hands and weapons for a long time now I have only with difficulty kept away from you I shall easily persuade to escort you right to the gates when you leave behind all this which you have now long been eager to lay waste.

IX. And yet why am I speaking? Would anything break you? Would you ever reform? Would you consider any flight? Would you think of any form of exile? I wish that the immortal gods may give you that purpose! And yet, if, frightened by my voice, you decide to go into exile, I see how violent a storm of unpopularity threatens me, if not at present, when the memory of your crimes is fresh, then with posterity. But it is worthwhile, provided that this is a personal misfortune and does not involve dangers to the republic. But it must not be demanded that you be troubled by your vices, that you fear the penalties of the laws, that you give way before the dangers to the republic. For you are not the kind of man, Catiline, that honor has recalled you from degradation, or fear from danger, or reason from madness.

And therefore, as I have often said already, set out; and, if you wish to stir up unpopularity against me, your personal enemy as you claim, proceed straightway into exile. I shall find it hard to endure what people say if you do this. I shall find it hard to bear the brunt of that unpopularity if you go into exile at the order of a consul. But if, however, you prefer to consider my glory and honor, leave with the cruel band of criminals, proceed to Manlius, stir up depraved citizens, separate yourself from the good, make war on your country, exult in ungodly brigandage, so that it will appear that you have gone, not cast out to strangers by me, but on invitation to your own people.

And yet why should I invite you, since I know that already you have sent men ahead to wait for you near Forum Aurelium; since I know that you have already settled and determined on a date with Manlius; since I know that already you have sent ahead the famous silver eagle, which I trust will be ruinous and deadly for you and all your supporters, and for which you had built in your own home a shrine sacred to your crimes? Would you any longer do without that eagle which you were accustomed to worship when you went forth to murder, from whose altar you often lifted your impious hand to kill your fellow citizens?

X. You will go at long last where your ungoverned, mad desire had long been hurrying you; this fact causes you no sorrow but an incredible joy. For this mad enterprise nature begat you, inclination trained you, and fate saved you. So far from wanting peace, you have never wanted even war unless it was impious. You formed a band of criminals, got together out of the corrupt and those who have been abandoned by all fortune and by hope too.

Here what happiness you will enjoy, in what delights you will exult, in what pleasure you will revel when in the great number of your followers you neither hear nor see any loyal citizen!

For the pursuit of this life those vaunted feats of endurance on your part have been practiced: lying on the ground, on the lookout for intrigue and also for committing crime; and keeping the night watch when you plot against sleeping husbands and the property of peaceful citizens. You have an opportunity to display your great endurance of hunger, cold and utter destitution; and by these you will shortly realize that you have been destroyed.

When I foiled your attempt at being elected consul, I did accomplish this, that you could challenge the republic as exile rather than trouble it as consul, and that your criminal undertaking would be called brigandage rather than war.

XI. Now, fellow senators, so that I may avert by protest and entreaty a kind of complaint that my country would be almost justified in making, heed carefully, please, what I shall say and store these words firmly in your hearts and minds.

For if my country, which is far dearer to me than my life, if the whole of Italy, if the entire republic were to say to me: "Marcus

Tullius, what are you doing? Will you allow this man whom you have discovered to be his country's enemy; who, as you see, will be a leader in war; who, as you realize, is awaited as commander in the enemy's camp, the author of crime, the leader of the conspiracy, the recruiter of slaves and depraved citizens; will you allow this man to go forth so that it will seem that you have not let him out of the city but let him loose against the city? Will you not give orders for him to be led to prison, be hurried to his death, be punished with the supreme penalty?

What, I ask, prevents you? Ancestral tradition? But very often even private persons in this republic have punished with death disloyal citizens. Or the laws that have been passed about the punishment of Roman citizens? But in this city those who have betrayed the republic have never had the rights of citizens. Or do you fear unpopularity in the future? It is certainly a splendid way to show your gratitude to the Roman people, who have elevated you so early to supreme authority through all the stages of office, you, a man known only by your merit, with no ancestral tradition, if because of unpopularity or fear of some danger you neglect the safety of your fellow citizens.

But if there is any fear of unpopularity, you ought not to dread the unpopularity that arises from stern, courageous action more deeply than that which arises from idleness and inefficiency. When Italy is laid waste in war, cities are plundered and homes are burning, do you not think that you will then be destroyed by the fierce blaze of unpopularity?"

XII. To these most solemn words of the republic and to the thoughts of those men who hold this same view I shall answer briefly. If I judged it best that this be done, fellow senators, that Catiline be punished by death, I should not have given that gladiator the benefit of one hour of life. Indeed, if the greatest men, the most distinguished citizens, so far from defiling, actually ennobled themselves in shedding the blood of Saturninus, the Gracchi, Flaccus, and many others in an earlier age, certainly I ought not to fear that, if this killer of citizens were executed, some wave of unpopularity would overwhelm me with posterity. But even though this threatened me most of all, I have always been of this mind, that I thought that unpopularity incurred because of moral courage was glory, not unpopularity.

And yet there are in this House some who either do not see what threatens or who hide what they see; who have fed the hope of Catiline with mild proposals and have strengthened the budding conspiracy by refusing to believe; by whose authority many, not merely the unprincipled but also the inexperienced, would say, if I had punished him, that it was a cruel, tyrannical action. Now I realize that if, as he plans, he arrives in the camp of Manlius, no one will be so foolish as not to see, no one so unprincipled as not to confess that a conspiracy has been plotted.

However, if he alone is killed, I realize that this plague in the republic can only be repressed for a short time, it can not be suppressed forever. But if he rushes forth and leads out with him his supporters and herds together the other derelicts rounded up from everywhere, not only this fully developed plague in the republic will be wiped out and destroyed but also all evils, root and branch.

XIII. Indeed, we have been living for a long time now, fellow senators, amid these dangers and plots of the conspiracy, but somehow the ripened stage of all crimes and long-standing madness and audacity has burst open upon the period of my consulship. But if from the many brigands he alone is removed, it will perhaps seem for a short time that we have been relieved from worry and fear; yet the danger will linger, and it will settle deep in the veins and vital organs of the republic. Men who are ill with a serious disease, when they toss about in the heat of fever, seem relieved at first if they take a drink of cold water, but afterwards they are racked in a much more serious and violent way. Similarly this disease which is in the republic, if relieved by his being punished, will become more violent and serious while the rest are alive.

And therefore let wicked men withdraw; let them separate themselves from the good; let them be herded into one place; let them, in short, as I have often said, be separated from us by a wall; let them cease plotting against a consul in his own home, standing round the tribunal of the urban praetor, besieging the senate house sword in hand, preparing fire brands and torches to set the city ablaze; in short, let it be branded on the brow of each individual what his political views are.

I make you this promise, fellow senators: there will be such devotion to duty in us the consuls, such authority in you, such courage in Roman knights, such unanimity in all good men that at Catiline's departure you will see everything exposed, revealed, crushed and punished.

With these as your omens, Catiline, to the supreme safety of the republic, to your own plague and destruction, and to the ruin of those who united with you in all crime and treason, set out for impious and wicked warfare.

You, Jupiter, who have been established by Romulus under the same auspices as this city, whom we truly name the Stator of this city and empire, will ward off this man and his confederates from your own temples and those of the other gods, from the homes and walls of the city, from the lives and the property of all citizens; and you will afflict with everlasting punishments while alive and when dead these men who are the enemies of the good, the foes of their country, the robbers of Italy, bound together by a partnership in crimes and an impious alliance.

THE THIRD SPEECH OF MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO DELIVERED
AGAINST CATILINE BEFORE THE PEOPLE

96-113

I. The republic, fellow citizens, and the lives of all of you, your goods and possessions, your wives and children, and this home of most glorious empire, the most blessed and loveliest city, have today by the supreme love of the immortal gods for you and by my efforts, plans, and dangers been rescued, as you see, from fire and sword and almost from the jaws of fate and have been preserved and restored to you. And if those days on which we are saved are no less joyful and glorious for us than those on which we are born, because the joy at salvation is secure, whereas our lot at birth is insecure, and because we are born without awareness, whereas we are saved with a feeling of joy, surely then, since through good will and glory we have exalted him who founded this city to the immortal gods, he who saved this city after its founding and greatness ought in future to be held in honor by you and your posterity. For we have quenched the fires that encircled and had already well-nigh been set beneath the whole city, the temples, the shrines, the homes, and the city walls; and we have also blunted the swords that were drawn against the republic and struck down the sword points aimed at your throats.

And since these facts have been revealed and brought to light and ascertained through my agency, I shall now briefly set them before you so that you who do not know and are waiting to hear may be able to learn how important the facts are, how evident, and also the means by which they were traced and ascertained.

To begin with, ever since Catiline a few days ago rushed out of the city, because he had left behind in Rome the partners in his crime as most active leaders in this nefarious war, I constantly kept watch and vigil, fellow citizens, to see how we could be safe amid these dangerous and secret plots.

II. For at the time when I tried to drive Catiline from the city—I no longer fear the unpopularity of this phrase, since unpopularity is more to be feared from his going out alive—but at the time when I wanted him to be exiled, I thought that either the rest of the band of conspirators would leave with him or that those who had stayed would be weak and ineffective without him. And when I saw that those who, as I knew, were inflamed with sheer criminal madness were with us and had stayed behind in Rome, I spent all my days and nights at this task, to learn and see what they were doing and what they were scheming, in order that, since my words might fall on deaf ears because of the unbelievable enormity of the crime, I might grasp the facts in such a way that then at last in your own minds you took thought for your safety when with your own eyes you saw the actual crime. Accordingly, when I ascertained that envoys of the Allobroges had been worked on by Publius Lentulus with the object of stirring up war beyond the Alps and

rebellion in Gaul, that they had been sent to their own citizens in Gaul and, while on the same journey, to Catiline with letters and instructions, that Titus Volturcius had joined as their companion, and that this man had been given a letter addressed to Catiline, I thought that an opportunity was offered me so that—what was very difficult and what I always prayed for from the immortal gods—the whole affair would be palpably discovered not only by myself but also by the senate and by you. Accordingly, yesterday I called in Lucius Flaccus and Gaius Pomptinus, praetors, most energetic and patriotic men, explained the situation, and pointed out what I wished to be done. Promptly and without any delay, since in every respect they are exceptionally patriotic citizens, they undertook the task; and, just as evening was coming on, they reached the Mulvian bridge in secrecy, and there they distributed their forces in two groups among the nearest farmhouses so that the Tiber and the bridge separated them. Now they themselves had led out to the same area many brave men without suspicion on the part of anyone, and I had also sent from the prefecture of Reate armed with swords a number of picked young men whose services I constantly avail of in the defense of the republic. In the meantime when the third watch was almost over (about 3 A.M.), when the Allobroges with a long retinue were now beginning to move onto the Mulvian bridge, and Volturcius with them, they were attacked; they drew their swords as did our men. The plan was known only to the praetors, the others were unaware of it.

III. Then at the intervention of Pomptinus and Flaccus the fighting which had begun was checked. Whatever papers there were in that convoy were handed over to the praetors with the seals intact; the men themselves were led to me just as it was already beginning to grow light. And I summoned to my presence at once the most wicked schemer of all these crimes, Gabinius Cimber, while he as yet suspected nothing. Then Lucius Statilius was likewise fetched and after him Cethegus. Last to come, however, was Lentulus, because, I suppose, he had been up late the night before contrary to custom, writing a letter. Though our most eminent and distinguished citizens, who had heard of the affair and gathered at my house in large numbers in the morning, thought it right that the letters be opened by me before being presented to the senate, so that it would not appear, if nothing were found, that I had rashly caused this great alarm in the state, I said that I could not avoid laying the case in its entirety before a public council when the public safety was involved. And indeed, fellow-citizens, even if the facts that had been reported to me were not verified, I did not think that I should fear excessive precaution when the dangers to the republic were so great. As you saw, I quickly convened a full meeting of the senate. And in the meantime at a suggestion of the Allobroges I quickly sent Gaius Sulpicius, the praetor, an energetic man, to bring from the house of Cethegus whatever weapons there

were. And from it he brought out a very large number of daggers and swords.

IV. I introduced Volturcius without the Gauls. At the senate's order I gave him assurance of state protection. I urged him to reveal what he knew without fear. Then he said, when he had barely recovered from his great fear, that he had from Publius Lentulus instructions and a letter for Catiline urging him to use a bodyguard of slaves, to approach the city with an army as soon as possible; to do so with this object, that, when they had burned the city in every direction on the basis of their allotted areas and had made a limitless slaughter of citizens, he should be on hand to waylay those trying to escape, and join forces with these leaders in the city. Now, when the Gauls were led in, they said that they had been given a solemn pledge and letters which Publius Lentulus, Cethegus, and Statilius had addressed to their people, and that these men and Lucius Cassius had instructed them to send cavalry into Italy as soon as possible; that they (the conspirators) would not be short of infantry troops. Moreover, they stated that Lentulus had asserted to them that on the basis of Sibylline prophecies and the answers of soothsayers he was the great third Cornelius to whom absolute dominion over this city was destined to come; that Cinna and Sulla had been before him; that this same year was decreed by fate for the destruction of this city and empire, since it was the tenth year after the acquittal of the Virgins and moreover the twentieth since the burning of the Capitol. Moreover, they said, Cethegus had had this disagreement with the others, namely that Lentulus and the others wanted the slaughter to occur and the city to be burned on the Saturnalia, whereas to Cethegus this seemed too far off.

V. And, not to be tedious, fellow citizens, we ordered the documents which were said to have been given by each man to be produced. We showed them first to Cethegus. He acknowledged his seal. We cut the thread, and read. It had been written in his own hand to the senate and people of the Allobroges saying that he would do what he had asserted to their envoys; that he asked them to do likewise what their envoys had undertaken. Then Cethegus, although a short time before he had made some answer about the swords and daggers that had been detected at his house and had said that he had always been keen on good steel weapons, when the letter was read aloud, unnerved and conscience-stricken, suddenly said nothing more. Statilius, when he was led in, acknowledged both his seal and his handwriting. The letter was read aloud to much the same effect. Then I showed the documents to Lentulus and asked whether he knew the seal. He nodded. "Yes," I said, "it is indeed a famous seal, the likeness of your grandfather, a very distinguished man, who loved his country and fellow-citizens above all else; and, though voiceless, it ought to have recalled you from so great a crime." The letter to the same effect was read, addressed to the senate and people of the Allobroges.

In case he wanted to say something about these matters, I gave him the opportunity. And at first, to be sure, he said, "No." But somewhat later, when all the evidence had been set out and recorded, he rose and asked the Gauls what he had to do with them, why they had come to his home; and he likewise asked Vulturcius. When they had given a brief, consistent answer, telling through whose agency they had come to him and how many times, and had asked him whether he had not spoken to them about the Sibylline fates, he then, rendered insane by his crime, showed how strong the power of conscience was. For, although he could deny it, suddenly, to the surprise of all, he made a confession. So he was deserted not only by his natural talent and experience in speaking—always a strong point with him, but even, because of the impression made by the obvious exposure of his crime, by the arrogance in which he outdid all men and by his lack of principle.

Now, Vulturcius suddenly ordered a letter to be brought in and opened, one which he said Lentulus had given him for Catiline. And at this point, though very badly shaken, Lentulus acknowledged both the seal and his own handwriting. The letter was unsigned but ran thus: "Who I am you will know from the man whom I have sent to you. Take care to be a man and think how far you have gone. See whether you now need something and take care to enlist the services of all, even the lowest."

Gabinus was then led in, and though at first he had begun to answer arrogantly, in the end he denied none of the allegations that the Gauls were making. And for me certainly, fellow-citizens, not only did these appear the most definite arguments and proofs of the crime—the letters, the seals, the handwriting, and lastly the admission of each individual, but these seemed much more definite—their color, eyes, expressions, and silence. For they were so dumbfounded, they gazed at the ground in such a way, from time to time they stealthily gazed at each other in such a way that it seemed that they were no longer being informed on by others but were informing on themselves.

VI. When the items of evidence had been set out and recorded, I consulted the senate as to what action it decreed in the best interests of the state. Most forceful and vigorous proposals were expressed by the senate leaders, and these views the senate followed without any variation. And since the decree of the senate has not been fully written out, I shall explain to you from memory, fellow citizens, what the senate has decreed. First, thanks are rendered to me in very generous terms because through my efficiency, counsel, and foresight the republic has been delivered from the greatest dangers. Next, L. Flaccus and G. Pomptinus, the praetors, are rightly and deservedly commended because I had availed of their brave and loyal services. And also on the gallant gentleman, my colleague, praise is bestowed because he had dissociated the partners in this conspiracy from his own policies and the republic's. And

they also decreed that when Publius Lentulus had resigned his praetorship, he be surrendered into custody; and likewise that Gaius Cethegus, Lucius Statilius, and Publius Gabinus, all of whom were present, be surrendered into custody; and they passed this same decree against Lucius Cassius, who had demanded for himself the supervision of the burning of the city; against Marcus Ceparius, to whom, the evidence had revealed, Apulia was assigned for the purpose of inciting the shepherds; against Publius Furius, who is one of those colonists whom Lucius Sulla had settled in Faesulae; against Quintus Annius Chilo, who had always been involved with this Furius in this attempt to stir up the Allobroges; against Publius Umbrenus, a freedman, through whom it was ascertained that the Gauls had first made contact with Gabinus. And the senate exercised such clemency that it thought that, when the republic had been saved by punishing the nine most unprincipled men in this great conspiracy and in this large number of domestic enemies, the feelings of the others could be restored to sanity.

And a thanksgiving was also decreed in my name to the immortal gods for their unique service, a distinction which has befallen me, a civilian, for the first time since the city was founded; and it was decreed in these words: "because I had freed the city from fires, the citizens from bloodshed, and Italy from war." If this thanksgiving were to be compared to other thanksgivings there is this difference, that the others were established for good service to the republic, this one alone for saving it.

And that which was the first thing to be done was done and completed; for, although Publius Lentulus had forfeited his claim both to the praetorship and to citizenship by the revealing of the evidence and by his own confessions in the judgment of the senate, yet he did resign his office, so that in punishing Publius Lentulus as a private person we were freed from religious scruple, which, however, had not deterred the famous Gaius Marius from putting to death Gaius Glaucia, a praetor, regarding whom no specific decree had been passed.

VII. Now, fellow citizens, since you hold the wicked leaders of a most criminal and dangerous war already seized and arrested, you ought to think that all the forces of Catiline, all his hopes and resources have collapsed, now that these dangers to the city have been averted. And when I sought to drive him from the city, I foresaw this in my mind, that, if Catiline were removed, I would not have to dread the sleepiness of Publius Lentulus or the corpulence of Lucius Cassius or the mad rashness of Gaius Cethegus. Of them all he was the only one to be feared, but only so long as he was held within the city walls. He knew everything, he knew how to reach everyone; he had the ability, the daring to appeal, to attempt, to attract. His planning was adapted to the crime; his planning, moreover, lacked neither eloquence nor physical means. He already had specific men chosen and assigned to

complete specific tasks. And when he had given an order he did not regard it as carried through: there was nothing that he could not perform himself, could not meet, watch over, toil for; cold, thirst and hunger he could endure. If I had not forced away from his plottings in the city into the brigandage of a camp this man who was so keen, so daring, so resourceful, so alert in crime, so painstaking in a perverted cause,—I shall say what I feel, fellow-citizens—I would not easily have forced this great weight of evil off your shoulders. He would not have set the Saturnalia for us; he would not so far in advance have threatened the republic with its final day; he would not have allowed his seal or a letter of his to be seized as evidence of his obvious guilt. These things have now happened during his absence in such a way that no theft in a private home has ever been so plainly discovered as this conspiracy which involves the whole republic has been clearly brought to light. But if Catiline had stayed behind in the city until today, even though while he was here I countered and resisted all his plots, yet—to say the least—we should have had to fight openly with him; and never, so long as he was in the city, a public enemy, would we have freed the republic from these great dangers so peacefully, so calmly and so silently.

VIII. And yet all these things, fellow citizens, have been managed by me in such a way that it appears that they have been performed and guided by the good will and counsel of the immortal gods. And this we can infer not only because it seems that the management of such important affairs could hardly have been matter for mortal counsel, but also because they have in these times so evidently brought us aid and succor that we can almost see them with our eyes. For—to pass over the familiar signs: comets seen at nighttime in the West, the blaze in the sky, not to consider the lightning bolts and earthquakes; to pass over the other things that happened during our consulship, so many things that the immortal gods seemed to prophesy what is now happening—this, at least, fellow citizens, which I am about to say, should neither be passed over nor refused consideration.

For you surely remember that in the consulship of Cotta and Torquatus a number of things in the Capitol had been struck from heaven, when the images of the gods were thrown down, the statues of men of earlier times were overthrown, the bronze tablets of the laws were melted, and even the great founder of this city was struck, Romulus, who, as you remember, stood in the Capitol, a gilded statue, a child, nursing and clinging to the udders of the wolf. And indeed at that time when soothsayers had gathered from all Etruria, they said that murders, fires, overthrow of laws, civil and domestic war, fall of the entire city and empire were at hand unless the immortal gods were appeased in every way and by their goodwill turned aside what was almost fated. Accordingly because of their responses public games were then held for ten days, and nothing that would conduce to placating the gods was

left undone. And the same soothsayers gave orders to make the statue of Jupiter larger, place it in an elevated position, and turn it to face the East, the opposite direction to what it had been previously; and they said that they hoped that if that statue which you see faced the rising of the sun, the forum and the senate house, those plots which had secretly been formed against the city's and the empire's safety would be brought to light so that they could be clearly seen by the senate and the Roman people. And those consuls placed the contract for setting up that statue; but the work proceeded so slowly that neither in the preceding consulship nor in ours was the statue set in position until this day.

IX. Here who can be so averse to truth, so headstrong, so bereft of reason as to deny that all these things which we see, and especially this city are governed by the sway and power of the immortal gods? And indeed since this was the answer that had been given, that murders, fires, and the destruction of the republic were being prepared, and that too by citizens, you have realized that those things which at that time seemed unbelievable to some because of the enormity of the crimes were not only plotted but actually undertaken by wicked citizens. Is not the following so plainly an act of providence that it appears to have been done through the favor of Jupiter Optimus Maximus; namely, that today in the morning when at my order the conspirators and their informants were being led through the forum to the temple of Concord, at that very time the statue was being erected? And when it had been set in position and turned to face the senate and you, both the senate and you saw that all things which had been plotted against the safety of all had been brought into the light and revealed. And therefore they deserve even greater hatred and punishment, they who have tried to bring deadly and impious fires not only upon your homes and dwellings but also upon the temples and shrines of the gods. If I were to say that I thwarted them, I should claim too much for myself and would be insupportable: it was he, the great Jupiter, who thwarted; it was he who wanted the Capitol; he who wanted these temples, the entire city, and all of you to be safe. Under the guidance of the immortal gods I conceived this mind and purpose, and arrived at these convincing proofs.

Furthermore, that tampering with the Allobroges; the entrusting of such important secrets so recklessly to men, both strangers and barbarians, by Lentulus and the other domestic enemies; and the consigning of letters would surely never have occurred unless the immortal gods had robbed these bold villains of their reason. Furthermore, do you not think that this is the doing of the gods, that Gauls from a state not fully subjugated, the one remaining tribe which, as it seems, could and would make war on the Roman people, should scorn the prospect of dominion and supremacy when it was held out to them voluntarily by patricians, and should rank your safety above their own advantages, especially since they could overcome us not by fighting but by merely keeping silent?

X. And therefore, fellow citizens, since a thanksgiving has been decreed at all the shrines, you shall celebrate those days with your wives and children. For many honors have often been regarded as just and due for the immortal gods, but none surely ever more just. For you have been rescued from the most cruel and piteous destruction, rescued without slaughter, without bloodshed, without an army, without a struggle. You have conquered as civilians with me alone, a civilian, as your leader and commander.

For think back, fellow citizens, to every instance of civil strife, not only those that you have heard of but those also that you yourselves remember and have witnessed. Lucius Sulla crushed Publius Sulpicius; he exiled Gaius Marius, guardian of this city; and he either exiled or destroyed many other brave men. Gnaeus Octavius, when consul, drove his colleague from the city by force of arms; all this place was piled high with bodies and flooded with the blood of citizens. Later Marius with Cinna gained control; then indeed the most famous men were killed and the lights of the state were extinguished. Later Sulla exacted vengeance for the cruelty of this victory; there is no need even to tell how many citizens were lost and how great was the disaster to the state. Marcus Lepidus was at variance with a very distinguished, very brave man, Quintus Catulus; grief was brought upon the state more by the death of others than by that of Lepidus. And yet all those instances of dissension were such that they tended towards changing, but not destroying the republic. Those men did not wish the republic not to exist any longer, but wished to be leaders in the republic that existed; nor did they wish this city to be burned but they wished to flourish in this city. And yet all those instances of civil strife, none of which sought the end of the republic, have been such that they have been decided not by restoring harmony but by slaughtering citizens. But in this war, the very greatest and most cruel within the memory of man; a war such as no barbarian horde ever waged against its own people; a war in which this was the law established by Lentulus, Catiline, Cethegus and Cassius, that all who could be safe and sound while the city was safe should be counted as enemies, I have conducted myself, fellow citizens, in such a way that you might all be preserved in safety; and whereas your enemies thought that only those citizens would survive who had escaped the limitless slaughter, and only as much of the city as the fire had not been able to reach, I have saved absolutely unharmed both city and citizens.

XI. In return for these great services, fellow citizens, I shall ask of you no reward for valor, no emblem of honor, no memorial of praise except the eternal remembrance of this day. It is in your hearts that I want all my triumphs, all distinctions of honor, memorials of glory, and emblems of fame to be kept and treasured. Nothing speechless, nothing silent can delight me; nothing, in short, of such a kind that even the less deserving can achieve it. In your

memories, fellow citizens, my achievements will be cherished; they will grow in the conversations of men; they will become established and strengthened in the records of literature; and I realize that the same span of time—which, as I hope, will be eternal—has been set forth both for the safety of the city and for the remembering of my consulship, and (I realize) that at the same time in this republic there have been two outstanding citizens, one of whom limited the boundaries of your empire within the confines not of earth but of heaven, and the other kept safe the home and dwellings of this empire.

XII. But since the lot and fortune of these achievements of mine are not the same as for those who have carried on external wars, because I must live among those whom I have defeated and subdued, whereas they left their enemies either slain or crushed, it is your task, fellow citizens, to see to it that if their deeds rightly benefit those others mine should not some day injure me. For I have seen to it that the criminal, evil designs of the most reckless men could not harm you; it is your task to see to it that they do not harm me. And yet, fellow citizens, I myself, indeed, can no longer be harmed by them. For in good men there is a strong defense which is for all time prepared for me; in the republic there is the high honor which will always silently defend me; there is the great strength of inner awareness, and those who do not heed it will betray themselves when they wish to injure me. For my attitude of mind is such, fellow citizens, that I not only do not give way before any man's recklessness but actually challenge all unprincipled men at all times. But if the entire onslaught of civilian enemies, diverted from you, concentrates on me alone, you will have to consider, fellow citizens, what condition you wish hereafter to be the state of those who for your safety have exposed themselves to unpopularity and to every danger; as for my own self, what is there that can now be gained for the enjoyment of life, especially when neither in the honor that you have conferred nor the reward for merit do I see anything higher toward which I wish to climb? This assuredly I shall accomplish, fellow citizens—I shall defend, as a private citizen, and make even more glorious the achievements of my consulship, so that whatever unpopularity has been incurred in saving the state may injure the envious and may redound to my glory. Lastly, I shall conduct myself in political life in such a way as to remember always what I have done and to take care that these appear the achievements of merit, not of accident.

Since it is now night, fellow citizens, pay homage to the great Jupiter, guardian of this city and your own guardian, and depart to your homes. Although the danger has now been warded off, still defend your homes as you last night did with guards and watches. I shall see to it, fellow citizens, that you no longer need to do this and that you may be able to live in lasting peace.

VI. You will ask us, Grattius, why we take such delight in this man. Because he supplies us the means whereby the mind may be refreshed after this tumult of the forum; and our ears, when wearied with abuse, may find rest. Do you think that either there can be available for us material for daily speeches on such a wide variety of topics unless we cultivate our minds with the study of literature, or that our minds can bear so great a strain unless we relax them with the same study? I, for my part, confess that I have been devoted to these pursuits. Let others feel ashamed, whoever have so buried themselves in literature that they can bring forth from it nothing for public service or bring out nothing into the light of public inspection. But why should I be ashamed, when for so many years, gentlemen of the jury, I have lived in such a way that neither my leisure has withdraw nor pleasure distracted nor, lastly, sleep delayed me when any man's needs or interests were involved?

And therefore, I ask, who would criticize or who would rightly blame if I have claimed for myself for renewing these pursuits as much time as is granted to all others for managing their own affairs, for celebrating the holidays of the games, for other pleasures, and for the very resting of mind and body; as much time as some devote to protracted banquets, finally, to gambling and to playing ball? And this concession must be made to me all the more for this reason: that these studies foster this oratorical ability too, which such as it is, has never failed my friends in their hour of need. And if it seems rather slight to anyone, I certainly indeed know from what source I imbibe those principles which are highest. For, if from youth upward I had not urged myself by the precepts of many and by wide reading that nothing in life should be greatly sought after but glory and honor; that, moreover, in pursuit of this ideal all tortures of body, all dangers of death and of exile should count for little, never should I have exposed myself for your safety to so many, such violent struggles and to these daily attacks of unprincipled men. But all books are full, the words of the wise are full, antiquity(history) is full of examples; and these would all lie in darkness if the light of literature were not shed on them.

How many vividly portrayed likenesses writers, both Greek and Latin, have left us, not merely to gaze upon but also to imitate! Always placing these before me in administering public affairs, I molded my heart and mind by the very thought of great men.

VII. Someone will ask: "Well, now, were those great men themselves, whose virtues have been handed down through literature, trained in that pursuit of literature that you are praising so highly?"

It is difficult to maintain this of them all, but yet my answer is definite. I admit that many men of outstanding mind and character have been without learning and have stood out by an almost divine quality of their very nature as self-disciplined and influential men

in and through themselves. I also add this, that more often nature without learning has produced fame and excellence than learning has without the native endowment. And I also maintain this, that when to an exceptional and brilliant nature there has been added the training and molding influence of learning, then something indefinable, glorious, and unique is usually the result.

In this number (I maintain) was he whom our fathers saw, the godlike man Africanus; in this number were Gaius Laelius and Lucius Furius, men of the greatest self-discipline and restraint; in this number was a very brave man and for those times a most learned one, the great old man, Marcus Cato; surely, if they were in no way aided by the study of literature in appreciating and cultivating excellence, they would never have devoted themselves to the study of literature.

But if an advantage as great as this were not revealed and if from these pursuits delight alone were sought, you would yet, I think, judge this relaxation for the mind most humane and liberal. For other relaxations are not appropriate for all times, ages and places; but these pursuits nurture youth, delight old age, adorn prosperity, provide a refuge and solace for adversity, delight at home, do not hamper when outdoors, stay the night with us, accompany us abroad and in the country. Now if we were not able ourselves to attain to them, or appreciate them in our own awareness, yet we ought to admire them even when we see them in others.

VIII. Who of us was so uncultivated or insensitive in spirit that he was not recently deeply moved at the death of Roscius? Although he died in old age, yet because of his exceptional skill and grace, it seemed that he should not have died at all. He, therefore, because of physical movement had won such affection from us all: shall we then scorn incredible mental activity and the speed of the intellect?

How often I have seen my client Archias, gentlemen of the jury—for I shall avail of your indulgence since you follow me so carefully in this unusual style of speech—how often I have seen him, without having written one letter, deliver on the spur of the moment a large number of excellent verses on contemporary events! How often, when given an encore, express the same subject, completely changing the words and the ideas! But what he had written with care and thought I have seen so highly regarded that he matched the renown of ancient authors. Am I not to love and admire this man and think that he must in every way be defended?

And we have heard this from the greatest, most learned men that other pursuits depend on training, precepts, and skill; that the poet derives his strength from nature herself, is inspired by the powers of the mind, and is inbreathed, as it were, by a certain divine spirit. And this is why in his own right our great Ennius calls poets "holy," because it seems (so he says) that they have been entrusted to us, as it were, by some gift and bounty of the gods.

Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, let this term "poet" be sacred among you who are highly civilized men, a term which no barbarian people ever violated. Rocks and wildernesses respond to the voice; savage beasts are often swayed by music and halt: should not we, given the best of education, be stirred by the voice of poets? The people of Colophon say that Homer is their citizen, the Chians claim him as their own, the Salaminians assert their right, but the people of Smyrna assert that he belongs to them, and so they have even dedicated a shrine to him in their town; very many others besides quarrel and compete among themselves for the honor.

IX. Therefore they lay claim to a foreigner even after death, simply because he was a poet: shall we reject this living poet, who is ours both by choice and by laws, especially when long ago Archias devoted all his interest and all his talent to celebrating the glory and renown of the Roman people? For in his youth he touched upon the war with the Cimbri and found favor with the famous Gaius Marius himself, who seemed rather unsympathetic to these pursuits. For no one is so hostile to the Muses that he does not readily allow the eternal heralding of his efforts to be entrusted to verses.

They say that when the famous Themistocles, the greatest man in Athens, was asked what entertainment or whose voice he liked most of all to hear, he answered, "that of the man who best proclaimed his excellence." And so the famous Marius likewise was exceptionally fond of Lucius Plotius, by whose ability he thought that his exploits could be celebrated.

Furthermore, the whole of the war against Mithridates, a great, and difficult war, conducted with many vicissitudes on land and sea, was described by my client; these books add luster not only to Lucius Lucullus, a very brave and famous man, but also to the name of the Roman people. For it was the Roman people, under the generalship of Lucullus, that opened up the Pontus, formerly walled off by the king's resources and by the very nature of the region; an army of the Roman people under the same leader, with a small force, routed countless forces of the Armenians; it is the glory of the Roman people that the very friendly city of the people of Cyzicus by the policy of the same man was rescued from the total onslaught of the king, from the open jaws of the entire war, and delivered; that unbelievable naval battle off Tenedos will always be extolled and proclaimed as our achievement, though it was Lucius Lucullus who fought, when the enemy leaders were slain and the enemy fleet was sunk; ours are the trophies, ours the memorials, ours the triumphs. The fame of the Roman people is spread abroad by those through whose talents these deeds are extolled.

Our Ennius was dear to Africanus the Elder; accordingly, even on the tomb of the Scipios it is thought that a marble bust of Ennius was erected. But in these praises certainly not merely the

man who is the subject of praise but the name of the Roman people also is honored. Cato, great-grandfather of the Cato who is here, is extolled to the skies; great honor is also bestowed on the history of the Roman people. Lastly, all great men like Maximus, Marcellus, and Fulvius are not honored without a common share of glory for us all.

X. Therefore our ancestors welcomed into the state that man from Rudiae who had written these verses; shall we reject from our state this man from Heraclea, who has been sought after by many states but is legally established in ours? For whoever thinks that a smaller harvest of fame is garnered from Greek verses than from Latin is greatly mistaken, for the reason that Greek is read in almost all nations, whereas Latin is confined to its own boundaries which are certainly restricted. Consequently, if our exploits are limited only by the boundaries of the world, we ought to desire that our fame and renown penetrate to the same quarters that the weapons of our hands have reached; for not only are these ample rewards for the very peoples whose achievements are recorded, but to those also who struggle for glory at the risk of their lives this is the greatest incentive to both dangers and toils.

How many historians for his exploits the famous Alexander the Great is said to have had with him! And yet when he stood in Sigeum near the tomb of Achilles, he said, "Oh fortunate young man to have had Homer as the herald of your excellence!" And he was right. For, if the famous *ILIAD* had not come into existence, the same tomb which had concealed his body would also have blotted out even his name.

Furthermore, did not our own Magnus here, who matched good fortune with his valor, bestow citizenship on Theophanes of Mytilene, a historian of his exploits, in an assembly of soldiers? And did not those brave men of ours, plain, rough soldiers though they were, stirred by some delight in glory, show their approval by a mighty shout, as though they were partners in the same renown?

Accordingly, if Archias were not legally a Roman citizen, I suppose, he could not have arranged to be given citizenship by some general. Although Sulla gave citizenship to Spaniards and Gauls, I suppose, he would have rejected a request from my client; and yet in an assembly, when an inferior poet in the crowd had handed up to Sulla a manuscript, an epigram which he had written in his honor, merely with alternating verses a little longer, we saw that Sulla immediately ordered the man to be given a reward from the things that he was then selling, stipulating however that he should write no more thereafter. Since he considered that the industry of an inferior poet deserved a reward none the less, would he not have sought after the talent, excellence, and fluency of my client?

Then again, from Quintus Metellus Pius, his close friend, who bestowed citizenship on many, would he not have gained his request on his own or through the mediation of the Luculli? Particularly since Metellus was so eager to have his deeds recorded that he even listened to poets born in Corduba, though they have a thick, foreign accent.

XI. This which cannot be concealed ought not to be disguised but ought to be openly admitted; we are all drawn on by the desire for glory, and the better a man is, the more strongly is he attracted by fame. The great philosophers themselves write their own names even in those books which they write about despising glory. In the very act of despising fame and praise, they want to be praised and named themselves.

Decimus Brutus, certainly a great man and general, adorned with the poems of his close friend Accius, the approaches to the temples and memorials which he founded. Furthermore, Fulvius, he who made war against the Aetolians, taking Ennius as a companion, did not hesitate to offer the spoils of Mars as dedication to the Muses. Therefore in this city, in which commanders, fresh from the wars, have honored the name of poets and the shrines of the Muses, civilian judges should not shrink from honoring the Muses and saving poets.

And so that you may more willingly do this, I shall now reveal myself to you, gentlemen of the jury, and confess to you my own desire for fame, too strong perhaps but an honorable desire. For my client in verses has touched upon and begun to treat the deeds that I performed in my consulship with your aid for the safety of this city and empire, for the lives of the citizens, and for the whole republic. When I heard these verses, it seemed an imposing, pleasant theme, and I therefore urged him to complete the work. For excellence asks for no other reward for toils and dangers than this reward of glory and honor; and certainly, gentlemen of the jury, if this is taken away, what reason is there why in this limited, brief course of life we should exert ourselves in these great hardships?

Certainly, if the mind felt no anticipation of the future, and if it limited all its aspirations with the same boundaries by which the span of life has been circumscribed, it would not break itself in such great exertions; it would not be tormented with so many worries and sleepless nights; nor would it fight so often at the risk of life itself. But as it is, there is inherent in all the finest men a noble quality which day and night spurs on the mind with the goad of fame and admonishes that the remembrance of our name must not be allowed to die at the end of life but must be made commensurate with all posterity.

XII. Or indeed are we all to appear so mean-spirited, we who are active in politics and amid these hardships and dangers to our lives that, although up to the last moment we have drawn no

peaceful, quiet breath, we think that everything will die with us? Many very great men have eagerly left statues and busts, not the likenesses of mind but of body; ought we not far rather leave behind an image of our policies and noble qualities, when it has been carefully wrought and polished by men of the highest talent?

For my part, in all my actions at the moment of acting I thought that I was scattering the seed upon the everlasting memory of the world. Whether these actions will be divorced from my consciousness after death or, as the wisest men have thought, will relate to (belong to) some part of my soul, now certainly I am delighted with a certain thought and hope that this will be so.

Therefore, gentlemen of the jury, protect a man of such honor, who, as you see, is supported by the rank of his friends and by their longstanding friendship; a man, moreover, of such high talent as this is rightly regarded when, as you see, it is sought after by men of the highest talents; a man, furthermore, with a case such that it is supported by the favor of the law, by the authority of a township, by the testimony of Lucullus, and by the records of Metellus.

Since this is so, gentlemen of the jury, we ask of you, if there is any basis for approval, both human and divine, in such high talents, that this man who has always honored you, your commanders, and the achievements of the Roman people, who asserts that he will give an everlasting testimony of praise also to these recent domestic dangers, yours and mine, and who belongs to that group of poets who have always among all men been considered holy and have been so addressed, be taken under your protection so that it appears that he has been defended by your kindness rather than offended by your harshness.

I trust that what I have briefly and simply said regarding the case in accordance with my usual practice has met with approval from everyone; furthermore I hope that the words which I have spoken foreign to the practice of the forum and the law court, in regard both to the man's talent and, to his calling in general, have been taken by you in good part, gentlemen of the jury; I know indeed that they have been by the president of this court.

V. Indeed, when in my mind I sum up, I find four reasons given why old age seems unhappy: the first, because it withdraws from activities; the second, because it makes the body weaker; the third, because it deprives of nearly all pleasures; and the fourth, because it is not far from death. Let us see, if you please, how valid and how right each of these reasons is.

VI. Old age withdraws from activities. From which? From those that require the strength of youth? Are there none, therefore, appropriate to old age, which can be performed by the mind though

our bodies are weak? Besides being old, Appius Claudius was blind; yet when in its voting the senate inclined to making a peace treaty with Pyrrhus, he did not hesitate to speak those words which Ennius followed in his verses: "To what direction have your minds, grown mindless, swerved? Formerly they kept straight course."

The poem is familiar to you; and, if it were not, the speech of Appius himself still exists. And this he did seventeen years after a second consulship when ten years separated the two consulships and he had been censor before the earlier consulship; from this it is seen that he was quite old in the war with Pyrrhus; and yet this is the account we have heard from our fathers.

Therefore, those who say that old age is not actively engaged have no argument; they are like people who say that the pilot on a voyage is inactive, since others are climbing the masts, others keep running along the gangways, others are draining the bilge, while he holds the tiller and sits quietly in the stern. He is not doing the same as the young men, but he is performing much more important and better services.

Not by strength or nimbleness or speed of body are great deeds done but by counsel, prestige, and wisdom; commonly old age is not deprived of these qualities; it usually has more of them, unless perhaps I, who have been active as soldier, tribune, commander and consul in wars of various kinds, now seem to you to be idle when I am not conducting wars. But I lay down for the senate what wars must be conducted, and in what way; far ahead of time I threaten war against Carthage who for a long time has been guilty of treachery; and I shall not cease to fear her until I know that she has been completely destroyed.

VII. It is objected that the memory fails. Granted, unless one trains it or even if one is naturally rather slow. Themistocles had learned the names of all his fellow citizens. When he had advanced in years, do you think that he was accustomed to greet as Lysimachus the man who was Aristides?

Old men retain their mental faculties provided that their interest and application endure and not only in the case of famous citizens who have held public office but also in the peaceful life of retirement. Sophocles wrote tragedies up to an extreme old age; and when he appeared to be neglecting his property because of this calling, his sons brought him to court so that the jury would remove him from charge of his property on the ground that he was in his dotage, just as under our system fathers who mismanage property are usually restrained from administering their estates. It is said that the old man then read to the jurymen *Oedipus at Colonus*, the play that he had last written, and which he was then polishing, and that he asked whether that seemed the poem of an old man in his dotage. After the reading, he was acquitted by the votes of the jurymen.

IX. Not even now do I wish for a young man's strength—this was the second point on the faults of old age—any more than as a young man I wished for the strength of a bull or an elephant. It is right to use what one has and do whatever one does according to one's strength (with all one's might and main). What remark can be more contemptible than that of Crotonian Milo? When he was now an old man and was watching the athletes training at track, it is said that he looked at his own muscles and said in tears, "Ah, but mine are now dead." They certainly were not as dead as you were, you senseless thing! Fame came to you not from yourself but merely from your lungs and muscles.

X. Do you notice how in Homer, Nestor very often proclaims his own virtues? For he was viewing the third generation of men and ought to have no fear that, extolling himself, he would seem unduly arrogant or talkative. Indeed, as Homer says, "from his tongue words flowed sweeter than honey," and for this sweetness he had no need of strength of body. And yet the great leader of Greece nowhere prayed to have ten like Ajax but ten like Nestor; and he had no doubt that Troy would fall in a short time if this were to happen.

But I have less strength than either of you. Not even you have the strength of the centurion, Titus Pontius. Is he for that reason superior? Merely let there be strength in moderation and let each strive to do his best; he will certainly not be possessed by a desire for strength. It is said that at Olympia, Milo walked through the stadium, supporting a live bull on his shoulders. Would you, therefore, prefer to be given this physical strength or the mental powers of Pythagoras? In short, enjoy that blessing while it is yours; when it is gone, do not miss it, unless perhaps young men ought to miss boyhood and, at a later stage in life, miss early manhood. There is a definite course to our lifetime and one path, and that a simple one, in nature; and each stage of life has its own quality in season, so that the weakness of boyhood, the bold vigor of young manhood, and the serious purpose of mature years have each a certain natural quality which ought to be enjoyed in its right time.

XI. Strength is not a quality of old age. It is not even expected of old age. Therefore both by laws and by established usages our time of life is exempt from those duties which cannot be discharged without physical strength. Accordingly we are not required to do so much as we can, not to mention what we cannot. I am working on the seventh book of *Origines*; now especially I am working up the speeches in all the famous cases for the defense that I have had; I am writing on augural, pontifical, and civil law; I am also making much use of Greek learning; and after the fashion of the Pythagoreans, to train my memory, in the evening I recall what I have said, heard, and done each day. These are the mind's playing fields; this is mental track; at this I sweat and toil and have no

great desire for physical strength. I defend my friends, I frequently go to the senate and take the initiative in introducing matters that I have pondered long and carefully, and I champion them with the mind's, not the body's vigor. For when one lives always among these interests and labors one does not realize the gradual approach of old age. Thus by degrees without awareness life changes into old age and is not suddenly snapped but is put out by length of time.

XII. There follows the third abuse heaped on old age, in that they say that it foregoes pleasures. What a glorious gift from age if it truly removes from us what is the worst vice in youth! For listen, my dear young men, to an ancient speech of Archytas of Tarentum, a very great and distinguished man; it was reported to me when as a young man I was at Tarentum with Quintus Maximus.

He said that nature had given mankind no more deadly plague than physical pleasure; greedy for this pleasure, lusts were spurred on recklessly without restraint in order to possess it. This was the motive for acts of treason to one's country, for the overthrow of republics, for secret negotiations with the enemy; in short, there was no crime, no evil deed that bodily lust did not impel men to engage in; indeed acts of debauchery and adultery and all such shame were prompted by the allurements of pleasure alone; and, since man has been given nothing more glorious than mind—whether by nature or by god—nothing is so inimical to this godlike gift and boon as is pleasure; for when lust exercises a tyranny, there is no room for moderation, and virtue can find no place at all in the kingdom of pleasure.

Why have I quoted this? So that you would understand that if we could not spurn pleasure by reason and wisdom, we ought to feel deep gratitude to old age for seeing to it that what ought not to please us did not do so.

I acted reluctantly in expelling from the senate seven years after his consulship Lucius Flamininus, brother of the very able Titus Flamininus. But I thought that lust must be condemned. For when he was consul, a prostitute at a banquet in Gaul had prevailed upon him to behead one of those who were in chains, sentenced to death. When his brother, my immediate predecessor, was censor, he had gone unnoticed but Flaccus and I certainly could not countenance such shameful and unprincipled lust, for it added to personal shame disgrace to our government.

XV. Now I come to the pleasures of farmers; and in these I find delight to an unbelievable degree, for none of them are hampered by old age and to me they seem to come closest to the life of a wise man. For they have an investment with the land; and it never returns a deposit without interest, sometimes at a lower but usually at a higher rate. Yet it is not merely the yield; it is also the power and nature of the land itself that delight me.

XVI. I can relate many joys in farm life, but those very ones which I have mentioned I feel have been rather drawn out. You will forgive me, however, for I was carried away by my enthusiasm for farm life; and also old age is naturally rather talkative—I say this so as not to appear to redeem it from all shortcomings.

It was, therefore, in this kind of life that when Manius Curius had celebrated triumphs over the Samnites, the Sabines, and Pyrrhus, he spent the last span of lifetime; and when I view his farmhouse—for it is not far away from me—I cannot admire enough either the continence of the man himself or the morale of that era. Curius was sitting at his fireside when the Samnites brought him a great amount of gold, and he brushed them aside; for it was not, he said, the possession of gold that was glorious in his view but ruling over those who possessed it. Could so noble a spirit fail to make old age pleasant?

It was from the farmhouse that Curius and the other elders, too, were summoned to the senate; and from this fact those who summoned them were called *viatores* (roadmen). Surely it was not a wretched old age for men who found their delight in the cultivation of the land? Certainly, in my view I am inclined to think that no age is happier not merely in its service—because agriculture is beneficial to the whole human race—but also in the joy that I have spoken of, and in the bounty and abundance of all that relates to the sustaining of mortals and to the worship of the gods also. (I say this) so that we may now be on good terms again with pleasure, since some people want this.

For with a good, hard-working owner the wine cellar, the oil store, and the larder are always filled with plenty, and the whole farmhouse prospers; it abounds in pork, goat meat, lamb, poultry, milk, cheese, and honey.

XVIII. But remember that all through the discourse I am praising the old age that has been built on foundations laid in youth. Gray hair and wrinkles cannot suddenly claim respect; but honorable life in one's earlier years garners respect as its last harvest. For these niceties that appear trivial and commonplace are in themselves marks of honor, when people greet us, seek us out, make way for us, rise to their feet, escort us to and from the forum, and seek our advice. The higher the national mores in our country and in others, the more scrupulous men are to honor these niceties.

We are told that the Spartan Lysander was in the habit of saying that old age found its most honorable home in Sparta; for nowhere was age given greater privilege, nowhere else was age held in higher honor. And in fact, this story has been passed down: In Athens an elderly man had entered the theater during the festival; in the great audience his fellow citizens nowhere made room for him; but when he had reached the Spartans—as ambassadors, they were sitting together in a reserved section—they all rose as one

man, so the story has it, and welcomed the old man to sit down. The entire audience applauded them repeatedly; and at this, it is said, one of the Spartans remarked that the Athenians knew what was right but refused to do it.

XIX. There remains the fourth charge, which appears particularly to distress men in our time of life and to trouble them: the approach of death, for certainly death cannot be far away in old age.

How unhappy is the old man who in so long a life has not seen that death should be scorned! Either it should be clearly disregarded if it wholly extinguishes the soul or it should actually be wished if it conducts it to some place where it will exist forever. Yet there certainly cannot be found a third possibility.

What should I fear, therefore, if after death I am destined to be either not unhappy or actually happy? Yet who is so foolish, however young he is, that he feels certain that he will live until evening? Why, that period of life has even more chances of death than ours has. The young are more susceptible to illnesses, and these are more serious and harder to cure. And so few young people survive to old age. If this did not happen, life would be better and wiser; for mind and reason and policy are characteristic of old men; and if there were no elders, there would have been no governments at all.

But I come back to the imminence of death. What does that charge against old age mean when we see that it can be levelled against youth also? With my own fine son I realized, as you did, Scipio, with your brothers who were expected to attain our highest office, that death is common to every time of life.

Yes, but (someone objects) a young man hopes that he will live long, and an old man cannot have the same hope. He is foolish to hope; for what is more foolish than to regard the uncertain as certain and the false as true? But an old man has nothing even to hope for. But he is on that account better off than the young man since he has attained to what the latter hopes for; the young man hopes to live long, and he has done so.

And yet, ye good gods, in the life of man what does "a long time" mean? Grant the longest span: let us look forward to the lifetime of the king of the Tartessii; for, so I read, there was a certain Arganthonius at Gades who ruled for eighty years and lived for a hundred and twenty. But to me nothing appears even lengthy when it has its limit; for when that comes, what has passed has flowed away; there remains only what one has accomplished by character and good deeds.

The hours indeed go by, the days, the months, the years; and time spent never returns, nor can the future be known. Each must be content with the time that is given him for living. For to win applause, an actor must not act the play out to the end, provided that he wins favor in whatever act he played his part; and a wise

man does not have to stay on to the final curtain. A short lifetime is long enough for a good, honorable life; but if it has lasted rather long, he should sorrow no more than farmers sorrow, when the sweetness of the spring time has passed, because summer and autumn have come. Now the other seasons are suited for reaping and storing the crops. Now the crop from old age is, as I have often said, the remembrance and bounty of the good things that have earlier been stored up.

XX. Now there is no set limit for old age, and it has its right quality so long as one can perform and discharge the task of duty and think lightly of death. And the result of this is that old age is even more spirited than youth, and braver. This is the meaning of Solon's answer to the tyrant Pisistratus when he asked Solon on just what he relied in opposing him so boldly, and Solon replied, it is said, "I rely on old age."

But life's best limit is when, with mind and other faculties unimpaired, nature herself undoes the work that she has put together. Just as a builder most easily destroys the ship or the house, so nature who fashioned man is best at undoing her work. Now any new framework is hard to tear apart; the old is easy.

So it is that old men should not greedily seek after that brief remnant of life nor abandon it without cause. And Pythagoras forbids men to depart from their post and station in life without an order from their commander, that is, god.

The wise Solon has, indeed, a maxim in which he says that he does not want his death to pass unmourned and unlamented by his friends. He wants, I suppose, to be loved by his friends. But I am inclined to think that Ennius has a better interpretation: "Let no one honor me with tears nor attend my funeral with weeping." He does not think that death requires mourning when immortality immediately follows.

Now there can be some awareness of dying, and this for but a short time, especially for an old man. After death, certainly, awareness either must be wished for, or there is none. But from youth onward this should have been practiced, that we scorn death; and without this practice no one can be calm in spirit. For certainly we must die, and for all we know, this very day. How, then, can a man who fears death at every hour be steadfast in spirit?

This does not seem to require a long discussion when I call to mind not Lucius Brutus, who was killed in giving his country freedom; nor the two Decii, who spurred on their horses to a self-willed death; nor Marcus Atilius, who set out to torture in order to respect a pledge given to the enemy; nor the two Scipios who wanted even with their own bodies to block the path of the Carthaginians; nor your grandfather, Lucius Paullus, who by his death atoned for the foolhardiness of his colleague in the shame of Cannae; nor Marcus Marcellus, whose death not even a most cruel foe

suffered to forfeit the honor of burial, but our own legions—as I have written in the *Origines*—often marching with eager and confident spirits to a place from which they thought that they would never come back. Therefore, will experienced old men begin to dread what young men despise and these, to be sure, are unpretending farmers' sons?

XXI. For I do not see why I do not venture to tell you my own view of death, because I think that, the nearer I am to it, the more clearly I see it. I think that your fathers—yours, Gaius Laelius, and yours, Publius Scipio—very famous men and my closest friends, are living and in that life which alone should be termed life. For, as long as we are inclosed in this framework of the body we continue to discharge a heavy task, a burden that necessity imposes. For the heavenly soul has been forced down from its high dwelling and sunk as it were into the earth, a place that is opposite to its divine nature and to eternity. But I believe that the immortal gods have implanted souls in human bodies to have agents to care for the world, and by contemplating the order of things in heaven to imitate this in the pattern and consistency of their lives. And it is not merely reason and discussion that have driven me to believe this but also the loftiness and the authority of the greatest philosophers.

XXIII. No one will ever persuade me, Scipio, that your father Paullus, or your two grandfathers Paullus and Africanus, or the father of Africanus, or his uncle, or many outstanding men whom there is no need to list, attempted such great deeds which belonged to the memory of posterity if they did not see in their minds that posterity was their concern. Do you suppose—to boast a little about my own self as old men do—that I should have undergone such hardships, day and night, at home and abroad, if I were likely to restrict my fame to my span of life? Would it not have been far better to live a leisurely, quiet life without any struggle and exertion? But somehow my soul lifted itself and always looked forward to posterity as though, when it had departed this life, it would at last be about to live. And if this were not the case, that our souls are immortal, the souls of all the best men would not strive above all else for an immortality of fame.

For these reasons Scipio,—you said that Laelius and you were accustomed to wonder at this—old age sits lightly and, so far from being burdensome, is actually pleasant. Now if I make a mistake in this, that I believe the souls of men are immortal, I make it cheerfully, and I do not want to be forced to give up this mistake, in which I take delight, as long as I live. If, on the other hand, I shall have no awareness when dead, as some mean-souled philosophers suppose, I have no fear that the philosophers, when dead, will ridicule this mistake of mine. But if we are not destined to be immortal, yet it is desirable that a mortal life be extinguished in its proper time; for, as with everything else, nature sets a limit for life. Old

age is, as it were, the last act in life's play, and we ought to avoid boredom in it, particularly when we have had enough.

These were the things that I had to say on the subject of old age; and I wish that you may attain it so that you may test and prove from experience what you have heard from me.

ON DUTIES

151-168

Note: Quotation from Petrarch: "At times one would think that it is an apostle speaking, not a pagan philosopher."

IV. For often in course of time it happens that what is commonly considered dishonorable is found not to be dishonorable. By way of illustration, let an instance be given which admits of fairly wide application. What can be a greater crime than to slay a fellow man, and more than that, a close friend? Well, then, surely any man who has slain a tyrant, however close a friend he was, has not been guilty of crime? At least the Roman people does not think so, for of all glorious deeds it considers that the finest.

Has expediency, therefore, triumphed over honor? On the contrary, honor has attended expediency.

Accordingly, in order that we may without any mistake be able to reach a decision, whenever what we call expediency seems to be in conflict with what we realize is the honorable course, a principle must be established, and if we follow this in making comparison between courses of action, we shall never fall short of our duty. Now this principle will be closest to the system and training of the Stoics; for this, to be sure, is what we are following in these books. Whatever is honorable is also expedient, and nothing is expedient that is not honorable.

V. Therefore, for a man to take something from another and to serve his own advantage to the disadvantage of a fellow man is more contrary to nature than death, than poverty, than pain, than all else that can happen either to the body or to secondary things. For in the first place it removes human relationship and partnership. For, if we are so disposed that each for his own gain despoils or harms another, it is inevitable that this partnership of the human race which is most in accordance with nature be severed. Just as, if every individual limb of the body had this feeling, that it thought it would be strong if it should draw to itself the strength of the limb nearest, the whole body would inevitably grow weak and perish; in the same way, if every individual among us were to seize for himself the goods of others and were to take from each what he can for his own advantage, the partnership and community of man-

kind would be destroyed. For it has been conceded that each prefers to gain for himself rather than for another what serves the purpose of life, and nature is not in conflict here. This nature does not allow, that by despoiling others we add to our own resources, wealth and means.

And certainly this has been established not only in nature, that is, universal law, but also in the laws of peoples which embrace the general good in individual states, and on the same principle, *viz.*, that one may not harm another for one's own advantage. For it is to this that the laws have regard, this is their purpose, that the common interest of citizens be safeguarded; and men who destroy this, they punish by death, exile, imprisonment, or a fine.

And this is effected far more by the rational principle in nature, which is divine and human law. He who will obey it—all will obey who will to live in accordance with nature—will never act to seek after what belongs to another, and to appropriate what he has taken from that other. For nobility of soul and magnanimity and likewise courtesy and justice and generosity are far more in accord with nature than is pleasure, than life, than wealth; and certainly to despise these last and to regard them as of no consequence when a man compares them to the general good is the mark of a great and noble mind.

IX. Hence the famous Gyges is introduced by Plato. When the ground had opened after some violent rain storms, Gyges went down into that chasm; and he noticed a horse of bronze, so the stories go, and in the flanks of this horse there were doors. Opening these, he saw the body of a dead man of unusual size, and on his finger a gold ring. He took this off and wore it himself—he was one of the king's shepherds—then he proceeded to a meeting of the shepherds.

There, whenever he turned the bezel of the ring towards his palm, he was seen by nobody, but he himself saw everything. He was seen again as often as he turned the ring to normal position. Accordingly, profiting from this advantage given by the ring, he seduced the queen, and with her aid he slew the king, his lord; he destroyed those who he thought stood in his way, and in these crimes no one could see him. Thus he suddenly rose to be king of Lydia, thanks to the ring.

If, then, a wise man were to have this very ring, he would think that he had no more license to sin than if he did not have it. For honor, and not subterfuge, is what good men seek after.

XI. The power of honor is so strong that it puts the appearance of expediency in the shade. When the Athenians were quite unable to withstand the onslaught of the Persians and were deciding to abandon their city, evacuate their women and children to Troezen, man the fleet, and defend the freedom of Greece at sea, they stoned to death one Cyrsilus who advised that they remain in the city and welcome Xerxes. And he seemed to have expediency on his side, but it meant nothing because honor conflicted.

After the victory in the war with Persia, Themistocles said in an assembly that he had a proposal that was advantageous to the state but there was no need for it to be publicized. He asked that the people appoint someone to whom he would disclose it. Aristides was appointed. Themistocles told him that the fleet of the Lacedaemonians, which had been beached near Gytheum, could secretly be burned; that if this were done the power of the Lacedaemonians would necessarily be broken. After he had heard this, Aristides came into the assembly where men were eagerly waiting, and said that the proposal which Themistocles put forward was very expedient but most dishonorable. Accordingly the Athenians considered that what was not honorable was not expedient either; and on recommendation by Aristides they rejected this entire proposal, which they had not even heard.

But, as I remarked above, cases often arise when expediency seems to be in conflict with honor, so that one must observe whether it is in conflict or can be reconciled with honor.

XIII. Let us imagine that a good man is selling a house because of some defects that he knows of and others do not; let it be disease-ridden and be regarded as healthful; let it not be known that in all the bedrooms snakes make an appearance; let it have rotten timbers, falling down; but apart from the owner let nobody know of this. If the seller has not stated these facts to purchasers and has sold the house at a far higher price than he thought he would sell it, I ask whether his action was unjust or dishonest.

"Of course it was," says Antipater. "What else is meant by not showing the road to a person who is astray—at Athens this was forbidden on pain of being publicly cursed—if this is not, to let the purchaser act hastily and by mistake suffer a very serious damage? It is even worse than not showing the road, for it is deliberately to lead the other into error."

Diogenes argues the other side: "He did not force you to buy, did he, the man who did not even urge you to do so? He advertised what he did not like. You bought what you liked." Now if those who advertise "For sale a good, well-built country house," even if that house is neither good nor reasonably well-built, are not considered to have been guilty of trickery, far less so those who have withheld praise. For how can the seller be guilty of fraud when the buyer exercises his judgment? Now if every word does not have to be backed up, do you think that what has not been stated has to be backed up? Indeed what is there more foolish than for a seller to recount the defects of what he is selling? What now is so absurd as if at the owner's order the auctioneer were to call out to this effect, "I am selling a plague-ridden house"?

In this way, then, in certain doubtful cases honor is defended on one side, and on the other the case for expediency is put in such a way that it is not merely honorable to do what seems expedient but morally wrong even not to do it. This is the well-known conflict that often seems to occur between things expedient and things

honorable. This conflict must be resolved—for we did not set it forth merely to pose the problem but to provide a solution. This seller of a house, therefore, it seems ought not to have concealed the facts from purchasers. Now who fails to see the nature of this sort of concealment and the nature of the man? Certainly it is not the nature of an open, straightforward, ingenuous, upright, good man, but rather of one who is shifty, underhanded, wily, deceitful, malicious, crafty and cunning.

XIV. Gaius Canius, a Roman businessman, who was quite clever and well educated, had gone to Syracuse, to make holiday, as he himself used to say, not money. He let it be known that he wanted to buy a small country place where he could invite friends and enjoy himself without people to interrupt him. When this had got abroad, a certain Pythius, who had a banking business at Syracuse, told him that he had a place; and though it was not for sale, he would allow Canius to use it as his own if he wished, and at the same time he invited the man to dinner in the country place next day.

When he had accepted, Pythius, since he was influential with all classes as a banker, called to him some fishermen, asked them to do their fishing next day in front of his country place, and told what he wanted them to do. Canius came punctually to dinner. Pythius had a sumptuous banquet ready. In full view was a large number of fishing boats. Each in turn brought along what he had caught, and the fish were deposited at the feet of Pythius. Then Canius said, "Tell me, please, Pythius, what does this mean? So many fish? So many boats?" And he said, "It is nothing strange; all the fish in Syracuse are in this part; here is the (best) water; they cannot stay away from this villa."

Inflamed with eager desire, Canius begged Pythius to sell. He was reluctant at first. To be brief, he won his point. The eager, wealthy Canius bought it at the price Pythius wanted and bought it, furniture and all. He signed for the money and completed the transaction.

Next day Canius invited his friends, and he himself came early. He did not see so much as an oarlock. He asked the next-door neighbor whether the fishermen had some holiday because he did not see a single one. "Not so far as I know," he answered, "but they are not in the habit of fishing here. That's why I was wondering yesterday what had happened."

Canius was furious, but what was he to do? For my friend and colleague, Gaius Aquilius, had not yet produced his definitions of criminal fraud. Apropos of these when he was asked what "criminal fraud" was, he replied, "Pretending one thing, and doing another."

Therefore Pythius and all others who do one thing and pretend another are treacherous, corrupt, and scheming. No deed of theirs, therefore, can be expedient when it is defiled by so many vices.

XV. Now if the Aquilian definition is correct, all pretense and concealment must be removed from one's life. Accordingly, a good man will be guilty of no pretense or concealment in order to drive a better bargain in buying or selling.

XVIII. Let us consider these actions done by men who are regarded as good. Some individuals brought to Rome from Greece a forged will in the case of Lucius Minucius Basilus. To validate it more easily, they listed as joint-heirs with themselves Marcus Crassus and Quintus Hortensius, the most powerful men of the same generation. Although they suspected that it was forged but were conscious of no guilt in themselves, they did not reject a modest share in the crime of others. Well then? Is this enough, to avoid the appearance of wrong-doing? I certainly do not think so, although I loved the one man while he was alive, and do not hate the other now that he is dead.

But since Basilus had wished Marcus Satrius, his sister's son, to bear his name and had made him heir, it was not right for leading citizens to hold the property and nothing but the name to reach Satrius.

For if the the man who neither wards off nor averts injustice whenever he can is acting unjustly (as I discussed in the first book), what should we think of the man who not only does not reject but even abets injustice? To me, at least, even genuine legacies do not seem honorable, if they have been acquired not by genuine services but by a hypocritical pretense.

And yet in such cases sometimes one thing commonly appears expedient, and another honorable. Wrongly so, for the principle for expediency is the same as for the honorable course. No form of treachery or crime will be far from the man who has not clearly seen this. For because he thinks as follows—"that, to be sure, is honorable, but this pays off," he will dare mistakenly to part asunder the things that nature had joined, and this is the source for all acts of treachery, wrongdoing and crime.

XIX. Accordingly, if a good man were to have this power so that, if he snaps his fingers, his name can creep into the wills of wealthy men, he would not use this power, not even if he were positive that no one would ever suspect this at all. But suppose you gave Marcus Crassus this power, so that with a snap of his fingers he would be listed as an heir, although he really was not, he would, take my word for it, dance in the forum. But the just man, the man who we feel is a good man will take nothing from anyone to appropriate for his own use. Whoever is surprised at this would be admitting that he does not know what a good man is. But certainly whoever wished to analyze the complex notion in his own mind would soon teach himself that he is a good man, who aids whom he can and injures no one unless he has been provoked by injustice.

XX. Yes, but when the prizes are very great, there is an excuse for wrongdoing. Gaius Marius was far removed from hope of a consulship, and for six years now after his praetorship he was unnoticed. It seemed that he would never be candidate for the consulship. Sent to Rome by his commander-in-chief, he criticized before the Roman people Quintus Metellus, a very fine man and leading citizen, whose subordinate he was: he charged that Metellus was dragging out the war; if they made him consul, in a short time he would bring Jugurtha, either dead or alive, under the power of the Roman people. Accordingly he was, to be sure, elected consul; but he deviated from loyalty and justice since by a false charge he brought unpopularity to a very good and very influential citizen whose subordinate he was and by whom he had been sent.

But there is one rule for all, and I want it to be thoroughly familiar to you: either let what appears expedient not be morally wrong, or, if it is morally wrong, let it not appear to be expedient. Well, then. Can we pronounce the great Marius a good man? Analyze and examine your own understanding to see what is the idea and concept of a good man in it. Does it, then, fit the idea of a good man to lie for his own advantage, to bring false charges, to take unfair advantage, to deceive? Surely anything but.

XXII. And yet this has been decided on many occasions; but particularly in the war with Pyrrhus there was the decision made by Gaius Fabricius, when consul for the second time, and by our senate. King Pyrrhus had declared unprovoked war on the Roman people, and there was a struggle for supremacy against a generous and powerful king. A man deserted from him and came to the camp of Fabricius and promised that if he offered him a reward he would return to the camp of Pyrrhus just as secretly as he had come and cause his death by poison. Fabricius had this man led back to Pyrrhus, and this action of his was praised by the senate.

And yet, if we look at the appearance of expediency and the popular view, one deserter would have ended that great war and removed a dangerous opponent of our power; but it would have been deep shame and disgrace to have overcome not by valor but by crime the man with whom we contended for glory. Which course of the two, therefore, was more expedient, competing by force of arms against the enemy, or by means of poisons, either for Fabricius who corresponded in this city to Aristides in Athens, or for our senate, which has never separated expediency from honor? If it is for the sake of glory that power should be sought, let there be no crime, for in this there cannot be glory; but if the actual might is sought by any and every means, it cannot be expedient in company with loss of reputation.

XXIII. The sixth book of Hecaton's work *On Duties* is full of questions of this kind: whether it is right for a good man not to feed his household of slaves when grain is very expensive. He

argues both sides of the question but yet at the end he governs duty by expediency, as he thinks, rather than by human kindness.

He asks: if at sea something has to be jettisoned, whether a man prefers to jettison a valuable horse rather than a cheap slave. Here concern for property draws him in one direction, human feeling in another.

"If after a shipwreck a fool has grabbed a plank, will a wise man wrest it from him if he can?" He says "no" because it is wrong.

"Well, will the owner of the ship take away what belongs to him (*i.e.*, the plank)?" "Certainly not, no more than he would want to throw a passenger out of the ship on the high sea, just because (so he says) the ship is his; for, until the ship has arrived at the place for which it was chartered, it belongs not to the owner, but to the passengers."

"Again—supposing there is one plank but two shipwrecked men, and both of them are wise, would neither seize it for himself, or would one yield to the other?" "One would certainly yield; but in favor of the man for whom it is more important to live, either for his own sake or his country's." "What if these claims were evenly balanced for them both?" "There will be no competition; but just as though he had lost in a throw of the dice or in the game of odds and evens, the one will yield to the other."

"Again—supposing a father plunders temples and drives tunnels to the treasury, would the son report this to the magistrates?" "That would be disloyal; no, he would even defend his father if he were accused." "Does not the claim of country, then, take precedence over all other duties?" "Yes, it does, but it is to the advantage of the country itself to have citizens who are loyal to their parents."

"What if the father tries to seize power and become tyrant, if he tries to betray his country, will the son say nothing?" "On the contrary, he will entreat his father not to do this. If he fails in this, he will accuse, will even threaten him; if worst comes to worst, if the situation points to the destruction of his country, he will prefer his country's safety to his father's."

XXVI-XXVIII. Marcus Atilius Regulus, consul for the second time, had been captured in Africa as the result of an ambush. He was sent to the senate under an oath that, if certain noble prisoners of war were not returned to the Carthaginians, he himself would go back to Carthage. When he came to Rome, he saw the view of expediency; but, as the event shows, he judged it wrong. That view was as follows—remain in his own country, be at home with his wife and children, regard the disaster that he had suffered in war as common to war's fortunes, and hold the rank of consular office. Who denies that these advantages are expedient? Greatness of soul and fortitude do. Surely you ask for no more impressive authorities. It is characteristic of these virtues to dread nothing,

to despise all things human, and to regard as beyond endurance nothing that can happen to a mortal.

And so what did he do? He came into the senate, he explained his instructions, he refused to express his opinion; as long as he was bound by an oath to the enemy, he said that he was not a senator. He said that it was not expedient for the captives to be returned, for they were young and competent leaders, and that he was now worn with years. And when his influence had prevailed, the prisoners of war were retained; he himself went back to Carthage, and love for his country and for his family did not hold him back. And certainly he was not then unaware that he was setting out to a very cruel enemy and to carefully planned forms of torture, but he thought that an oath must be respected. Accordingly at the time when he was being put to death by being forced to stay awake, he was in a better situation than if he had stayed at home as an aged prisoner of war, a former consul who had violated his oath.

But he acted foolishly since he not only did not propose that the prisoners should be sent back, but actually advised against this.

How did he act foolishly? Did he really, if it was to the good of the republic? Now can what is not expedient for the republic be expedient for any citizen?

Men overturn the things which are the foundations in nature when they disjoin expediency and honor. For we all seek out expediency, and we rush towards it, and we can in no way act otherwise. For who is there that shuns things expedient? Or, on the contrary, who is there that does not most eagerly pursue them? But because we can find things expedient only in glory, integrity, and honor, this is why we rank them as first and greatest, whereas we regard the name (term) expediency as necessary rather than lustrous.

XXXI. But in all this praise of Regulus that one fact is deserving of admiration: he proposed that the prisoners be kept back; for to us nowadays the fact that he went back seems the thing to admire. In those days, to be sure, he could not act otherwise. Accordingly, praise for the latter action belongs to the times and not to the man; for our ancestors wanted no bond for pledging good faith to be stronger than an oath.

When Lucius Manlius, son of Aulus, had been dictator, Marcus Pomponius, a tribune of the people, impeached him because, so he charged, he had extended his dictatorship by a few days. He also charged that he had banished from his fellows his son Titus, who later was called Torquatus, and had ordered him to live in the country.

When his son in early manhood heard that his father was being impeached, he hurried to Rome, it is said, and went to the house of Pomponius at daybreak. When it was announced to Pomponius, he thought that the young man was angry and would bring him

some fact to use against his father. He got out of bed, removed any witnesses and ordered the young man to come to him. But immediately on entering he drew his sword and vowed that he would kill him unless he took oath that he drop the case against his father. Terror-stricken, Pomponius took this oath. He reported the incident to the people, explained why it was necessary for him to drop the charge, and withdrew the charge against Manlius. So binding was an oath in those days.

XXXII. But just as Regulus must be praised for keeping his oath, so those ten must be censured whom Hannibal sent to the senate after the battle of Cannae, if they did not return. They had taken oath that they would come back to the camp (the Carthaginians had captured it) if they did not succeed in ransoming prisoners.

Not all accounts agree; for Polybius, one of the best authorities, states that of the ten high nobles who had been sent on that occasion nine came back because the senate had not granted the request; and that one of the ten stayed behind in Rome. Just after he had left camp (Polybius says), he went back to it as if he had forgotten something; and he construed that by this return to camp he had been released from the oath. He was wrong; for deceit binds, does not unbind a false oath. Accordingly the senate decreed that the crafty schemer be bound and led to Hannibal.

But now comes the most important point. Hannibal was holding eight thousand men, not those whom he had taken in battle or who had fled when their lives were in danger, but men who had been left in the camp by the consuls, Paullus and Varro. The senate resolved that they should not be ransomed, though this could be done for a small sum, in order that it might be driven home to our soldiers that they must conquer or die.

When he heard of this, Hannibal's spirit was broken, so the same author records, because in the midst of disaster, the senate and Roman people were so undaunted.

However Gaius Acilius, who wrote a history in Greek, says that there were several who had come back to the camp by the same act of treachery, in order to be released from their oath, and that they were branded by the censors with every form of disgrace. But so much now for this topic.

XXXIII. Let us therefore sum up briefly. For just as we have shown that there is no expediency that is opposed to honor, we say likewise that all pleasure is opposed to honor. This combination honor does not admit; it spurns and rejects it. And certainly the aim of good things which ought to be simple cannot be blended and compounded from completely different elements. But on this topic—for it is an important one—I have said more elsewhere. Now back to our theme.

How, therefore the problem must be decided if ever what appears to be expediency is in conflict with honor was adequately discussed earlier. But if pleasure too will be said to have a show

of expediency, it can form no union with honor. For—to assign some role to pleasure—it will perhaps provide some seasoning but certainly no expediency.

You have a gift from your father, Marcus my son, in my opinion, at least, a great one; but it will depend on how you have received it. And yet these books you will have to welcome as guests, so to speak, among the commentaries of Cratippus. But as you would some day hear me too if I had come to Athens—and this would certainly have happened if, with clear voice, my country had not recalled me when I was halfway there—in like manner, since my voice has traveled to you by means of these books, you will give them as much time as you are able, and you will be able to give as much as you choose. Certainly when I realize that you find joy in this kind of knowledge, I shall then be talking to you, though we are apart; and I shall talk to you personally soon, I hope.

Goodbye, then, my dear Cicero, and persuade yourself that you are indeed dearly loved by me but that you will be far more dearly loved if you are glad with such counsels and precepts.

THE LETTERS OF CICERO

172–208

1. Cicero to Atticus, Greeting.

How I wish that you had stayed in Rome! You certainly would have stayed if we had thought that this would happen. For we would very easily hold our Pulchellus in check, or at least we could know what he intended to do. This is the situation now: he buzzes around and fumes; he has nothing definite, but threatens many men; I think that he will do whatever chances to offer.

When he sees how unpopular is the present state of affairs, it looks as if he will attack those who have brought it about. But again when he recalls their resources and armies, he concentrates upon the Optimates. He threatens me personally, sometimes with violence, sometimes with legal proceedings. Pompey pleaded with him and vigorously—so he himself reported to me, for I have no other authority—saying that he would have the worst reputation for disloyalty and crime if he brought suit against me, he whom Pompey had supplied with the weapon in allowing him to become a plebeian; he said that Clodius and Appius had given him their word about me; that if he did not keep it he would see to it that everyone realized that nothing was dearer to him than friendship with me.

After he had said this and much to the same effect, he told me that Clodius at first had protested vigorously for quite some time but had given in at the end, and had stated that he would not oppose his wish in any way. But in spite of this he has since continued to speak very bitterly about me. Even if he did not, I still would not trust him at all; and I would make every preparation, just as I am doing.

Now I am conducting myself in such a way that every day people's support for me and my own resources are improving. I take no part in politics; and I am involved with the utmost energy in cases and in my well-known activity in the courts.

Now I need your counsels, your love and loyalty. And therefore hurry to me. Please convince yourself of this one thing—everything will be untangled for me if I see you. But it all hinges on my seeing you before he takes office.

I have no political news to write you except that those who hold everything are extremely unpopular with everyone. But there is no hope of change.

2. Tullius Sends Greetings to His Terentia, His Little Tullia and His Cicero.

From what many write and everyone says I hear that your courage and bravery are beyond belief, and that no mental or physical effort wearies you. Unhappy man that I am! To think that with your courage, loyalty, goodness, and kindness all this distress has come upon you because of me, and that our little Tullia is made so unhappy by the father who used to make her so happy! For what shall I say of Cicero? As soon as he began to take notice, he has felt the most bitter grief and miseries. If I thought, as you say in your letter, that fate was the cause of it, I would find it easier to endure. But it all happened through my own fault; I thought that I was loved by those who hated me, and I did not support those who wanted my support.

But if I had heeded my own advice and not relied so much on the words of friends who were either foolish or unscrupulous, I would be living very happily. Now since friends bid us have hope, I shall see to it that my health does not betray your efforts. I realize how difficult the situation is and how much easier it was to stay at home than to return; but yet if we have all the tribunes of the people and Lentulus as eager as he seems, if we really have Pompey and Caesar, I ought not to despair.

As to the household we shall do as you say in your letter our friends thought best. The epidemic has, in fact, already moved out of the area, but it did not affect me while it was here. Plancius, a most obliging man, wants me to be with him and still keeps me here. I wanted to be in a more remote part in Epirus, but Plancius still keeps me back. He is hoping that he will be able to leave for Italy with me. If I see that day and come to your embrace, and I am restored to you and to my own self, I shall think that I have gained the full benefit of your affection and my own.

Piso's kindness, goodness, and love for us all passes all bounds. I hope that he may find joy in it; at least I see that it will be to his good credit. I did not blame you at all about my brother Quintus; but I wanted you to be on the best possible terms,

especially when there are so few of you. I have thanked those whom you wanted me to, and wrote that you had informed me.

As to your writing me, dear Terentia, that you will sell the block of houses, what, I beg of you, unhappy man that I am, is going to happen? And if the same fortune continues to afflict me, what will happen to our poor son? I cannot write any more; my tears prevent me. But I not want to cause you also to weep. I shall write only this—if our friends do their duty, there will be no lack of funds; if they fail, you will not be effective with your money. In the name of our unhappy fortunes, let us not ruin the ruined boy. If he has something to keep him from want, he needs only moderate worth and moderately good fortune to achieve the rest.

See to your health and send letter carriers to me so that I may know what is being done and how you are. Give my love to dear Tullia and Cicero. Farewell. Given on the sixth day before the Kalends of December (November 25th) at Dyrrachium.

I came to Dyrrachium because it is a free city, ready to serve me and closest to Italy. But if its crowded condition annoys me, I shall move elsewhere; I shall let you know.

3. (Cicero in Rome to Atticus in Epirus.)

As soon as I came to Rome and found someone to whom I could properly entrust a letter for you, I thought that the first thing for me to do was to thank you in your absence for my coming home.

Now, although I think that your friends have written you everything or else you have heard by way of news and gossip, I shall still write you briefly what I think you prefer to learn through my letter.

On the day before the Nones of Sextilis (August 4th) I set out from Dyrrachium, the very day that the law was passed concerning me. I came to Brundisium on the Nones of Sextilis. There my dear Tullia met me on her very birthday, which, as it happened, was also birthday for the colony of Brundisium and for your neighboring temple of Salus. This was noticed by the people and celebrated with the greatest rejoicing by the Brundisians.

On the sixth day before the Ides of Sextilis (August 8th) I learned from a letter of Quintus that with amazing enthusiasm in people of every age and class the law had been passed in the Comitia centuriata with an unbelievable gathering of citizens from Italy. Then, treated most honorably by the Brundisians, I found on my journey that delegates came to me from everywhere with congratulations. I found as I approached the city that there was no one of any consequence known to a nomenclator who did not come to meet me except those personal enemies who were not allowed to conceal or deny the very fact that they were enemies. When I reached the *porta Capena*, the steps of the temples from the bottom up were crowded with ordinary citizens. They showed their

congratulations by very loud applause, and a similar throng and similar applause attended me right to the Capitol; in the forum too and on the Capitol itself there was an amazing crowd.

Next day in the senate—this was the Nones of September—I expressed my thanks to the senate.

4. (Cicero in Rome to His Brother Quintus in Sardinia.)

On the eighth day before the Ides of February (February 6th) Milo appeared in court. Pompey spoke—or rather he intended to; for when he got to his feet, the hirelings of Clodius raised a shout, and this was his lot all through the speech—he was hampered not merely by the outcry but by abusive language and curses. When he concluded—for in this he was very determined, he was not scared away, he said everything and sometimes even amid silence—but when he did conclude, Clodius rose. Such shouting greeted him from our side—for it had been decided to return the compliment—that he lost control of his thoughts, language, and voice.

This went on, since Pompey had hardly finished at noon (the sixth hour), until nearly 2 P.M., when every kind of foul language, finally, the filthiest verses were directed against Clodius and Clodia. Furious and deathly pale, he kept asking his supporters amid the actual shouting who was it that was starving the common people to death. The hirelings answered, "Pompey!" Who wanted to go to Alexandria? They answered, "Pompey!" Whom did they want to go? They answered, "Crassus!" (He appeared in support of Milo, but reluctantly.)

At about 3 P.M., as though at a given signal, the Clodians began to spit at our supporters. There was furious anger. They made an effort to force us to leave. Our supporters attacked. The hirelings fled; Clodius was thrown off the speakers' platform, and I too escaped then, for fear that something might happen in the confusion. On the sixth day before the Ides of February (February 8th) in the temple of Apollo, a decree of the senate was passed that what had occurred on February 6th was contrary to the public interest. That day Cato violently attacked Pompey and all through the speech accused him as though he were on trial. He spoke at length about me (though I did not welcome it) in most complimentary terms. Pompey answered him violently and alluded to Crassus. And so it seems to me that great things are now afoot. For Pompey realizes this and tells me that plots are being made against his life, that Gaius Cato is being supported by Crassus, and money is being supplied to Clodius. Accordingly he is making his own preparations, and calling in men from the farms. Clodius, however, is adding to his hired mob.

5. M. Cicero Sends Greetings to M. Marius.

If some pain of body or impairment of your health kept you from coming to the games, I credit fortune rather than your wisdom. If, on the other hand, you considered worthy of contempt what others marvel at, and refused to come although your health would permit it, I congratulate you on both counts, that you were without physical pain and also that you were in good mental health since you despised what others marvel at without cause.

On the whole, if you wish to know, the games were very elaborate but not to your taste—I infer that from my own. For, in the first place, those actors had returned to the stage to grace the occasion who, as I thought, had retired from the stage to save their reputation. Why tell you the rest? For you know the rest of the games, and these did not even provide the attraction that ordinary games usually do. For merely watching the elaboration took away all gaiety, and I have no doubt that you have deprived yourself of this elaboration with the greatest equanimity. For what entertainment is found in hundreds of mules for *Clytemnestra* or three thousand mixing bowls for *The Trojan Horse*, or the variety of armor for infantry and cavalry in some fight or other? Now if during these days you listened to your Protogenes—provided that he read you anything but my speeches—you certainly had far more entertainment than any of us.

For why should I think that you miss the athletes when you have scorned the gladiators? Pompey himself admits that he has wasted oil and money on these athletes.

There remain the hunts—two daily for five days, magnificent—no one denies it—but what entertainment can there be for a civilized man when a puny mortal is mangled by a most powerful beast or a magnificent beast is stabbed to the heart with a hunting spear? Yet if these things must be seen, you have often seen them; and we who watch them have seen nothing new.

The last was the day for the elephants, and here there was much marvelling in the common crowd but no entertainment. Indeed, some sense of pity even resulted, and thinking along these lines, that those beasts had a bond of relationship with mankind.

However, during these days while the plays were held, so that you may not perhaps think that I have been both happy and wholly free, I almost burst my lungs at the trial of your friend Caninius Gallus.

6. (From Cicero at Minturnae to Atticus in Rome.)

Yes, I saw your feeling at my departure and I am witness as to my own. And therefore you must see to it all the more that there be no new decree in order that this sad parting may not last longer than a year.

Now I come to that little postscript in your letter, in which you admonish me about your sister. This is the situation. When I came to the villa at Arpinum and my brother had come there for me, we talked at first; and much of it was about you. After this I came to those matters which you and I had discussed regarding your sister at the Tusculan villa.

I have seen no one so mild, so gentle as my brother then was towards your sister; and so, if there were some annoyance because of extravagance, it did not show. So that was that day.

Next day we left the Arpine villa. As it was a festival, Quintus stayed in his villa at Arcae, and I at Aquinum; but we had lunch with him at Arcae. You know this estate. When we arrived there, Quintus said, very courteously, "Pomponia, you invite the women, and by then I shall have summoned the men." Nothing could be sweeter, as it seemed to me at least, not just in the words but also in his purpose and his looks. But she said in our hearing, "I am a stranger here myself." Now this was because, I think, Statius had gone ahead to see to lunch for us. Then Quintus said to me, "There you are; this is what I take every day."

You will say, "Why, what harm was there in that?" A great deal, and so it had troubled me myself; her answer in her words and her glance had been so rude and sharp. I hid my distress. We all sat down to lunch except her, but Quintus sent her lunch to her. She refused it. In brief, I thought no one milder than my brother, no one more ill-tempered than your sister; and I am passing over much that then annoyed me more than Quintus himself.

7. Marcus Cicero Imperator Sends Greetings to Marcus Caelius, Curule Aedile.

Would you think that it could ever happen that words failed me, not merely your oratorical words but even these trivial ones of everyday language. But they do for this reason, that I am terribly anxious about what is being decided regarding provinces. I am terribly eager for the city, unbelievably eager for my friends and especially for you; moreover, I have had enough of the province, either because I think that I have achieved such fame that I should not so much seek an addition as fear reversal of fortune, or because the whole business does not deserve my energy; for I can and commonly do bear greater responsibilities in public life, or because fear of a great war is impending, and I think that I escape this if I resign my office on the appointed day.

As to panthers, careful action is being taken on my instructions by the people who are used to hunting. But they are amazingly scarce, and they say that those available are vigorously complaining that they alone suffer from treachery in my province. And so it is said that they have decided to move out of our province into

Caria. But nonetheless it will be carefully attended to, primarily by Patiscus. Whatever there is, is for you; but I clearly do not know what there is. Your aedileship is certainly on my mind. The very day reminds me; for I dated this on the Megalesia itself. I would like you to write me in detail as carefully as possible about the whole political situation, for I shall regard what I learn from you as most reliable.

8. Tullius Sends Warm Greetings to His Tiro, as Do My Cicero,
My Brother and His Son.

I thought that it would be rather easier for me to bear my longing for you; but it clearly is not so and, although it is rather important for my honor (the chance of a triumph) for me to reach Rome as soon as possible, yet I think that I have made a mistake in having left you. But because this seemed to be your wish, definitely not wanting to make the sea voyage until you had gained strength, I approved your plan, and do not change my mind now if you are of the same opinion. But if, however, when you have taken food, you think that you can catch up with me, it is for you to decide. I have, therefore, sent Mario to you so that he would either come to me with you as soon as possible or return to me at once if you should stay on.

Now convince yourself of this, if it can be done without danger to your health, I want nothing more than having you with me; but if you realize that you need to stay on a while at Patras in order to recuperate, I want nothing more than your being well. If you sail immediately, you will overtake us at Leucas; but if you want to gain strength, please be careful to have companions, good weather, and a suitable ship. Remember just this, my dear Tiro, if you love me, not to be worried at Mario's coming and about this letter. If you do what is best suited to your health, you will best obey my own wish. View this with your own good sense. I miss you, but I love you. Love prompts me to see you in good health; my missing you, to see you as soon as possible. Therefore, I prefer to see you well. Therefore take most care that you get well. This will be the most welcome of your countless services to me. The third day before the Nones of November (November 3rd).

9. Tullius and Cicero, Terentia, Tullia and the Two Quintuses
Send Warm Greetings to Tiro.

Although I everywhere miss the benefit of your help, still I am more distressed on your account than my own that you are not well; but since the nature of your ailment has changed to quartan fever—for so Curius writes me—I hope that you will soon be better if you are careful. Just see to it—such is your generous nature—that you worry about nothing else at this time except recovering

as effectively as possible. I am not unaware how keenly you feel the separation. But everything will be easy if you are well. I do not want you to hurry lest you suffer the distress of seasickness while you are ill, and make a dangerous voyage in winter.

I approached the city on January fourth. I could not be received in a more complimentary manner—so many people came out to meet me; but I have come at a time when civil discord or rather war is about to burst into blaze. I wanted to act as peacemaker and could, I think; but the desires of certain men—for on both sides there are those who want fighting—stood in my way. In fact my friend, Caesar himself, has sent a threatening and bitter letter to the senate and is still unabashed as well, since against the will of the senate he is holding his army and his province; and my friend Curio is encouraging him. My friend Antonius, indeed, and Quintus Cassius, who were not expelled by violence, have set out with Curio to be with Caesar, when the senate commissioned consuls, praetors, tribunes of the people, and us who are former consuls to see to it that the republic suffered no harm. The state has never been in greater danger; unprincipled citizens have never had a leader more prepared. On the whole, preparations are being very carefully made on this side too. This is done through the authority and zeal of Pompey who began too late to fear Caesar.

For me amid this turmoil a crowded senate has nonetheless demanded a triumph. But the consul Lentulus, to make his service to me all the greater, said that he would bring forward the motion as soon as he had made the arrangements needful in the public interest. I am not showing partiality, and this makes my influence more valuable. The regions of Italy have been mapped out, and the part that each is to protect. I have taken Capua.

I wanted you to know of these matters. Again and again see to your health, and send a letter to me whenever you have someone to entrust it to. Again and again farewell. Given on the day before the Ides of January (January 12th).

10. From Cicero to Atticus, Greetings.

Let my secretary's handwriting be an indication that my eyes are inflamed, and a reason for the brevity also; although, in fact, there is nothing at the moment for me to write. I am eagerly waiting for news from Brundisium. If he meets our Pompey, there is the dubious prospect of peace; but if Pompey crosses over before this, there is fear of ruinous war. But do you see the kind of man the republic faces, how sharp, how alert, how prepared? If, by Hercules, he kills no one and takes nothing from anyone, he will be most loved by those who feared him most.

People in the townships and in the countryside talk to me a great deal; they are concerned for absolutely nothing except their lands, their paltry farms and money. And notice how the situation

has changed: they fear the man on whom they earlier relied and love the man whom they used to fear. By what grave errors and faults in us this has come about it distresses me to think. But I have written you what I think is imminent, and now look forward to your letter.

11. Cicero to Atticus, Greetings.

Both as you advised; for the upshot of our discussion was this, that he respected rather than thanked me, and I stuck to this point, that I was not going to the city. We were wrong in this, thinking that he would be compliant; I have seen no one less so. He said that he was condemned by my decision, that others would be more reluctant if I did not come. I said that their reason was different.

After much discussion he said, "Come then and advocate peace." "On my terms?" I asked. "Am I to dictate to you?" he said. "I shall make a proposal to this effect, that the senate does not approve a movement against Spain nor the transporting of armies into Greece, and," I said, "I shall express strong sympathy for Gnaeus." Then he said, "I certainly do not want those remarks to be made." "This is what I thought," I said, "but this is why I do not want to attend, because either I must speak to this effect and say much that I could in no way leave unsaid, or I must not go."

The result was that, as if seeking for a way out, he said that I should think it over. There was no gainsaying that. So we parted. I believe, therefore, that he does not like me. But I liked myself, and this has not happened to me for a long time now.

12. Caesar Imperator Sends Greetings to Cicero Imperator.

Although I had judged that you would do nothing rashly, nothing unwisely, yet alarmed by the common talk, I thought that I ought to write you and beg you by our good will now that the situation has already turned not to take any step, which you had not thought that you should take when the situation was still unresolved.

For you will have done too great a wrong to our friendship and you will not have considered your own interest if you appear not to have yielded to fortune—for everything appears to have turned out most successfully for us, and most adversely for them—and not to have followed a cause—for it was the same cause at the time when you decided to take no part in their plans—instead you will appear to have condemned some action of mine, and you can do me no more serious injury than this. By the claim of our friendship I beg you not to do this.

Lastly, what is more fitting for a good, peaceful man and a good citizen than to take no part in civil controversies? Although some favored this course, they could not follow it because of the danger.

As for you, when you have examined the evidence of my life and the proof of my friendship, you will find nothing safer nor more honorable than to be aloof from the entire struggle. The fifteenth day before the Kalends of May (April 16), while en route.

13. Caelius Sends Greetings to Cicero.

Frightened out of my wits by your letter in which you revealed that you had only gloomy thoughts and did not write fully what it was and yet revealed what kind of thing it was that you were thinking of, I am writing this letter to you immediately.

By your own fate, Cicero, by your children I beg and entreat you not to reach too radical a decision where your own safety and security are involved; for I call gods and men and our friendship to bear witness that I cautioned you and gave no idle warning, but that I informed you after I met Caesar and learned what his policy was going to be when the victory was won.

You are mistaken if you think that his policy will be the same in releasing his opponents and making peace terms. And therefore if you value your life, your only son, your home, all your other prospects, take care lest, ashamed at not being loyal to the Optimates, you be too careless in choosing what is best.

This, which you revealed to me without saying it, Caesar had heard and as soon as he greeted me he immediately revealed what he had heard about you. I said that I did not know, but still I asked him to send a letter to you, that would be most likely to persuade you to stay back.

He is leading me with him to Spain; otherwise, before going to the city I would have hurried to you wherever you were and would personally have asked this of you and would have held you back with all my power.

Reflect again and again, Cicero, lest you utterly ruin yourself and all yours, lest knowingly and deliberately you get yourself into a situation from which you cannot extricate yourself. But if either the remarks of the Optimates trouble you or you cannot bear the arrogance and boasting of some people, I propose that you choose some town not involved in the war while these matters are being decided; and they will be shortly. If you do so, I shall judge that you have acted wisely and also you will not offend Caesar.

14. Marcus Cicero Sends Greetings to Marcus Marius.

Very often when I think of the common miseries in which we have been living for so many years and, as I see, will go on living. I am accustomed to think of that occasion when we were last together; why, I even remember the very day. For on the fourth day before the Ides of May (May 12th), when Lentulus and Mar-

cellus were consuls, when I had gone to my villa at Pompeii, you met me with a troubled heart. Now you were troubled at the thought both of my duty and my danger. If I stayed in Italy, you were afraid that I would fail in my duty. If I set out for the war, it was my danger that disturbed you. And at that time you surely saw that I too was so confused that I did not analyze what was best to do.

However I preferred to yield to honor and reputation rather than take account of my safety. And I repented of this action of mine not so much because of my danger as because of the many shortcomings that I came across where I had gone: first, forces neither large nor on a warlike footing; next, apart from the general and a few besides—I am speaking of the leading men—the rest were, first of all, rapacious in the actual war, and in the second place, so cruel in the way that they spoke that I shuddered for the actual victory; moreover, the most distinguished men were most deeply in debt. In short, there was nothing good except the cause.

When I saw these things, I despaired of victory and first of all began to advise peace, of which I had always been an advocate; next, since Pompey was strongly opposed to this counsel, I undertook to urge that he should prolong the war. At times he approved of this, and it seemed that he would hold that view, and perhaps he would have held it except that after a certain battle he had begun to feel confidence in his soldiers. From that time on that very great man was no commander. With raw troops and a hastily improvised army he fought a pitched battle against the finest legions. After a most shameful defeat, losing even his camp, he fled alone.

I made this my end to the war and thought that, since we had not been a match at full strength, we would not be superior when crushed.

15. Tullius Sends Greetings to His Terentia

We think that we shall reach the Tusculan villa either on the Nones (October 7th) or the day after. See that everything is in readiness there. For there will perhaps be several with me and I expect we shall stay there for some time. If there is no washbowl in the bathroom, see that there is; so too for the other things that are necessary for food and health. Farewell. The Kalends of October, from the area of Venusia.

16. Servius Sulpicius Sends Greetings to Cicero.

When I received word of your daughter Tullia's death, I was deeply grieved and distressed as I was bound to be, and I thought it a mutual sorrow. If I had been there, I should not have failed you and should have expressed my grief to you in person. Although this kind of consolation is sad and distressing because the relatives

and friends through whom it must be expressed are themselves affected with like distress and cannot attempt the task without many tears, so they themselves appear to need the comfort of others rather than to be able to render their service to others, nonetheless I have decided to write you briefly the thoughts that have occurred to me, not that I think they escape your notice, but because perhaps you are prevented by grief from seeing them as clearly.

Why should your personal grief distress you so much? Consider how fate has treated us up to this time; that those things have been taken from us, which ought to be no less dear to men than are their children—their country, honor, rank, all offices. When this one loss has been added, how could it add to our sorrow? Or what heart, tested by such adversities, ought not now be hardened and regard everything else as secondary?

An experience that brought me no ordinary consolation I wish to relate to you to see whether the same thing can lessen your grief. As I was coming back from Asia and sailing from Aegina towards Megara, I began to look out at the surrounding regions. Behind me was Aegina, in front of me Megara, on the right Piraeus, on the left Corinth—towns which at one time were most flourishing and now lie before our eyes fallen and destroyed.

I began to think to myself as follows: "Well! Are we little mortals resentful if some one of us has perished or been slain, we whose lives ought to be shorter than they are, when in one place the dead bodies of so many towns lie exposed? Will you please check yourself, Servius, and remember that you were born mortal?" Believe me, I was not a little strengthened by this thought. If you think it good, see that you set this same thought before your eyes.

Just recently at one time so many most famous men have died, there has been so heavy a loss in the sovereignty of the Roman people, all the provinces have been badly shaken; if a loss has been suffered in the short life of one weak woman, are you so deeply troubled? If she had not met her fate at this time, she would yet have had to die a few years later, since she was born a mortal.

You too recall your mind and thought from these matters and recollect rather those facts that are in keeping with your own position: that she lived as long as was needful for her; that she had lived under the republic; that she had seen you, her father, as praetor, consul and augur; that she had married outstanding young men; that she had experienced almost every blessing; and that she had departed this life when the republic fell. What is there that she or you can complain to fortune about on this score? (What complaint can either of you have against fortune on this score?)

Lastly, do not forget that you are Cicero, a man accustomed to instruct others and to give advice; and do not imitate the bad physicians who claim that they have knowledge of medicine for the diseases of others, but are unable to cure themselves; rather

apply to your own self the instruction that you are accustomed to give to others, and set it before your mind. There is no sorrow that passing of time does not lessen and assuage. It is shameful for you to wait for this time instead of going to meet it with your wisdom.

But if the dead too have some awareness, if she felt love for you and loyalty for all her dear ones, she certainly does not want you to do this. Grant this to her who is dead, grant it to your other friends and associates who sorrow in your grief, grant it to your country, that wherever there is need it may use your counsel and services.

Lastly, since we are reduced to such a plight that we must consider even this—do not cause anyone to think that you are mourning not so much for your daughter as for conditions in the republic and the victory of others.

I am ashamed to write you more on this subject lest I appear to lack confidence in your good sense. And therefore, if I put before you this one point, I shall end my letter. We have seen you a number of times bear good fortune most handsomely and win great credit from this fact: see to it that we at length realize that you can endure adversity also equally well, and that this affliction does not seem to you greater than it should, lest of all virtues this alone may appear to fail you.

As for me, when I learn that you are calmer in mind, I shall inform you of events here and conditions in the province. Farewell.

17. Servius Sends Warm Greetings to Cicero.

Although I know that the news I will bring you is not very pleasant, yet, seeing that chance and nature hold dominion over us, it seemed that you should be informed, however painful the situation might be. On the tenth day before the Kalends of June (May 23) when I had traveled from Epidaurus to Piraeus by ship, I found my colleague there, Marcus Marcellus, and spent the day there in order to be with him. Next day, when I had left him with the intention of proceeding from Athens into Boeotia and completing the rest of my judicial business, he, as he said, intended to sail round Malea towards Italy.

Two days later when I was intending to set out from Athens, at about the tenth hour of the night (3 a.m.) Publius Postumius, a friend of his, came to me and reported to me that Marcus Marcellus, my colleague, after the dinner hour had been struck with a dagger by Publius Magio Cilo, his friend, and had suffered two wounds, one in the stomach, the other on his head just behind the ear; however he hoped he could survive; Magius had afterward taken his own life; and he had been sent to me by Marcellus to report this and to ask me to send doctors to him.

Accordingly I rounded up the doctors and immediately set out thither at daybreak. When I was not far from Piraeus, a slave of Acidinus met me with a note in which it was stated that Marcellus had met his end a little before dawn. Thus a most distinguished man was most grievously killed by an utter scoundrel, and the man whom personal enemies had spared because of his rank found a friend to murder him.

However, I went along to his tent. I found two freedmen and a slave or two; the rest, they said, had fled panic-stricken because their master had been slain in front of the tent. I was forced to carry him back into the city with that same litter in which I had myself been carried there, and with my own carriers. There with such means as were available at Athens, I had him given a fairly respectable funeral.

I was unable to prevail upon the Athenians to give a place inside the city for the burial, because they said that they were prevented on religious grounds; and, in fact, they had not previously given permission to anyone. As the next best thing, they allowed us to bury him in whatever gymnasium we wished. We selected a place in the Academy, the noblest gymnasium in the world; and we there cremated him, and later saw to it that the same Athenians called for bids for making a marble memorial to him in the same place.

So we have performed for him in life and in death all our duties in keeping with our being colleagues and friends. Farewell. Given on the day before the Kalends of June (May 31st) at Athens.

18. Cicero Sends Greetings to Curius.

No indeed, now I neither urge nor ask you to return home; why, I am myself eager to fly away from here and reach some place "where I may hear neither the name nor the deeds of the Pelopidae." It is too much to believe how shameful I think my own action in being witness to these things. You indeed seem to have foreseen far ahead what was threatening at the time when you fled away from here. Although these things are distressing even to hear, yet hearing is more endurable than seeing.

At least you were not in the Campus when at the second hour (about 9 A.M.) the election of quaestors was scheduled and a chair for Quintus Maximus, whom that crowd called consul, had been placed in position. He was reported to have died and the chair was removed. Yet Caesar, although he had taken the auspices for the *comitia tributa*, held *comitia centuriata*; and at the seventh hour (about 1 P.M.) declared a consul elected, to hold office up to January 1st (which was to be next morning).

Know, therefore, that in the consulship of Caninius nobody ate lunch. However no crime was committed during his consulship; for he was marvellously alert, never sleeping during his whole consulship.

These matters appear trivial to you—for you are not here. But if you witnessed them, you would not hold back your tears. What if I were to tell you the rest? For there are countless things of the same kind; and I would not endure them if I had not found shelter in the harbor of philosophy and if I did not have our friend Atticus as partner in my studies.

19. Cicero, Greetings to Basilus.

I congratulate you, I rejoice for myself, I love you and defend your cause, I want to be loved by you and to be informed how you are and what is happening.

Epilogue—A Passage from the Second Philippic

Show regard for the republic, Marcus Antonius, I beseech you, while there is still time. Think of your ancestors, not your associates. Deal with me as you will; return to favor with the republic. But you will state your own attitude; I shall openly admit mine. I defended the republic when I was young. I shall not betray it now that I am old. I scorned the swords of Catiline; I shall not fear yours. Why, I would cheerfully offer even my life if the freedom of the state can be recovered by my death, so that the grief of the Roman people may at long last gain what it has so long been struggling for. For if almost twenty years ago in this very temple I said that death could not be untimely for one who had been consul, how much more truthfully I shall say so for myself now that I am old! I ought indeed even now, fellow senators, pray for death after the honors I have gained and the career that I have completed.

Only these two things do I pray for: the first, that at my death I may leave behind a free republic—the immortal gods can give me no greater gift than this; the second, that each man be rewarded as his patriotism deserves.

211-235

THE WAR WITH CATILINE

V. Lucius Catiline, born of a noble family, was a man of great power, both mental and physical, but his nature was evil and twisted. From youth up he found pleasure in internal wars, slaughter, acts of plunder, civil strife; and in these pursuits he trained his early manhood.

His body was capable of enduring hunger, cold, and lack of sleep to a degree beyond what one would believe possible. His mind was bold, crafty, and shifting, capable of any form of hypocrisy and concealment; greedy for the property of others, lavish with his own, violent in his desires; adequate in eloquence, inadequate in wisdom. His undisciplined mind always desired

what went beyond the ordinary, surpassed belief, was out of reach. After the dictatorship of Sulla he was assailed by a mighty passion to control the republic; and he had no scruples as to how to achieve this end, provided that he gained for himself supremacy.

More and more, day in, day out, his impetuous spirit was hounded by his poverty and by the awareness of his crimes; both of these shortcomings he had aggravated by the characteristics which I have mentioned above. Furthermore he was spurred on by the corrupt morals of the state, and these were intensified by contradictory evils of the worst kind, extravagance and greed.

XVII. Therefore, about the first of June when Lucius Caesar and Gaius Figulus were consuls, he first appealed to individuals, encouraged some and sounded out others, informed them of their own resources (better than "his own"), the unprepared state of the republic, and the great rewards for a conspiracy. When the facts that he wanted were satisfactorily ascertained, he called together into one place all those who were most needy and most desperate. In that gathering there were, of senatorial rank, Publius Lentulus Sura, Publius Autronius, Lucius Cassius Longinus, Gaius Cethegus, Publius Sulla and Servius Sulla, sons of Servius, Lucius Vargunteius, Quintus Annius, Marcus Porcius Laeca, Lucius Bestia and Quintus Curius; furthermore, of equestrian rank, Marcus Fulvius Nobilior, Lucius Statilius, Publius Gabinus Capito, and Gaius Cornelius; and also many from the colonies and townships, nobles at home.

There were, furthermore, a number of nobles who were rather covertly partners in this conspiracy, men who were prompted more by the hope of power than by poverty or other hardship. For the rest, very many young men, especially of the noble class, supported the projects of Catiline; they had the means in peacetime to live in magnificence or luxury; they preferred uncertainty to certainty, war to peace.

There were likewise at that time those who believed that Marcus Licinius Crassus was not unaware of this plot; that, because Gnaeus Pompeius, whom he hated, was at the head of a large army, he wanted any man's resources to grow in opposition to Pompey's power, because he felt confident at the same time that, if the conspiracy were successful, he would easily come to be their leader.

XXIII. But in that conspiracy was Quintus Curius, born of no lowly family, blackened by deeds of shame and crimes, whom the censors had expelled from the senate on grounds of immorality. This man was no less empty-headed than he was desperate; he neither kept secret what he had heard nor concealed his own crimes; in short, he showed no concern whatever about what he said or did.

With a noblewoman Fulvia he had had immoral relations for a long time. When he found less favor with her because in his destitution he could lavish less, he suddenly began to boast, to make the most extravagant promises (to promise seas and mountains)

and to threaten her sometimes with the sword, if she did not submit to him; finally he began to behave more recklessly than he had been used to doing. Now, when Fulvia learned the reason for the strange behavior of Curius she did not keep concealed such a danger to the republic but, without naming her source, she related to several people what she had heard about the conspiracy of Catiline and how she had heard about it.

This incident particularly aroused enthusiastic support for entrusting the consulship to Marcus Tullius Cicero. For until then most of the nobility seethed with jealousy and believed that the consulship was being defiled, as it were, if a political newcomer gained it, no matter how distinguished he was. But when danger confronted them, jealousy and arrogance were secondary.

XXIV. Therefore, when the elections were held, Marcus Tullius and Gaius Antonius were declared elected. This fact had at first dismayed the members of the conspiracy. However, Catiline's frenzy was not lessened; from day to day he became more active, he prepared arms throughout Italy at strategic points, he carried to Faesulae to a certain Manlius, who later was the first to start war, money which he had borrowed on his own credit or that of friends.

XXVI. Though he had made these preparations, Catiline nonetheless was candidate for the consulship for the following year; he hoped that if he were elected he would get Antonius to do as he wished him. In the meantime he was not inactive but prepared plots against Cicero in all sorts of ways. However Cicero did not lack for guile or shrewd devices in taking precautions. For from the beginning of his consulship by making many promises he had arranged through Fulvia that Quintus Curius, of whom I earlier made mention, should betray the plans of Catiline to him. Moreover, by an arrangement regarding his province he had forced his colleague Antonius not to work against the public interest; he secretly kept around him a bodyguard of friends and dependents.

When the day of the elections came and neither Catiline's candidacy nor the plots that he had made against the consuls in the Campus turned out favorably, he decided to make war and try every last resort, since his secret attempts had resulted in miserable failure.

XXVII. Meantime at Rome he undertook many projects simultaneously: he directed plots against the consuls; he prepared for fires; he occupied strategic places with armed men; he went armed himself; he ordered others to do likewise; he urged them to be always alert and ready; day and night, he hastened and kept watch; he was wearied neither by lack of sleep nor by toil. Finally, when nothing went right for him in spite of his many plans, in the dead of night he again summoned a meeting of the leaders of the conspiracy through Marcus Porcius Laeca; and then, after many complaints about their inactivity, he informed them that he had

sent Manlius ahead to that force which he had prepared for taking up arms, and others to other strategic places in order to begin the war, and said that he was eager to leave for the army if only he first destroyed Cicero; Cicero, he said was a great obstacle to his plans.

XXVIII. Therefore, while the rest were alarmed and hesitant, Gaius Cornelius, a Roman knight, who offered his services, and with him a senator, Lucius Vargunteius, determined a little later that night to enter Cicero's house with armed men as if to pay their respects and taking the unprepared consul by surprise, stab him to death. When Curius learned how great a danger was threatening the consul, he hastily reported to Cicero through the agency of Fulvia the plot that was being hatched. Accordingly they were refused admission at the door and had undertaken this great crime all in vain.

Meantime in Etruria Manlius was stirring up the common people, who were eager for revolution because of their destitution and their resentment of the injustice done them, because under the dictatorship of Sulla they had lost all their lands and property; furthermore, brigands of every kind—there were plenty of these in that district; and some men from Sulla's colonies, who had nothing left of their rich booty because of their dissolute, extravagant life.

XXIX. When this was reported to Cicero, he was alarmed by the twofold danger, because by his private planning he could no longer protect the city from plots, and because he did not have definite knowledge as to how large the army of Manlius was or as to its program; he, therefore laid the matter before the senate, when it had already been talked about in people's gossip (*exagitatum*: the senate which was disturbed by). Accordingly, as is usually done in an emergency, the senate decreed that the consuls should see to it that the republic suffered no harm.

This power conferred through the senate is the greatest that is entrusted to a magistrate by Roman custom: power to raise an army, to conduct war, to discipline in every way allies and citizens, and to have at home and abroad supreme military and judicial authority; otherwise, without the order of the people the consul has no right to any of these powers.

XXX. A few days later Lucius Saenius, a senator, read out in the senate a letter which he said had been delivered to him from Faesulae, in which it was stated that Gaius Manlius had taken up arms with a large force on October 27th. At the same time, as commonly happens in such a situation, some reported portents and ill omens; others that meetings were being held, that arms were being transported, that a slave war was under way at Capua and in Apulia.

Therefore, by decree of the senate, Quintus Marcius Rex was sent to Faesulae, and Quintus Metellus Creticus to Apulia and the surrounding area—both these were near the city as victorious

generals, prevented from celebrating their triumph by the caviling of a few, whose custom it was to put a price on everything, whether honorable or dishonorable—but praetors were sent, Quintus Pompeius Rufus to Capua, and Quintus Metellus Celer to Picene territory, and they were permitted to raise an army as required by the emergency and the danger.

Moreover, if anyone gave information about the conspiracy which had been formed against the republic they decreed freedom and 100,000 sesterces as reward for a slave, and for a free man exemption from punishment and 200,000 sesterces; they likewise decreed that the troops of gladiators should be assigned to Capua and other townships according to the resources in each; that in Rome throughout the city night watches be posted, and that the lesser magistrates be in charge of these.

XXXI. By these developments the state was deeply alarmed, and the appearance of the city was completely altered. After the extreme of gaiety and frivolity which lasting peace had produced suddenly all were seized with despondency: there were haste and alarm, distrust of every place, every person, a state neither of war nor peace, measurement of dangers by each man's own fear. Moreover, women, who felt a fear of war that was strange in view of the republic's greatness, would beat their breasts; strain suppliant hands to heaven; pity their small children; continually ask questions; tremble at everything; and, laying aside their pride and pleasures, despair of themselves and their country.

But Catiline's cruel mind continued with its same plans, although security forces were being provided and he himself had been accused under the Plautian law by Lucius Paulus. Finally, to conceal his designs or to clear his name, as though he had been provoked in a personal dispute, he came into the senate.

Then the consul M. Tullius, either fearing his presence or deeply moved by anger, delivered a speech that was brilliant and rendered a service to the republic. Later he wrote out this speech and published it. But when he sat down, Catiline, prepared as he was to conceal everything, with downcast expression and suppliant voice began to ask the senators not to be rash in believing anything about him, such was his family background, and such his training from youth that he had the best of prospects; they should not think that he, a patrician whose own services to the common people of Rome were numerous, as were those of his ancestors, needed the ruin of the republic when it was being saved by Marcus Tullius, an immigrant citizen in the city of Rome. Moreover, when he was adding other insults, all shouted him down, and called him enemy and traitor. Then he said in fury, "Since I am trapped and driven to despair by my enemies, I shall put out the fire around me by spreading ruin."

XXXII. Then he rushed out of the senate to his home. There after weighing many things in his mind, because his plots against

the consul were not going ahead and he realized that the city was protected against fire by the night watches, believing that his best course was to add to his army and before the legions were recruited, to make many advance preparations which would be useful in war, he set out with a few men for the camp of Manlius in the dead of night.

But he instructed Cethegus, Lentulus, and the others whose ready daring he had come to know, to strengthen the resources of the conspiracy in every way that they could; speed up the plots against the consul; and prepare for slaughter, fires, and other crimes of war; he would (he said) shortly approach the city with a large army.

XXXIV. On the way Catiline sent letters to many of consular rank and furthermore to all the finest men, to this effect: framed by false charges, he was bowing to fortune since he could not resist the scheming of his personal enemies, and was going into exile at Marseilles, not because he felt guilty of this great crime, but in order that that the republic might be at peace and that an insurrection should not develop from his own struggle. Far different from this was the letter which Quintus Catulus read out in the senate and which he said had been delivered to him in Catiline's name.

XXXVI. But after staying for a few days in the territory of Arretium with Gaius Flaminius, Catiline himself with the *fascēs* and other symbols of authority set out to join Manlius in the camp. As soon as this was ascertained in Rome, the senate pronounced Catiline and Manlius public enemies, and for the rank and file set a day before which they were permitted to lay down arms without reprisals. It further decreed that the consuls should recruit troops, that Antonius with an army should hasten to punish Catiline, and that Cicero should defend the city.

At that time the empire of the Roman people, as it seemed to me, was in its most pitiable state by far. Although the whole world from east to west had been subdued by arms and obeyed, although at home there were peace and prosperity in plenty—conditions that men regard as of primary importance—yet there were citizens who in perversity of heart were intent on destroying themselves and the republic also. For in spite of the two decrees of the senate no one in that large number had been induced by the reward to reveal the conspiracy or to leave Catiline's camp. So virulent was the disease that had attacked the minds of very many citizens.

XXXIX. Outside the members of the conspiracy there were, however, a number who set out at the beginning to join Catiline. Among them was Fulvius, a senator's son; he was on the journey when his father ordered him to be brought back and killed.

At the same time in Rome, acting on Catiline's instructions, Lentulus, either himself or through the agency of others, tried to

stir up any whom he thought suitable for revolution by reason of character or fortune, not merely citizens but also every class of men, provided that they were useful for war.

XL. Therefore, he commissioned a certain Publius Umbrenus to seek out the envoys of the Allobroges and, if possible, urge them to make a military alliance; for he thought that they could easily be won over to a plan of this sort because they were burdened by both public and private debt and also because the Gallic race is naturally warlike. Because Umbrenus had done business in Gaul, he was known to many leading men in their states and he knew them; accordingly, as soon as he saw the envoys in the forum, he promptly asked a few questions about the situation in their state and, as though distressed at its plight, began to ask what solution they expected for such misfortunes.

When he noticed that they complained about the greed of the magistrates, criticized the senate because it offered no help, and looked to death as a remedy for their miseries, he said, "Well, if only you are willing to be men, I shall show you a way by which to escape these great misfortunes."

When he said this, the Allobroges became extremely hopeful and begged Umbrenus to take pity on them; there was nothing, they said, however unpleasant or difficult, that they would not be most eager to do provided that it freed their state of debt. He led them along to the house of Decimus Brutus because it was close to the forum and was not foreign to the plot because of Sempronia. (Brutus was then away from Rome.) He also sent for Gabinus to lend greater weight to the conversation. When he was present, he revealed the conspiracy and named the confederates, and in addition many innocent men of all classes, to make a greater impression on the Allobroges. Then, having promised his service, he sent them home.

XLI. But the Allobroges were for a long time uncertain as to what plan they were to adopt. On one side there were debt, enthusiasm for war and the great reward in the hope of victory; on the other were greater resources, safe counsels, and secure rewards in place of insecure hope. While they pondered these matters, the good fortune of the republic at length prevailed. Accordingly they revealed the entire affair, exactly as they had come to hear of it, to Quintus Fabius Sanga, who often represented the interests of their state. Through Sanga Cicero learned of the plot, he instructed the envoys to pretend a keen interest in the conspiracy, meet the other members, make hopeful promises, and see to it that they should get them as deeply implicated as possible.

XLIII. At Rome Lentulus and the others who were leaders in the conspiracy, having prepared, as it seemed to them, large forces, had decided that, when Catiline had come with his army into the area of Faesulae, Lucius Bestia, a tribune of the people, should convene an assembly, complain about Cicero's actions and lay the

blame for a very serious war on the excellent consul; upon this signal each of the rest of the conspirators was to execute his special task. Now these were said to have been apportioned as follows: Statilius and Gabinus with a large force were simultaneously to set fire to twelve critical areas of the city, so that in the confusion there would be easier access to the consul and to the others against whom plots were directed; Cethegus was to blockade Cicero's door and attack him by force, while others attacked others; but sons and heirs, most of whom were of noble families, were to kill their fathers, and simultaneously, when all were bewildered by the slaughter and the burning, they were to force their way out to Catiline.

XLIV. But the Allobroges in accordance with instruction from Cicero, met the others through Gabinus. From Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, and likewise Cassius they demanded an oath for them to deliver under seal to their citizens; otherwise, they said, they could not easily be urged to so great a crime. The others suspected nothing and gave it. Cassius promised that he himself would come there shortly and left the city a little before the envoys.

With them Lentulus sent one Titus Volturcius of Crotona in order that before proceeding home the Allobroges would ratify the alliance by exchanging pledges with Catiline. He personally gave Volturcius a letter addressed to Catiline, and a copy of this is written below—"Who I am you will find out from him whom I have sent to you. See that you reflect on what danger you are in, and remember that you are a man. Consider what your plans require. Seek help from all, even the lowest." In addition to this he gave verbal instructions; since he had been pronounced a public enemy by the senate, by what policy did he scorn slaves? In the city the preparations that he had ordered were made; let him not hesitate to approach in person.

XLV. After this had accordingly been done, and the night for their departure had been decided, Cicero, being informed of everything by the envoys, ordered the praetors, Lucius Valerius Flaccus and Gaius Pomptinus, to waylay and seize the groups with the Allobroges on the Mulvian bridge. He explained the whole purpose of their mission, and allowed them in other respects to act as the situation required. They, being military men, posted forces without any commotion, as ordered, and secretly guarded the bridge.

When the envoys with Volturcius reached this point and a shout was raised simultaneously from both sides of the bridge, the Gauls, quickly realizing what was afoot, promptly surrendered to the praetors. At first, Volturcius, urging the others to do likewise, tried with his sword to defend himself against the numbers; then, when he was abandoned by the envoys, at first he earnestly entreated Pomptinus to save him because he was known to him; but in the end, fearful and despairing of (in desperate fear for) his life, he surrendered to the praetors as he would to enemies.

XLVI. When this had been done, everything was speedily reported to the consul by messengers. But he was deeply worried and elated at the same time. For he was elated since he realized that the conspiracy had been exposed and the state had been delivered from dangers; but on the other hand he was troubled as to what should be done when citizens of such standing had been apprehended in the worst of crimes. He believed that punishing them would lay a burden of responsibility on his shoulders, but impunity would mean the ruin of the republic.

Therefore, he steadied his courage and ordered them to be summoned to him—Lentulus, Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and likewise Caeparius of Tarracina, who was preparing to set out for Apulia to stir up the slaves. The others came without delay; Caeparius, who had left home shortly before, had managed to escape from the city on learning that evidence had been discovered. Because Lentulus was praetor, the consul personally took him by the hand and led him to the senate. He ordered the rest to come under guard to the temple of Concord. He called the senate to meet there and in a crowded meeting of that body he led in Volturcius with the envoys. He ordered the praetor Flaccus to bring to the meeting the case containing the letters which he had received from the envoys.

XLVII. When Volturcius was questioned about his journey, the letters, and as to what design he had had or why, he at first invented a different story and concealed knowledge of the conspiracy; later, when he was ordered to speak with an official promise of pardon, he revealed everything exactly as it had happened and informed them that he had been admitted as accomplice only a few days earlier by Gabinius and Caeparius, and knew no more than the envoys; only he was used to hearing from Gabinius that Publius Autronius, Servius Sulla, Lucius Vargunteius, and many others were in this conspiracy.

The Gauls made the same admissions and when Lentulus disclaimed knowledge they proved him guilty not only by his letter but also the conversations which he had been in the habit of holding: that from the Sibylline books it was predicted that three Cornelii would rule in Rome; earlier there had been Cinna and Sulla, he was the third who was fated to possess the city.

Therefore, when the letters had been read to the end, since earlier they had all acknowledged their seals, the senate decreed that, when he had resigned his magistracy, he and the others likewise be kept under free custody. Accordingly Lentulus was entrusted to Publius Lentulus Spinther, who was then aedile; Cethegus to Quintus Cornificius; Statilius to Gaius Caesar; Gabinius to Marcus Crassus; and Caeparius—for he had been seized in his attempt at escape and brought back shortly before—to Gnaeus Terentius, a senator.

L. While this was happening in the senate and rewards were being decreed for the envoys of the Allobroges and for Titus Volturcius as their evidence had been validated, the freedmen and a few of the dependents of Lentulus went different ways and tried to stir up workmen and slaves in the streets to rescue him, and some of them sought out gang leaders, who were accustomed to disturbing the public peace on hire. Cethegus, moreover, sent messages and begged his household slaves and freedmen, who were picked and trained men, to form a band and force their way in to him under arms.

When the consul learned of these preparations, he posted guards as the situation and time required, and, calling a meeting of the senate, put the question what should be done with those who had been surrendered into custody; but a little earlier a crowded senate had judged that they had acted as traitors. Then Decius Junius Silanus, who was first to be asked for his view because he was at that time consul-elect, had proposed that the death penalty be inflicted on those who were held in custody and furthermore on Lucius Cassius, Publius Furius, Publius Umbrenus, and Quintus Annius if they were arrested.

LII. When Caesar ended his speech, the others in various ways briefly agreed with one proposal or other. But Marcus Porcius Cato, when asked for his view, delivered a speech to this effect:

“My feeling is far different, fellow senators, when I consider our situation and the dangers, and when I reflect on the proposals of some. It seems to me that they have discussed the penalty for those who have made war on their country, parents, altars and hearths. On the other hand the situation cautions us to be on guard against them rather than to debate what sentence to pass against them. For you may punish other crimes at the time that they have been committed: with this, unless you guard against its happening, when it has occurred, you would in vain appeal to law courts; when the city is taken, there is nothing left for the vanquished.

But, in the name of the immortal gods, I appeal to you who have always thought more of homes, country houses, statues, and paintings than of the republic; if you wish to retain those things, of whatever sort they are, which you love so dearly, if you wish to provide leisure for your pleasures, wake up at last and take an interest in the republic. It is not a question of revenues or of the wrongs of allies; our freedom and our lives are at stake.

This certainly is not now the question, whether the morals of our living are good or bad, nor how great or magnificent the empire of the Roman people is, but whether these, however they appear, are to be ours or with our own selves are to belong to the enemy. At this point someone mentions compassion and pity. We have long ago lost the true names for things. Because lavishing the property of others is called generosity, and boldness in evil

causes is called bravery, this is why the republic is in extreme peril. By all means, since it is the morality of our age, let them be generous with the wealth of our allies, let them be merciful to those who rob the state treasury; let them not be extravagant with our lives, and, while sparing a few criminals, proceed to destroy every loyal citizen.

A short time ago in a good, carefully prepared speech Gaius Caesar discussed in this House the question of life and death, believing untrue, I suppose, what we are told of the world below, that the wicked, taking a road different from that of good men, inhabit places that are loathsome, forlorn, foul, and fear-inspiring. Accordingly he proposed that their wealth be confiscated and that they be held under guard in the municipal towns, because he fears, evidently, that if they are in Rome they may be rescued by force by members of the conspiracy or by a hired mob; as if indeed evil and criminal men were in the city and the city only, and not all through Italy, or as if audacity were not more powerful where the means for defense are weaker.

Therefore this plan is certainly ineffective if he fears danger from them; but if he alone does not fear when all others are so fearful, it is all the more important that I fear for myself and for you. Therefore when you reach a decision about Publius Lentulus and the others, you shall consider it certain that you are at the same time deciding about Catiline's army and all the conspirators. The more vigorously you do this, the weaker will be their spirit. If they see you falter ever so little, they will be here directly in their boldness.

Therefore I propose as follows, that whereas by the wicked plot of criminal citizens the republic has been brought into the greatest dangers, and whereas on the evidence of Titus Volturcius and the envoys of the Allobroges they have been convicted and have confessed that they had prepared slaughter, fires, and other foul and cruel crimes against their citizens and country, punishment by the custom of our forefathers be inflicted on those who have made confession just as on those found guilty of capital offenses."

LIII. After Cato sat down, all of consular rank and likewise a large number of other senators praised his proposal, and extolled his moral courage to the skies; they reproached one another with being timid. Cato was considered great and famous. The decree of the senate was passed exactly as he had proposed it.

Now, as I read and heard of the many glorious exploits that the Roman people performed at home and abroad, on land and sea, it happened that I liked to study what it was that chiefly supported such great enterprises. I knew that many a time with a small band they had fought against great legions of their enemies; I was aware that with small resources wars had been waged against wealthy kings; that, moreover, they had often borne the violence of fortune; and that the Greeks had surpassed them in eloquence,

the Gauls in military glory. And as I considered many things I was firmly convinced that the outstanding character of a few citizens had brought it all about, and that this was why poverty was superior to wealth, and a few to many. But when the state was corrupted by luxury and indolence, in turn the republic by its greatness supported the shortcomings of its generals and magistrates. But in my own lifetime there were two men, Marcus Cato and Gaius Caesar, of high character and contrasting temperaments; since the subject had brought them to notice, it was not my plan to pass over them in silence without revealing the nature and temperament of each, so far as my ability enables me to do so.

LIV. Accordingly, in birth, age and eloquence they were nearly equal; in greatness of spirit they were a match; and likewise in renown; but it was different for each. Caesar was considered great by services and generosity, Cato by the integrity of his life. Caesar had become famous by compassion and mercy; sternness had brought honor to Cato. Caesar gained glory by giving, relieving and forgiving; Cato, by avoiding extravagance. In the one there was a refuge for the wretched, in the other there was ruin for the wicked. Praise was given to the courtesy of the one and to the steadfastness of the other. Finally, Caesar had resolved to toil and watch, concerned for the affairs of friends, to neglect his own interests, to refuse nothing that was worth giving; he was eager for a high military command, an army, a new war where his excellence could shine forth. Cato, on the other hand, showed zeal for moderation, for honor, but especially for sternness; he did not compete in wealth with the wealthy, nor in faction with the demagogue, but with the energetic in excellence, with the moderate in decency, with the upright in self-restraint; he preferred being good to seeming so. Accordingly, the less he sought fame, the more it followed him.

LV. When, as I have said, the senate voted for Cato's motion, the consul thought it best to take advantage of the approaching night lest some fresh move be made during that interval, and ordered the three prison commissioners to make the necessary preparations for the execution. He himself posted guards and conducted Lentulus to the prison; the praetors did this for the others.

In the prison, when you have gone up a little distance to the left, there is a place which is called the Tullianum, sunk about twelve feet below ground level. It is strengthened everywhere by walls and by the roof above which is fitted with stone arches. but because of neglect, the darkness and the stench, its appearance is foul and terrifying. After Lentulus had been let down into this place the executioners, acting on orders, strangled him.

Thus that patrician of the most famous *gens*, the Cornelii, who had held consular authority in Rome, ruined his life in a way that

befitted his character and his deeds. Punishment was inflicted in the same way on Cethegus, Statilius, Gabinius, and Caeparius.

LX. Now, when Petreius had checked every detail and given the signal on the trumpet, he ordered the cohorts to advance slowly. The army of the enemy did likewise. When a point was reached from which the light-armed skirmishers could begin battle, with the loudest shouting the armies charged to mortal combat. They threw aside their javelins and fought with swords. The veterans, recalling their former efficiency, pressed in fiercely to close quarters; Catiline's men stood their ground, undaunted. They fought with utter ferocity.

In the meantime Catiline with the light-armed troops was active in the front line, helped those who were hard pressed, called up fresh men to replace the wounded, saw to everything, fought much himself, and often wounded an enemy; he performed jointly the duties of an energetic soldier and a good commander. When Petreius saw that Catiline was offering fierce resistance contrary to what he had expected, he led the praetorian cohort against the enemy center and cut them down when their ranks were in disorder as they offered only scattered resistance.

Then he attacked the rest on both flanks. Manlius and a man from Faesulae were slain among the foremost fighters. When Catiline saw that his forces had been routed and only he with a few others was left, mindful of his birth and his earlier rank, he charged in where the enemy ranks were thickest and there was stabbed to death as he fought.

I. To whom do I give the dainty new little book, which has just been rubbed smooth with the dry pumice? To you, Cornelius; for you used to think that my trifles were of some value even then when you, alone among Italians, dared to set forth all time in three books, which, by Jupiter, were the scholarly product of strenuous effort. And so take as your own this little book, whatever it is worth, whatever it is like; and Oh my patroness maiden, may it endure and survive for more than one century!

XIII. You will have a good dinner with me, dear Fabullus, in a few days, if the gods are kind to you, if you bring with you a good, large dinner, not forgetting a pretty girl, wine, salt (wit), and everything to laugh at. If, I say, you bring these things, my charming friend, you will have a good dinner; for your friend Catullus has a purse that is full of cobwebs. But, on the other hand, you will receive love undiluted or whatever is sweeter or more elegant; for a perfume I shall give you which the gods and goddesses of love presented to my girl, and when you sniff this, you will ask the gods, Fabullus, to make you nothing but nose.

IX. Veranius, by three hundred thousand ranking ahead of all my friends, have you really come home to your Penates and your

sympathetic brothers and your dear old mother? You have come. Oh happy news for me! I shall really see you safe and sound, and hear you telling about the places, doings, and tribes of the Hiberians, in your old way; and drawing your neck towards me I shall kiss your dear mouth and eyes. Oh, among men whose lot is happier than the ordinary, who is there happier and more blessed than I?

LXXXIV. *Hadvantages*, Arrius used to say whenever he wanted to say advantages, and *hambushes*, instead of ambushes; and then he used to think that he had spoken amazingly well when, giving his all, he had said *hambushes*. I imagine his mother and the freed-man, his uncle, his grandfather on his mother's side, and his grandmother had spoken this way. When he was sent to Syria, all men's ears were rested; they heard these same sounds gently and lightly, and were not afraid of such words any more, when suddenly the horrible news was brought: that, after Arrius got there, Ionian waves were no longer Ionian but *Hionian*!

LI. He, I think, is equal to a god; he, if it is not impiety, I think, is superior to the gods, he who repeatedly sits opposite you, sees and hears you sweetly laughing. This robs my unhappy self of all senses; for, as soon as I set eyes on you, Lesbia, I have nothing left (no voice in my mouth); my tongue is paralyzed; a thin flame flows beneath my limbs; with their own sound my ears ring, with twofold night my eyes are hidden.

III. Mourn, goddesses and gods of love, and all men sensitive beyond the normal. My girl's sparrow has died, the sparrow that was my girl's delight, that she loved more than she did her own eyes; for darling it was and knew its own mistress as well as the girl knew her mother. And it would not move away from her lap; but hopping about now this way, now that, it would cheep all the time just for its mistress. And now it goes along the darksome road to the place from which they say no one returns. But bad luck to you, bad shades of Orcus, that devour all pretty things. So pretty a sparrow have you taken away. Oh the sad deed! Oh poor little sparrow! Because of you my girl's sweet eyes are red and swollen from crying.

V. Let us live and love, my dear Lesbia, and all the cavilings of the too stern old men let us reckon worth one red cent. The suns can rise and set. For us when just once brief light has set, there is one everlasting night to sleep through. Give me one thousand kisses, then one hundred, then the second thousand, then the second hundred, then constantly other thousands, then hundreds. Then, when we shall have made many thousands, we shall muddle that account, so that we may not know and that nobody can cast an evil eye when he knows that there are so many kisses.

LXX. My girl says that there is no one she wants to marry but me, even if Jupiter himself were to woo her. This she says; but what a girl says to her eager lover he should write on the wind and rushing water.

LXXXV. I hate and I love. You ask, perhaps, why I do this. I don't know; but I am aware that it happens, and am in torture.

LXXXVI. If there is any pleasure for a man when he recalls his earlier good deeds, when he thinks that he has been loyal, has not violated a sacred pledge, and has not in any compact profaned an oath to the gods to deceive his fellow men, then in a long life many joys stored up await you, Catullus, after this unrequited love. For every good thing that a man can either say or do for another, all this you have said and done. All this has been wasted, because it was entrusted to an ungrateful heart. And therefore, why are you now to torture yourself further? Why do you not make strong your mind to resist, and draw back from that condition and cease to be unhappy when it is not the will of the gods? It is difficult suddenly to lay aside a long-felt love. It is difficult but you are to effect this, somehow or other. This is your only salvation, in this you must prevail, this you are to do, whether it can or cannot be done. Oh gods, if pity is your attribute or if ever you have brought aid finally in the moment of death itself, look with pity on me; and, if I have lived a life of purity, take from me this plague and pestilence. Ah, how paralysis has crept into my inmost being and driven joys wholly from my heart (or with *quae*, stealing into my very joints like a torpor, it has banished joys wholly from my heart.)

No longer do I ask this, that she love me in return, or that she be chaste, for this is impossible. I pray to be well myself and to put aside this loathsome sickness. Oh gods, make me this return for my loyalty.

XXXI. Sirmio, jewel of peninsulas and islands, all that either Neptune bears in clear lakes and in the boundless sea, how glad and happy I am to see you, hardly believing my own eyes that I have left Thynia and Bithynian plains, and see you in safety. Oh, what is more blissful than to be freed from cares, when the mind lays aside its burden, when wearied with foreign travel we have come to our own home and find rest in the bed we yearn for? This alone makes up for all these hardships. Hail, oh lovely Sirmio, and rejoice for your master; you too, rejoice, oh Lydian waves of the lake; let every peal of laughter at home ring out.

CI. Having traveled over many lands and over many seas, I have arrived, brother, for these unhappy funeral rites, that I might present you with death's last gift and vainly speak to your silent ashes, since fortune has taken your own self from me, alas unhappy brother who did not deserve to be taken from me! Yet now meanwhile accept these offerings which by the ancient custom of our fathers have been handed down in sad service for funeral rites, accept them copiously watered with a brother's tears and for evermore, brother, hail and farewell.

Everywhere there is a hush and they listened with keen attention. Then from the couch of honor father Aeneas thus began: "It is sorrow unspeakable, O queen, that you bid me renew, how the Danaï overthrew Trojan power and the kingdom for which we mourn, the most piteous sights that I myself saw and of which I was a great part. In telling such things who of the Myrmidons or the Dolopes or what soldier of heartless Ulysses would refrain from tears? And already dewy night rushes down from heaven, and the setting stars counsel sleep. But if the love in your heart is so great to learn of our misfortunes and briefly to hear Troy's last agony, although my mind shudders to remember and started away in grief, I shall begin.

Broken in war and thwarted by the fates, as so many years were now gliding past, the leaders of the Danaï build a horse, the likeness of a mountain, by the divine skill of Pallas, and interweave the sides with ribs of fir. They pretend a votive offering for their return; this report spreads abroad. Here they choose by lot picked bodies of men and secretly enclose them in the dark side and fill far within the huge hollows and belly with armed soldiery.

In sight is Tenedos, an island most famous in story, rich in resources as long as Priam's realm endured, now only a bay and an anchorage treacherous for ships. They sail out to this place and hide on the lonely shore. We thought that they had gone away and had made for Mycenae with the wind. Therefore all Troy releases itself from long grief: the gates are flung open; it is a joy to go and see the Doric camp, the deserted places and the abandoned shore, here a band of the Dolopes encamped; here, cruel Achilles; here was the place for the ships; here they used to fight in battle. Some gape at the ruinous gift for the maiden Minerva, and marvel at the great bulk of the horse; and Thymoetes is the first to urge that it be drawn within the walls and placed on the citadel, either by treachery or the fates of Troy now tended that way. But Capys and men in whose mind was better counsel order either to hurl into the sea the snares of the Danaï and their suspected gifts and burn them by setting flames underneath or to bore through and probe the hollow hiding places of the belly. The wavering crowd is split into opposing factions.

There foremost ahead of all, a great throng attending him, Laocoon, ablaze with anger, rushes down from the citadel height and while still far off, "Wretched citizens, what great madness is this? Do you believe that the enemy have sailed away? Or do you think that any gifts of the Danaï are free of wiles? Is this what you know of Ulysses? Either the Achaeans are enclosed and lurk hidden in this wood, or this engine of war has been contrived against our walls, to spy into our homes and to come from above

on the city, or some trick goes unnoticed. Do not trust the horse, Trojans. Whatever it is, I fear the Danaï even when they bring gifts."

50 So speaking, he hurled his great spear with might and main at the flank and at the belly of the beast with its curving timbers. It stuck quivering and in the re-echoing womb the caverns sounded hollow and gave forth a groan. And if the fates of the gods, if our purpose had not been perverse, he would have driven us with steel to violate the Argolic hiding places; and Troy would now stand, and you, high citadel of Priam, would remain.

Behold, in the meantime amid loud shouting, Dardanian shepherds were dragging towards the king a young man with his hands bound behind his back. Though they did not know it, he had of his own accord put himself in their way as they came, in order to do this very thing and open Troy to the Achaeans. He was confident in heart and prepared for both, either to practice wiles or to meet certain death. From every side Trojan youth rush streaming around, eager to see him, and they compete in mocking the captive. Hear now the wiles of the Danaï and learn them all from one accusation.

For when he halted in full view, troubled and unarmed, and gazed around with his eyes at the Phrygian ranks, "Alas," he said, "what land, what seas can welcome me, or what now at last remains for my unhappy self? For me nowhere among the Danaï is there room and, besides, the hostile Dardanidae themselves demand punishment and my blood." At this groan our feelings altered and all violence was checked. We urge him to say of what race he is sprung or what report he brings; let him tell on what he relies as a captive.

(He speaks these words, when his fear was at length put aside.) "The whole truth I shall certainly confess to you, O king, whatever happens, and I shall not deny that I am of the Argolic race; this first of all, and if Fortune has fashioned Sinon to be wretched, she will not, unscrupulous as she is, fashion him as also cheater and liar. If in talk perhaps some mention of Palamedes, son of Belus, has reached your ears, and his renown famed in report, Palamedes, an innocent man whom the Pelasgians under a false charge of treachery, by wicked evidence put to death, just because he forbade the wars, and now that he is bereft of life mourn for him. It was as his companion and a relative by blood that I was sent here to arms at an early age by my father, who was poor. As long as he stood secure in royal power and was effective in the councils of the kings, I too bore some name and honor. But when through the envy of crafty Ulysses (it is a familiar story I tell) he withdrew from the world above, I was crushed and dragged out my life in obscurity and sorrow, and in my heart I was indignant at the fate of my innocent friend. Nor was I silent, fool that I was, and I promised myself as avenger, if any chance should offer, if

ever as victor I returned to my native Argos, and by the words I aroused feelings of fierce hatred. Hence came my first slipping into misfortune; hence Ulysses constantly frightened me with fresh charges; hence he spread ambiguous remarks among the crowd, and, conscious of his guilt, sought for weapons. Nor indeed did he rest until, with Calchas as his abettor—but why do I vainly unroll this thankless story, or why delay you? If you hold all the Achaeans as alike, and being called by this name is enough, exact the punishment long since due you; this the Ithacan would wish and the sons of Atreus would give a high price for it.”

Then indeed we burn to question and ask the causes, unaware as we are of such great crimes and of Pelasgian cunning. He continues, quaking with fear and speaks in hypocrisy of heart: “Often the Danaï wished to leave Troy and attempt flight and depart as they were weary of the long war—and I wish that they had done so; often a violent storm at sea barred their way and the South wind frightened them as they were leaving. Especially when already this horse was standing, constructed of maple beams, the storm clouds thundered all over the sky. Being uncertain, we send Eurypylos to ask the oracle of Phoebus, and from the shrine he brings back these gloomy words: “With blood and with a slain maiden you appeased the winds, Danaï, when you first came to Ilïan shores; with blood your homeward ways must be sought, and atonement must be made with an Argive life.” When this utterance came to the ears of the people, their minds were aghast and a chill shudder shot through their inmost bones (as they asked) for whom the fates made ready, whom Apollo demanded.

Hereupon the Ithacan amid the great confusion drags forth into our midst the seer Calchas; he demands to know what these signs from the gods mean. And already many predicted to me the schemer’s cruel crime and silently saw what would happen. For twice five days he is silent and keeping to himself refuses to betray anyone by his voice or to destine for death. Reluctantly at length, driven by the loud shouts of the Ithacan he breaks silence by agreement and destines me for the altar. All assented and what each was fearing for himself he endured when turned to the ruin of one unhappy man. And now the unspeakable day was at hand; for me were being made ready the sacred rites, the salted meal, and the fillets to go round my temples. I rescued myself from death—I confess it—and broke my chains; and in a muddy lake throughout the night I lay hidden, a dark figure in the sedge, until they should set sail if perhaps they would do so. No longer had I any hope of seeing my old native land nor dear children and the father whom I longed for; and from them perhaps they will exact the penalty for my escape, and will expiate this guilt of mine by the death of those unfortunates. And therefore by the gods above and by the powers that witness the truth, I pray to you, by good faith, if there still remains any anywhere unviolated

for mortals, have pity on these great sufferings; have pity on a soul that bears sorrows undeserved."

To these tears we grant him life and actually begin to feel pity. Priam himself is first to bid the manacles and tight bonds to be taken off the man and speaks thus to him with friendly words: "Whoever you are (forget henceforth the Greeks whom you have lost) you will be ours; and answer me the truth to these questions: 150 For what purpose have they built this mass of monstrous horse? Who is the author? Or what do they seek? What object of worship is it? Or what contrivance of war?" So he spoke. Sinon, trained in wiles and Pelasgian cunning, raised to the stars the hands that had been freed from bonds: "You, eternal fires and your inviolable godhead, you, altars and sinful swords that I escaped, and fillets of the gods, which I wore as a victim, I call you to witness; it is right under heaven for me to break the sacred oaths of the Greeks, it is right to hate the men and to bring all things to light, whatever the Greeks are hiding; nor am I bound by any laws of country. I wish only that you, O Troy, may abide by your promises and, when kept safe, keep faith with me, if I bring the truth, if I generously repay. All the hope of the Danai and their confidence in beginning the war always depended on the aid of Pallas. But from the day when ungodly Tydides and the inventor of crimes, Ulysses, dared to wrench away the fateful Palladium from the hallowed temple, slew the guards on the citadel height, snatched the holy image and with bloodstained hands were bold to touch the virginal fillets of the goddess—from that day the hope of the Danai ebbed, slipped back, and receded; their strength was broken, the favor of the goddess was lost. And with unmistakable portents Tritonia gave these signs (of her anger). Hardly was the image placed in the camp when flashing flames blazed from her upturned eyes and a salt sweat oozed over her limbs and three times she herself (a miracle to relate) sprang from the ground, bearing both shield and quivering spear. Straightway Calchas prophesies that the seas must be attempted in flight; that Pergamum cannot be razed by Argive weapons unless they seek omens again at Argos and lead back the image (the Palladium), which they have taken away with them over the sea in their curved ships. And now as to their having sought their native Mycenae with the wind, they are preparing weapons and gods to accompany them and, recrossing the sea, will be here when not expected. This is how Calchas interprets the omens. Warned by him, they have erected this image in place of the Palladium, in place of the offended deity, to atone for their dreadful sacrilege. But Calchas gave orders to erect this huge bulk with interwoven oak timbers and rear it skyward so that it could not be welcomed at the gates or be drawn within the walls nor protect the people under their ancient religion. For (he said) if your hand should violate gifts made to Minerva, then great destruction (may the gods turn this omen against Calchas

himself.) would come to the empire of Priam and the Phrygians; but if it should climb into your city at your hands, Asia would actually come in a great war against the walls of Pelops and this fate awaited our descendants."

By these tricks and by the craft of perjured Sinon the story was believed, and we were taken by wiles and forced tears, we whom neither Tydides nor Achilles of Larisa nor ten years nor a thousand ships subdued.

200 Hereupon another sight greater and far more terrible presents itself to the ill-fated, and troubles our unforeseeing hearts. Laocoon, drawn by lot as priest to Neptune, was sacrificing at the customary altars a huge bull. But see! from Tenedos over the peaceful deep twin snakes (I shudder as I tell it) with huge coils lie heavy on the sea and side by side make for the shores; their breasts, uplifted among the billows, and their blood-red manes overtop the waves; the rest of the body trails on the sea behind and makes the huge back roll with sinuous motion.

There is a hissing sound in the foaming sea; and now they were reaching the fields; and, their blazing eyes suffused with blood and fire, they were licking their hissing mouths with flickering tongues.¹ We fled away, drained of blood at the sight. They in unswerving advance make for Laocoon; and first each serpent embraces and entwines the small bodies of his two sons; and they bite and feed on their unhappy limbs; afterwards Laocoon himself as he runs up to help and brings his weapons they seize and bind with their huge coils; and now twice embracing his waist, twice flinging their scaly backs about his neck, they tower over him with head and high shoulders. He at the same time strives with his hands to wrench apart the knots, his fillets drenched with gore and black poison; at the same time he raises dreadful shouts to the stars, like the bellowing when a bull has fled from the altar, wounded, and has shaken off its neck the ill-aimed axe. But the twin dragons glide away, escape to the highest shrines, and seek out the citadel of cruel Tritonis; under the feet of the goddess and the circle of her shield they hide themselves.

Then indeed a strange fear worms its way into the trembling hearts of all, and men say that Laocoon deservedly has paid in full for his crime since he injured the sacred oak with his spear point and hurled the criminal spear at the back. With one accord they shout that the image must be drawn to its dwelling place and the favor of the goddess must be invoked.

¹ James Henry in his *Aeneidea*, 1889, commenting on this passage, draws the parallel in detail. "This prodigy is not merely ominous, but typical, of the destruction about to come upon Troy. The twin serpents prefigure the Grecian armament, which, like them, comes from Tenedos; like them, crosses the tranquil deep; like them, lands; and, going up straight to the city, slaughters the surprised and unresisting Trojans (prefigured by Laocoon's sons), and overturns the religion and drives out the gods (prefigured by the priest Laocoon). *Aeneidea*, 2.115.

We breach the walls and expose the defenses of the city. All gird for the work and beneath the feet they place smoothly gliding wheels, and on their necks they draw taut the hempen bonds. Teeming with arms, the doom-fraught machine scales the walls. Round about, boys and young girls chant hymns and delight to touch the rope with their hands. It moves up and glides, threatening into the heart of the city. Oh my native land! Oh Ilium, home of the gods, and walls of the Dardanidae, famed in war! Four times on the very threshold of the gate it halted and four times the weapons in the womb made a sound; yet we press on, unmindful and blind with madness, and we place the ill-omened monster in the hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra opens her lips to tell of the fates to come, lips that by the god's order were never believed by Trojans. We, unhappy ones, for whom that was the last day, veil the shrines of the gods throughout the city with festive foliage.

250 Meanwhile the sky revolves and night rushes from the ocean, wrapping in its great shade earth and the pole of heaven and the wiles of the Myrmidons; the Trojans are at peace, scattered through the city; sleep embraces their weary limbs. And already the Argive phalanx, with ships in array, was moving from Tenedos through the friendly silence of the quiet moon, seeking the familiar shores, when the king's ship had raised the fire signal; and Sinon, defended by the hostile fates of the gods, stealthily releases the Danai enclosed in the womb, and the bars of pine. The opened horse restores them to the air; and joyfully from the hollow oak come forth Thessandrus and Sthenelus, as leaders, and grim Ulysses, sliding on a lowered rope; Acamas, Thoas, Neoptolemus Pelides, Machaon among the first; Menelaus and Epeos himself, contriver of the deceit. They attack the city buried in sleep and wine; the night watchmen are slain, and at the open gates they welcome all their comrades and unite their guilty ranks.

It was the time at which sleep first begins for weary mortals and creeps on most welcome by the gift of the gods. In my dreams, behold! before my eyes a most sorrowful Hector seemed to be present and shed copious tears; he had been dragged by the chariot as before, was begrimed by bloody dust and his swelling feet were pierced with thongs. Ah me! how he looked, how greatly changed from the famous Hector who comes back, having donned the spoils of Achilles or having hurled Phrygian fires at the sterns of the Danai; he wore a ragged beard, hair matted with blood and those many wounds which he suffered about his country's walls. As I wept, I myself seemed to address him first and utter the sad words: "Oh light of Dardania, oh most loyal hope of the Teucri, what great delay has kept you? From what shores, long looked for Hector, do you come? How (gladly) we weary ones behold you after the many deaths of your people, after the various sufferings of people and city! What unworthy cause has marred your

bright expression? or why do I see these wounds?" He answers nothing, and heeds not my idle questions, but deeply sighing from the bottom of his heart, he says, "Alas! flee, goddess-born, and rescue yourself from these flames. The enemy holds the walls; from her lofty pinnacle Troy falls in ruin. The claim of country and Priam has been satisfied; if Pergamum could be defended by the right hand, by this of mine too it would have been defended. Her sacred emblems and her Penates, Troy entrusts to you. These take as comrades of your fates; for these seek great city walls, which you will finally build when you have wandered over the sea." So he speaks and in his hands brings out from the inmost shrines the fillets, mighty Vesta, and the undying fire.

300 Meanwhile the city is a scene of confusion with diverse grief, and although the house of my father Anchises stood back, secluded and screened by trees, the sounds grow louder and louder and the alarm of battle rolls onward. I shake myself free from sleep and mounting climb to the battlements of the rooftop and stand there with straining ears; just as when the south winds blow violently and fire falls on a field of grain, or when the rushing torrent from a mountain stream lays low the fields, lays low smiling crops and the toil of the oxen, and drags the forests headlong, the shepherd, not knowing the cause, is bewildered when he hears the sound from the high crest of his hill. Then indeed the truth is clear, and the schemes of the Danai become obvious. Now the spacious home of Deiphobus has crashed in ruin as Vulcan overpowers it; now, next door, Ucalegon's is ablaze; the Sigeon straits reflect the fire far and wide. Cries from men arise and the blaring of trumpets. Frenzied I seize arms; and yet there is not much reason in arms, but my spirit burns to gather a band for war and rally with comrades to the citadel; frenzy and anger drive my mind headlong, and the thought comes to me that it is glorious to die under arms.

But lo! Panthus, escaping from the weapons of the Achaeans, Panthus, son of Othrys, priest of the citadel and of Phoebus, with his own hand drags along the sacred emblems, the defeated gods, and his small grandson and with speed is wildly making for my threshold. "How fares our cause, Panthus? What citadel do we seize?" Hardly had I said this when with a groan he answered with these words: "The last day and the inevitable hour have come for Dardania.¹ We Trojans are no more, no more is Ilium and the great glory of the Teucri; cruel Jupiter has transferred all things to Argos; the Danai hold sway in the burned city. The lofty horse stands in the heart of the city and pours out its armed men;

¹ When Thomas Gray in his *Elegy Written in a Churchyard* wrote the stanza beginning, "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," he was doubtless thinking of this passage. Gray's "inevitable hour" is a translation of the *ineluctabile tempus*.

and victorious Sinon spreads fire and confusion as he taunts us. Others are present at the wide-flung gates, as many thousands as ever came from great Mycenae; others, with fronting weapons, have beset the narrow passages of the roads; with gleaming point the edge of steel stands, drawn and ready to deal death; the foremost guards at the gates hardly attempt battle and they resist in blind warfare."

With such words from the son of Othrys and by the will of the gods I rush into the flames and the fighting, where the grim Fury, the uproar and the shouting raised to high heaven summon me. Meeting me in the moonlight, comrades join me and flock to my side: Rhipeus, Epytus, mighty in arms, Hypanis, Dymas, and a young man, Coroebus, son of Mygdon—in those last days by chance he had come to Troy, inflamed with a mad love for Cassandra and as a son-in-law he was bringing help to Priam and the Phrygians—unhappy man, not to have heeded the warnings of his inspired bride!

350 When I saw them grouped together and bold for battle, I began none the less with these words: "Young men, hearts most brave in vain, if it is your firm desire to follow one who dares the last resort, you see what the fate of our cause is. All the gods under whom this empire has stood have left the shrines and altars and have departed; the city that you succor has been burned. Let us die and rush into the midst of the enemy. The only safety for the vanquished is to look for no safety."

Thus to the young men's courage frenzy was added. Then like plundering wolves in a black mist whom the belly's reckless rage has driven blindly forth and their cubs left behind are waiting with thirsty jaws, through the weapons, through the enemy we fare and hold our way in the heart of the city; black night hovers about with hollow shade. Who would reveal in words the slaughter of that night, the deaths, or could match with tears our sufferings? The ancient city falls to ruin, having held sway for many years; and everywhere along the roads many bodies are stretched lifeless and in homes and on the sacred thresholds of the gods. And it is not the Teuceri alone who pay the penalty with their blood; sometimes valor returns even to the hearts of the vanquished and the triumphant Danai fall. Everywhere there is cruel grief, everywhere panic and death in many a form.

First Androgeos presents himself to us, a great throng of the Danai attending him; he believes our ranks friendly, all unknowing and actually addresses us with friendly words: "Make haste, men! What idle sloth delays you? Others pillage and plunder burned Pergamum; are you only now coming from the high ships?" So he spoke and straightway—for no very trustworthy answers were being given—he realized that he had fallen into the midst of the enemy.¹ He was bewildered, and shrinking back checked foot and

¹ Milton in turn imitates this construction when, of Eve eating the forbidden fruit, he says, "greedily she engorged without restraint,/And knew not eating death." (*Paradise Lost*, IX)

voice. Just like a man who in rough brambles, as he plants his foot on the ground has trodden upon an unseen snake and has started back in sudden alarm from it as it rises up in anger and puffs up its livid neck, even so, trembling at the sight Androgeos was about to go away. On we rush and flood around them in close array. On all sides, as they are ignorant of the terrain and seized by fear, we lay them low. Fortune favors our first effort. And hereupon, exultant in success and high spirits, Coroebus says, "Oh comrades, where fortune first points the way of safety and where she shows herself propitious, let us follow; let us change shields and let us fit to ourselves the badges of the Danai. Fraud or valor, who would question in dealing with the enemy? They will themselves provide arms." So speaking, he then put on the crested helmet of Androgeos and the fair device of the shield and to his side he adapts the Argive sword. Rhipheus does this, Dymas himself; and all the Trojan youth joyfully do likewise. Each equips himself with the fresh spoils. We go on, mingling with the Danai, protected by no god of our own, and throughout the dark night we join in many a hand-to-hand encounter, and many are the Danai we send down to
400 Orcus. Some scatter in flight to the ships and the safe shores at a run; some in base fear climb again into the huge horse and hide themselves in the familiar belly.

Alas! no man may trust the gods against their will. Lo! with disheveled hair Priam's maiden daughter, Cassandra, was being dragged from the temple and the shrines of Minerva, straining her blazing eyes in vain to heaven—her eyes, for bonds confined her tender palms. With maddened heart Coroebus did not endure this sight and threw himself intent on death into the midst of the column. We all follow and charge in close array. Here for the first time from the high pinnacle of the shrine we are overwhelmed by the weapons of our own countrymen, and a most piteous slaughter results from the appearance of the weapons and the mistake of the Greek plumes.

Then the Danai, with a groan of rage at the rescue of the girl, gathered from all sides and attacked; Ajax most fierce, the twin Atridae and all the army of the Dolopes, just as at times when a hurricane breaks out, and opposing winds clash, the West, the South and the East, exultant in his horses of the Dawn, the forests groan and Nereus rages, foaming, with his trident and stirs up seas from bottommost depth. Those too, whomsoever we routed by stratagems amid the shade in the dark night and hunted all through the city, now appear; they are first to recognize the shields and our telltale weapons and mark our lips differing in speech. Straightway we are overwhelmed by the odds, and first to fall is Coroebus at the right hand of Peneleus near the altar of the goddess who is mighty in arms; Rhipheus too falls, he who was the one most righteous among the Teuceri and most observant of justice (the gods willed otherwise); Hypanis and Dymas too perish, pierced by their allies, nor did your deep piety protect you, Panthus, as you fell; nor did the fillet of Apollo.

Ashes of Ilium and funeral pyre of my people, I call you to witness that in your fall I avoided neither weapons nor any answering blows of the Danai, and that, if the fates had willed that I should fall, I deserved it by my fighting. We are forced away from there, Iphitus and Pelias with me, and of them Iphitus was now burdened by age and Pelias slow from a wound dealt by Ulysses. Straightway we were summoned to the palace of Priam by the shouting. Here indeed we see a mighty struggle as if there were battles nowhere else, as if none were dying in all the city, so do we see Mars beyond control, the Danai rushing against the palace and the threshold besieged by the shielded column. Scaling ladders cling to the walls and right under the very doorposts they struggle up the rungs; and protecting themselves against the missiles they thrust out the shields in their left while with their right hands they firmly grasp the battlements.

450 The Dardanidae in turn wrench away towers and whole pinnales of the palace; with these as weapons when they see the end is near, now in death's extremity they prepare to defend themselves; and gilded beams, the lofty decorations of their ancestors they roll down; some with drawn blades have beset the doors below; they guard these in dense column. Our spirits are invigorated to aid the king's palace and add power to the vanquished.

There was a threshold, a hidden door, a used passageway between the parts of Priam's palace, and in the rear a doorway left unguarded; by this the unhappy Andromache, while the kingdom stood, used quite often to go unattended to her parents-in-law and would drag the boy Astyanax to his grandfather. I escape to the battlements of the rooftop, from which the hapless Teucroi were violently hurling their useless missiles. There was a tower standing on a sheer edge, and reared starwards with its rooftop, from which all Troy, the ships of the Danai and the Achaean camp were accustomed to be seen. We attacked this tower all around with steel, where the topmost stories afforded weak joints, wrenched it from its lofty site and pushed it forward. It toppled suddenly, came crashing down in ruin, and fell upon the ranks of the Danai far and wide. But others move up, and meanwhile rocks do not cease nor missiles of any kind.

Before the vestibule itself and on the very threshold Pyrrhus leaps about, glistening in the brazen sheen of armor, just as when into the light a snake, which has fed on poisonous herbs and which chill winter concealed beneath the ground when it was gorged with food, but now, with its slough shed, fresh and gleaming with youth, rolls its slimy back, with upraised breast, rising towards the sunshine, and in its mouth the tri-forked tongue flickers. With him mighty Periphas and the armor bearer, Automedon, charioteer of Achilles, with him all the Scyrian youth move up against the palace, and hurl flames at the pinnacles. Among the foremost he himself snatches a doublebladed axe, tries to smash through the

stubborn threshold, and wrench the bronze doorposts from their socket; and now, having hewn out a beam, he has hollowed the sturdy oak and made a huge opening with wide mouth. Open to view is the palace within and the long halls are revealed; open to view is the sanctuary of Priam and ancient kings, and they see the armed men standing at the very entrance.

500 But the inner part of the palace is confounded with moaning and piteous uproar, and far within the hollow halls shriek with the wailing of women, the shouting strikes the golden stars. Then trembling mothers wander through the great palace, hold pillars in their embrace, and imprint kisses on them. With his father's violence Pyrrhus presses on. Neither bars nor guards themselves have power to withstand; the door totters from the frequent battering; and, wrenched from their socket, the posts collapse. Force wins its way; they break through the entrance and the Danaï, flooding in, slaughter the guards in front and fill the places far and wide with soldiery. Less violent is it when a foaming river, bursting its barriers, has been let out and with its flood has overcome the resisting dams, it sweeps over the fields raging in one mass, and over all the plains drags herds and stalls. I myself saw Neoptolemus raging with slaughter, and the twin Atridae on the threshold, I saw Hecuba, her hundred daughters-in-law, and Priam among the altars defiling with blood the fires which he himself had hallowed. Those fifty bridal-chambers, generous hope for descendants, and doorposts, haughty with barbarian gold and spoils, have collapsed; the Danaï hold the places where fire fails. Perhaps too you may ask what the fate of Priam was. When he saw the fall of the captured city, the doors of the palace wrenched away and the midst of the enemy in the sanctuary, old as he was, he vainly puts the long unused armor on shoulders trembling with age, girds on a useless sword, and tries to rush against the thick of the enemy. In the middle of the palace and under the open vault of heaven there was a great altar and close by an ancient laurel tree, resting against the altar and embracing in its shade the Penates. Here Hecuba and her daughters were vainly sitting around the altars, huddled like doves driven headlong in a black storm, and embracing the images of the gods. But when she saw Priam himself girt in the armor of his youth, she said, "What grim purpose drove you, oh most unhappy husband, to gird yourself in this armor? or to what are you hurrying? The time does not need your help or such defenders; no, not even if my own Hector were now here. Please come over here; this altar will protect us all, or you will die with us." So she spoke, drew the old man to her and placed him on the hallowed seat.

But lo! Polites, one of Priam's sons, escaping from slaughter at the hands of Pyrrhus, amid weapons, amid enemies flees in the long colonnades and wounded, traverses the friendless halls. Hotly with threatened wound Pyrrhus pursues and now, now tries to

grasp him and is close upon him with his spear. When he at last eluded him to come before the eyes and face of his parents, he collapsed and poured out his life with a flow of blood. Hereupon, though he was now encompassed by death, Priam did not hold back nor refrain from angry words. "Now, for the crime," he exclaims, "for such an outrage, if there is any piety in heaven to be troubled by such deeds, may the gods requite you with the thanks that you deserve and pay the due rewards, when you have caused me to see before my face a son's murder and have defiled a father's gaze with death. But the great Achilles, whose son you wrongly claim you are, was not like this in dealing with Priam as his foe; instead, he revered the rights and claim of a suppliant, he gave back for burial Hector's lifeless body and sent me back to my kingdom." So spoke the old man, and without force hurled his unwarlike spear, which was at once repelled by clanging bronze and hung idly from the top of the boss of the shield. To him spoke Pyrrhus: "You will bring the news back, then, and will go as messenger to my father, son of Peleus. Remember to tell him of my sorry deeds and of degenerate Neoptolemus. Now die." Saying this, to the very altar he dragged him, trembling and slipping in his son's thick blood, entwined his hair with his left hand, with his right hand drew out the gleaming sword, and buried it to the hilt in his side. This was the limit of Priam's fate, this end by lot bore him away as he saw Troy burned and Pergamum fallen, proud ruler of Asia once for so many peoples and lands. He lies, a huge trunk on the shore, a head wrenched from shoulders, a nameless corpse.¹

But then for the first time grim horror stood about me. I was aghast; the vision of my dear father came before me as I saw the king of like age breathing out his life from a cruel wound; there came before me forsaken Creusa, the plundered home, and the fate of little Iulus. I look back and scan what force there is around me. All in weariness have deserted and have flung their bodies to the ground or have dropped exhausted into the fires.

And now indeed I was alone when I view the daughter of Tyndarus keeping close to the threshold of Vesta and silently lurking in a secluded place. The bright fires give light as I rove and everywhere cast my eyes over all things. She, fearing in advance the Trojans, hostile to her because of Pergamum's overthrow; punishment from the Danai; and the anger of her deserted husband, Fury alike of Troy and her native land, had hidden herself, and was sitting, a hated woman, at the altars. Fires blazed in my heart; anger wells up to avenge my falling country and exact a criminal punishment. "Will she indeed, unharmed, view Sparta and her native Mycenae, and will she go as queen in the triumph that has

¹ Plutarch says (*Life of Pompey*) that the murderers "cut off Pompey's head and threw the rest of his body overboard, leaving it naked upon the shore, to be viewed by any that had the courage to see so sad a spectacle."

been won, and will she see wedlock and home, parents and children, and be attended by a band of Ilian women and Phrygian servants? Will Priam have fallen by the sword? Troy have blazed with fire? The Dardanian shore so many times have sweated blood? Not so. For although there is no memorable name in punishing a woman, and the victory does not hold renown, yet I shall be praised for blotting out sin and for having exacted the due punishments; and it will be a joy to have filled my spirit with avenging flame and to have sated the ashes of my people."

Such words I was uttering and I was rushing with frenzied heart when, never before so clear to my eyes, my gracious mother presented herself to be seen, and shone out against the darkness in clear light, revealing herself as goddess, fair and tall as she always appears to the dwellers in heaven. She caught me by the right hand and checked me, and these words too she spoke from roseate lips: "My son, what deep resentment stirs feelings of anger beyond control? Why do you rage, or what has happened to your concern for us? Will you not first see where you have left Anchises, your father burdened by years; whether your wife Creusa and Ascanius, your son, are surviving? Around them all on every side the Greek
600 lines are prowling; and if my concern did not prevent it, already the flames would have carried them off and the enemy sword have drained their blood.

"It is not, I tell you, the hated face of the Spartan daughter of Tydarus nor the guilt of Paris, but the pitilessness of the gods, the gods, which overthrows this power and from its pinnacle brings Troy low. Look—for I will remove all the cloud which now drawn over your vision dulls mortal eyes and surrounds you with murky gloom; and you, fear no orders of your mother nor refuse to obey her instructions—here where you see masses torn asunder and rocks forced away from rocks and eddying smoke with mingled dust, here Neptune shakes the walls and the foundations which he has upheaved with his mighty trident, and uproots all the city from its foundation. Here most cruel Juno is first to hold the Scaean gates and, girded with steel, in fury calls the allied band from the ships. Now—look back—Tritonian Pallas has settled on the citadel heights, flashing with storm cloud and grim Gorgon. The father himself supplies the Danaï with courage and auspicious strength; he himself arouses the gods against Dardanian arms. Rescue yourself by flight, my son, and put an end to your toil. Nowhere shall I leave you, and I shall set you safely at your father's threshold." So she spoke and hid herself in the thick shades of night. The dread forms come to view, the mighty presences of the gods, hostile to Troy. Then indeed it seemed to me that all Ilium settled into the fires, and Neptune's Troy was overturned from its foundation. And just as when on mountain tops woodsmen eagerly strive to overthrow an ancient ash, cutting into it with iron and many a blow of the axe, it constantly threatens to fall; and, its foliage

quivering, its crest shaken, it sways until, gradually overcome by wounds, it has heaved its last groan and, upturned from the ridges, come crashing down. I climb down and, a god leading, clear a way between flames and enemy; missiles give place and the flames recede.

And when now I had reached the threshold of my father's house and our ancient home, my father, whom I was eager first to carry into the high mountains and whom I first sought out, firmly refused, since Troy had been destroyed, to prolong his life and suffer exile. "You, whose blood is not touched by the years and whose strength stands firm in its might, hurry your escape. If the gods had willed that I prolong my life, they would have saved for me this dwelling. It is enough and more than enough that I have seen one destruction and have survived the capture of the city. Bid farewell to my body thus laid out and then depart. With my own hand I will find death; the enemy will show pity and seek for spoils. Loss of burial is an easy thing to bear. Hated by the gods and useless, I have now long cheated the years since the time when the father of gods and the king of men breathed on me with the winds of his thunderbolt and smote me with fire."

650 He persisted in speaking thus and remained unshaken. But we dissolved in tears—my wife Creusa, Ascanius, and all the household—begging my father not to wish to overturn all things with him and add fresh weight to a heavy destiny. He firmly refuses and clings to his purpose and his same position. Again I am swept to arms and, wholly wretched, pray for death. For what plan or what fortune was offered now? "Did you expect, father, that I could depart, leaving you behind, and did such impiety fall from a father's lips? If it pleases the gods that nothing be left of so great a city, and if this purpose is set in your mind, and if it is your pleasure to add yourself and yours to the coming ruin of Troy, the door lies open to the death you seek; and soon Pyrrhus will be here, reeking with Priam's blood, Pyrrhus who butchers a son before his father's eyes, and the father at the altar. Was it for this, kind mother, that you rescue me amid weapons, amid fires, that I may see the enemy in the heart of the sanctuary; and Ascanius, my father, and, next to them, Creusa, slain one in the other's blood? Arms, men, bring arms. The last light calls the vanquished. Give me back to the Danai; allow me to see again battles renewed. Never shall we all die this day unavenged."

Hereupon I again gird on my sword and was thrusting my left arm into the shield, fitting it on, and was rushing from the house. But behold! at the threshold my wife, embracing my feet, clung to them and directed little Iulus to his father: "If you leave, intent on dying, take us too with you into all dangers. But if, having tried them, you place some hope in taking up weapons again, first protect this home. To whom is little Iulus, to whom is your father, to whom am I, once called your wife, abandoned?" Such

were the words she cried out and filled all the house with moaning. Then a sudden portent occurs, marvellous to relate. For behold! between eyes and faces of his sad parents it seemed that a small tip of flame shed light on the top of Iulus' head; and, harmless to touch, the flame licked his soft hair and fed around his temples. Alarmed, we trembled with fear, shook off the blazing hair, and quenched the holy fires at a fountain. But father Anchises joyfully lifted his gaze towards the stars and directed to heaven his hands and voice: "Almighty Jupiter, if you are swayed by any prayers, look upon us—this only is my prayer—and, if by piety we deserve it, then grant us help, Oh father, and ratify these omens."

700 Hardly had the old man spoken when with a sudden crash it thundered on the left; and from heaven a falling star, drawing a trail, shot through the shadows with a blaze of light. We see it gliding over the topmost pinnacles of our roof, clear to view, bury itself in the forest of Ida, marking a path; then in a long line the furrow gives light, and far and wide the places round about reek with sulphur. Then indeed my father is won over, raises himself upright, prays to the gods, and worships the holy star. "Now, now there is no delay; I follow and am present where you lead, gods of my fathers; save my home, save my grandson. Yours is this omen and in your divine keeping is Troy. I yield indeed and do not object to going as your companion, my son."

So he had spoken, and now through the city the fire is heard more clearly and the flames roll nearer their waves of heat. "Come then, dear father, place yourself upon my neck; I shall myself support you on my shoulders, and this labor will not burden me. However things befall, there will be one common danger, one safety for us both. Let little Iulus be my companion, and at a distance let my wife mark our footsteps. You, servants, heed in your minds what I shall say. As you leave the city, there is a mound and an old temple of lonely Ceres, and nearby an ancient cypress tree, preserved by the reverence of our fathers for many years. To this one resting place we shall come from different sides. You, father, take in your keeping the sacred objects and our country's Penates. For me coming from so great a war and fresh from bloodshed it is sin to handle them until I have purified myself in a running stream." Speaking these words, I spread my broad shoulders and bowed neck with a covering above, the skin of a tawny lion, and take up my burden; little Iulus has entwined himself on my right hand and follows his father with no matching steps. My wife moves up at the rear. We hurry on through shadowed places; and I, who lately was not moved by any weapons hurled nor by the Greeks massed in opposing column, now am frightened by every wind, alarmed by every sound, for I am nervous and fearful for companion and burden alike. And now I was nearing the gates and thought that I had come safely over

all the road when suddenly it seemed that thick upon my ears came the sound of feet, and my father peering out through the gloom cried out, "My son, flee, my son; they are approaching. I see flashing shields and glinting weapons." And now in my alarm I know not what unkind god robbed me of my troubled mind. For, while I followed at a run along a pathless course and left the familiar direction of the roads, alas! did my wife Creusa halt, snatched off by an unhappy fate? Or did she stray from the road or sit down in weariness? It is uncertain, nor was she afterwards restored to our eyes. Nor did I look back for her when lost nor turn back my thought until we came to the mound of ancient Ceres and the hallowed resting place. Here, when at last all were gathered, she alone was not present and failed her companions, son and husband. Whom among gods and men did I not accuse in my frenzy, or what more cruel sight did I see in the overthrow of the city? I entrust Ascanius, my father Anchises, and the Teucrian Penates to comrades and hide them in a winding valley. I myself seek again the city and gird myself in gleaming armor.

750 My purpose stands to renew all chances, return through all Troy and expose my life again to dangers. First, I seek again the walls and the dark threshold of the gate by which I had gone out, and tracing back my steps follow them through the night, and scan them with my eye. Everywhere is horror for my soul, and the very silence frightens me. Then I turn back home, if perhaps, perhaps she had gone there. The Danai had rushed in and possessed all the house. At once consuming fire rolls in the wind on to the highest pinnacles. Flames tower up, and the heat is furious in the air. I go forward and revisit the palace of Priam and the citadel. And already in the empty colonnades, in the sanctuary of Juno, as chosen guards Phoenix and grim Ulysses were guarding booty. Here from every side were heaped up Trojan treasure rescued from burned shrines, tables of the gods, bowls of solid gold, and plundered clothing. Boys and trembling mothers stand around in a long line. Further, I even dared to utter my cries in the darkness, filled the roads with shouting, and vainly repeating, I sadly called to Creusa again and again. As I searched and raged endlessly through the homes of the city, the unhappy ghost, the shade of Creusa herself, a form taller than the one I knew appeared before my eyes. I was dumbfounded, my hair stood on end, and my voice caught in my throat. Then she thus addressed me and removed my sorrows with these words: "What does it avail you to indulge so utterly in wild grief, sweet husband? These things do not happen without the will of the gods; it is not heaven's will that you carry Creusa hence as your companion, nor does the great ruler of high Olympus allow it. Long will be your exile and you must plough a great expanse of sea; and you will come to the land of Hesperia, where with gentle current the Lydian Tiber flows amid farmlands rich in heroes. There glad prospects, a king-

dom and a royal wife, are in store for you. Banish tears for loved Creusa. I shall not see the haughty dwellings of Myrmidons or Dolopes, or go as slave to Greek matrons, I, a Dardanian woman and daughter-in-law of the divine Venus; but the great mother of the gods detains me on these shores. And now farewell and guard the love for your son and mine." When she had spoken these words she forsook me weeping and eager to say many things, and she vanished into the thin air. There three times I tried to throw my arms about her neck; three times the unsubstantial form eluded my vain grasp, matching the light winds and most resembling a fleeting dream. Thus, at last, when the night was spent, I revisit my companions.

800 And here, to my amazement, I find that a great band of new comrades has streamed in, both mothers and men, youth gathered for exile, an unhappy throng. They have assembled from all sides, ready in heart and fortune to follow me to whatever lands I wish to lead them by way of the sea. And now on the ridges of Ida's crest the morning star was rising and was leading in the day, and the Danai had blockaded and were holding the entrance at the gates; nor was any hope of aid offered. I gave way and, shouldering my father, sought the mountains."

Argus had a head equipped with a hundred eyes. Two of them rested in turn; the others were on guard and remained at their posts. Wherever he halted he looked toward Io; even when turned away, he had Io in front of his eyes. He allowed her to graze during the day; when the sun was beneath the deep ground, he penned her in and placed a chain around her innocent neck. She fed upon the leaves of the trees and bitter pasture, and for a bed the poor creature lay on the ground, which was not always covered with grass, and drank the muddy water of the rivers. Also, when she wanted to extend her arms to Argus in supplication, she had no arms to stretch forth to him, and, trying to complain, she gave forth bellows and was fearful of the sounds, terrified by her own voice.

When she came to the river banks, where she often used to play, the river banks of Inachus, and caught sight of her strange horns in the water, she was afraid and started back from herself, in fear. The water nymphs did not recognize her and Inachus himself did not know who she was. But she followed her father and followed her sisters; she allowed herself to be patted and showed herself to her admirers.

The old Inachus held out grass he had plucked. She licked his hands and kissed her father's palms and did not hold back her tears; and, if only words would follow, she would beg for help and would tell her name and misfortunes.

A letter, which her foot traced in the dust in place of spoken words, completed the sad proof of the transformed body. "Woe is me!" exclaimed father Inachus, and, hanging on the horns and neck of the snow-white heifer as she moaned, he repeated, "Woe is me! Are you the daughter whom I searched for in every land? Undiscovered, you were a lighter grief for me than now that you have been found! You are silent and do not answer my words; you only give forth sighs from deep in your heart, and in answer to my words you moo, the only thing you can do. But unaware, I was preparing a bridal chamber and wedding torch for you; my first hope was for a son-in-law and the second, for grandchildren. Now you will have to have a husband and a son from the herd. Nor may I end such pain with death; it is grievous to be a god, and the door of death, closed to me, extends my sorrow to eternity."

As he thus expressed his grief, starry-eyed Argus removed him and dragged the daughter, separated from the father, to different pastures; then he took over the highest peak of a far-off mountain from which to look out in every direction while sitting there.

The king of the gods could no longer endure such great sorrows of Phoroneus' sister, and he called his son, whom radiant Maia had given birth to, and ordered him to kill Argus. Quickly Mercury put the wings on his feet, took the sleep-producing wand in his powerful hand and placed the winged cap on his head.

When he had arranged these, the son of Jupiter flew down from his father's citadel onto the land. There he removed his cap, laid aside his wings, and kept only his wand. With this, like a shepherd, he drives the she-goats, stolen as he goes along on secluded country paths; and he plays upon the reeds that he has fitted together.

Argus, Juno's watchman, captivated by the strange sound and virtuosity, said, "Whoever you are, you can sit with me on this rock, for in no other place is the grass more luxuriant for your flock, and you see shade suitable for shepherds." Mercury sat down and, (by) talking much, he beguiled the passing day with conversation and, (by) playing on the reeds he had joined together, he tried to get the best of the watchful eyes. However, Argus struggled to overcome the gentle drowsiness and, though in some of his eyes he admitted sleep, nevertheless with some of them he watched. He asked also—for the pipe had only recently been discovered—how it had been discovered.

Then the god said, "In the cool mountains of Arcadia, among the Hamadryads of Nonacris, there was one, a very famous water nymph; the nymphs called her Syrinx. Quite often she had eluded the pursuing Satyrs and whatever gods the shadowy forest and fertile countryside held. She zealously worshipped the Ortygian goddess by her own chastity; also, girdled in the manner of Diana, she would deceive and could have been believed the daughter of Latona, if she (this one) had not had a bow of horn and Diana (that one), a bow of gold. In this way too she deceived. Pan, his head encircled with sharp pine needles, saw her returning on the mountain of Lycaeus and spoke the following words." It was left to repeat the words.

As he was about to speak these words, Mercury saw that all the eyes had drooped and been closed in sleep. Immediately he checked his voice and made fast the sleep, soothing the languid eyes with his magic wand. At once, with his curved sword, he wounded the nodding Argus where the head is attached to the neck, threw him down from the rock bleeding, and stained the sheer cliff with the blood. You lie prostrate, Argus, and the light you had for so many lights (eyes) is extinguished, and one darkness takes possession of a hundred eyes. Juno takes them and places them in the feathers of her bird and fills the tail with starlike jewels.

NOTE: The last lines of *Ars Amatoria II* are given here. They include Ovid's final instructions to young men in the game of love and may be used as an introduction to the words of advice intended for young women in Book III.

Cēde repugnantī; cēdendō victor abībis.
 Fac modo, quās partēs illa iubēbit, agās.
 Arguet; arguitō. Quidquid probat illa, probātō.
 Quod dīcet, dīcās; quod negat illa, negēs.
 Riserit: adridē. Sī flēbit, flēre mementō.
 Impōnat lēgēs vultibus illa tuīs.
 Seu lūdet numerōsque manū iactābit eburnōs,
 tū male iactātō, tū male iacta datō.
 Seu iaciēs tālōs, victam nē poena sequātur,
 damnōsī facitō stent tibi saepe canēs.
 Sive latrōcinī sub imāgine calculus ībit,
 fac pereat vitreō mīles ab hoste tuus.
 Ipse tenē distenta suīs umbrācula virgīs,
 ipse fac in turbā, quā venit illa, locum.
 Nec dubitā teretī scamnum prōdūcere lectō,
 et tenerō soleam dēme vel adde pedī.
 Saepe etiam dominae, quamvis horrēbis et ipse,
 argentis manus est calfacienda sinū.
 Nec tibi turpe putā (quamvis sit turpe, placēbit)
 ingenuā speculum sustinuisse manū.
 Nocte domum repetēns epulīs perfūncta redibit;
 tunc quoque prō servō, sī vocat illa, venī.
 Rūre erit et dīcet veniās. Amor ōdit inertēs.
 Sī rota dēfuerit, tū pede carpe viam.
 Nec grave tē tempus sitiēnsque Canīcula tardet
 nec via per iactās candida facta nivēs.
 Militiae speciēs amor est: discēdite, segnēs;
 nōn sunt haec timidīs signa tuenda virīs.

I have furnished arms for the Greeks against the Amazons; arms are left for me to give you and your forces, Penthesilea. Go forth to war on equal terms; let the winners be those kindly Venus favors, she and her son who flits all over the universe. It was not fair for defenseless women to meet with armed men in battle; in such a contest, men, it was also shameful for you to conquer. Someone out of many may say, "Why are you injecting poison into serpents and surrendering the sheepfold to the raging she-wolf?" Do not charge the crime of a few girls to all; let each maiden be judged on her own merits.

If the younger son of Atreus (Menelaus) had an accusation by which to find Helen guilty and the older (Agamemnon) another one

against the sister of Helen (Clytemnestra), Penelope is faithful although her husband wanders abroad for ten years and wages war an equal number of years. Even Virtue is feminine both in refinement and in name. It is no wonder if she pleases her own kind. Men often betray; sweet girls do not often do so, and, if one inquires, there are few charges of deceit against them.

False Jason sent away the woman of Phasis, when she was already a mother; a second bride came into the embrace of Jason. For all you cared, Theseus, Ariadne, abandoned in a strange place, was food for the birds of the sea. And though he had a reputation for piety, nevertheless a guest (Aeneas) furnished the sword and cause of your death, Elissa. I shall reveal what destroyed you: you knew not how to love; you lacked the skill. With skill love lasts for years. Now too, they (girls) would not know, but Venus has commanded me to teach them, and she stood before my very eyes. Then she said to me: "What wrong have poor girls done? As a helpless throng they have been handed over to armed men. Your two books have made these men experts. This group also must be trained with your instructions."

Girls, you whom modesty, law and your rights permit, seek advice from me while she inspires me. Even now be mindful of old age which will come; thus you will waste no time. Play while you can and right now while you are living your true years: the years pass like running water. No wave will be called back which has passed, nor can any hour which has passed return. You should enjoy youth; life passes on swift foot, nor is the age that follows so good as the years of your youth.

I begin with beauty care: wine comes from grapes well cared for, and grain stands tall in cultivated soil. Beauty is the reward of the goddess; how many girls can be proud of their beauty? A large number of you lack this gift. Attention will insure a pretty face; beauty neglected will perish although it be like that of the Idalian goddess (Venus).

If girls in former times did not give so much attention to their bodies, girls in former times did not have husbands so well groomed either. If Andromache was dressed in homespun tunics, what is surprising about that? She was the wife of a rough soldier. No doubt you would come forth all dressed up, wife of Ajax who had a shield made of the skins of seven bulls! In olden times there was a rude simplicity; now Rome is golden and has the mighty resources of a conquered world.

See what the Capitol now is and what it was; you would say it was (a shrine) of a different Jupiter. There is now a senate-house most worthy of such a council; it was made of thatch when Tatius held the rule. The Palatine which now gleams with (the temple of) Apollo and (the palace of) Augustus, what was it but a pasture for oxen to plow?

Let others find pleasure in antiques; I, in short, congratulate myself

for having been born now. This age is suitable for my habits, not because pliant gold is now withdrawn from the earth, not because the pearl is gathered on a remote shore, not because mountains grow smaller as marble is quarried and not because the blue sea is held back by a mass of building construction, but because there is refinement and the uncouthness that outlived our forefathers has not lasted to our time.

Burden not your ears with precious stones the swarthy Indian gathers in sea-green water; do not parade weighed down by garments interwoven with gold. You often repel us by the very means through which you seek us. We are captivated by neatness; let not your hair be carelessly arranged. The hairdresser can give or take away beauty.

There is more than one hair style; let each girl choose what will be becoming and let her consult her mirror beforehand. A long face favors parting the hair without adornment: so was the hair of Laodamia styled. A round face requires that a small knot be left at the top of the brow so that the ears may show. Let the hair of one girl be tossed over both shoulders; this is how you look, melodious Apollo, when you have taken up your lyre. Let (the hair of) another girl be braided in the manner of the girdled Diana as she usually is when hunting startled wild beasts. For this one it is proper to have her hair windblown and loose; that one should have it drawn tightly back around her head. It suits this one to be ornamented with a comb of tortoise shell; let that one wear wavy curls.

But you will not count the acorns on an oak tree full of branches, nor how many bees there are on Hybla nor fierce beasts in the Alps. It is not possible for me to include so many hair styles; each new day adds other arrangements. Casual hair style is becoming to many women; often you could believe it had not been combed since yesterday, what has just now been combed again. Let art pretend to be casual. When Hercules saw Iole looking like this in the captured city, he said, "I am in love with that girl." When you looked like this, abandoned Ariadne, Bacchus lifted you into his chariot with the Satyrs shouting "Euhoe!"

Oh how much does nature favor the beauty of you whose defects are to be remedied in many ways! We men are badly thatched and our hair is stolen away by age, just as leaves fall when the North Wind shakes them. A woman dyes her gray locks with German herbs, and by art a tint more pleasing than her real color is sought. A woman comes forth with luxuriant hair which she has purchased, and in place of her own she makes the hair of another hers at a price. It is no disgrace to buy it; we see the selling done openly in front of the temple of Hercules and the Muses.

What shall I say of dress? Now I do not demand brocade or wool which is colored with Tyrian dye. When so many colors have come out at quite a reasonable price, what madness is it to wear an entire fortune on one's back? Dark colors are becoming to blonds: dark was

right for Briseis. When she was carried off, then too she was wearing dark clothing. White is becoming to brunettes; you were attractive in white, Andromeda; you were dressed this way when you walked on the island of Seriphos.

How near I was to warning you that the odor of the wild billy goat should not enter the armpits and that the legs should not be rough with bristly hair! But I am not instructing girls down from the hills of Caucasus nor those who drink your waters, Mysian Caicus. What if I should instruct that laziness not cause the teeth to darken and that you should take water and rinse your mouth in the morning? You also know how to seek brightness of complexion by applying powder; a girl who does not grow pink with real blood blushes with the help of art. You fill the bare outlines of the eyebrow artfully and a small beauty patch covers clean cheeks. There is no shame in highlighting the eyes with thin dust or with saffron found near your waters, sparkling Cydnus. There is my book, in which I mention cosmetics for your beauty, a small book but a work great in concern (for you). From it also seek help for your mistreated figure; my skill is not ineffective for your problems.

However, let no admirer catch sight of the boxes set forth on the table; art concealed adds to beauty. When it was being made, the stone was rough; now it is a noble statue, and nude Venus is wringing her hair soaked with rain. Also, while you are being beautified, let us think that you are sleeping; you will more appropriately be seen after the finishing touch. Why should the cause of the clear, white color in your face be known to me? Close the door of the bedroom. Why do you reveal an unfinished piece of work? It is right for men to be unaware of many things; if you did not hide the inner workings, a very large number of these things would offend.

A crowd is coming for instruction, beautiful and ugly girls, and the homely always outnumber the pretty. Beautiful women do not ask for the assistance of art and words of advice; they have their dowry, beauty effective without art. When the sea is calm, the skipper, free from care, is idle; when it is swelling, he sits near his crew to help. However, the face is rarely free from blemish; conceal the blemishes and hide the defects of your body as best you can.

Let the girl with fat fingers and rough nails mark with limited gesture whatever she says. Let the one who has an unpleasant halitosis never speak when hungry and let her always stand at a distance from a man's face. If you have a black tooth or a large or crooked one, you will incur heavy losses by laughing.

Who would believe it? Girls even learn how to laugh, and attractiveness is sought by them equally in this area also. Let the opening of the mouth be moderate, small dimples on both sides; and let the edge of the lips hide the top of the teeth. Let girls not strain their sides with constant laughing but let it somehow sound light and girlish. There is the kind of girl who distorts her mouth with ugly

guffaws; there is another you would think weeping when she is happy with laughter. This one makes a certain harsh and unlovely sound: she laughs like an ugly donkey, hee-hawing from the rough millstone. Where does art not apply? They learn to shed tears properly, and they weep when and how they please.

How about it, when the letter is cheated of its proper sound and the tongue develops a deliberate lisp? There is charm in the fault: they learn to pronounce certain words incorrectly and to be able to speak less well than they could. Give attention to all these things since they are helpful.

Learn to bear the body with womanly step. A part of grace not to be scorned is in the manner of walking; it attracts strange men and it repels them. This girl moves her hips artfully and catches the breeze with her flowing tunic and proudly moves with feet spread apart. That girl walks like the sunburnt wife of an Umbrian husband and, shambling, she moves with long strides. But here too, as in many things, let there be limitations. One movement will be that of a country woman, the other more effeminate than the approved standard.

Leave the lower part of the shoulder, the upper arm, uncovered to be seen on the left side: this is attractive, especially for you, blond girls; when I have seen it, I feel an urge to kiss the shoulder as far as it is exposed.

The Sirens were monsters of the sea who, by melodious voices, detained ships no matter how fast they sailed. Hearing them, Ulysses almost unbound his body, for wax was smeared on the ears of his companions. Song is an attraction; let girls learn to sing; for many, the voice, instead of the face, has been their allurements. Now let them repeat songs heard in marble theaters, now songs played in Egyptian measure.

A crowd is useful for you, pretty girls; often take your wandering footsteps beyond your threshold. A wolf aims at many sheep so that he may prey upon one, and Jupiter's eagle swoops down among many birds. Let an attractive woman also present herself to be seen by people; perhaps from the many there will be one whom she attracts. Let one who is eager to please linger everywhere and let her concentrate wholly on charm. Luck is important in everything; let your hook always hang down; in the pool where you would least believe it, there will be a fish. Dogs often roam in vain on the wooded mountains, and a deer comes into the net with no one driving it. But avoid men who make a show of their breeding and good looks and those who have their hair just so. What they say to you, they have said to a thousand girls; love is fickle and does not remain in any one abode. Especially if a man is carefully groomed and pleasing to his mirror, he will think that goddesses can be moved with love for him.

But whatever it is, let a wrong trouble you only slightly, and be not wild with jealousy if you learn of a rival; and do not believe

quickly. Procris will be no light example to you of how much it hurts to believe quickly.

There are near the purple hills of blooming Hymettus a sacred fountain and ground soft with green turf. A low forest forms a grove; arbutus hides the grass; rosemary, laurel and dark myrtle perfume the air; neither boxwood, thick with foliage, nor fragile tamarisk nor delicate clover nor the cultivated pine is lacking. Foliage of so many kinds and the surface of the grass tremble, moved by gentle zephyrs and healthgiving breeze.

The quiet was pleasing to Cephalus, and, leaving his servants and dogs behind, he often settled down wearily on this ground and was wont to sing, "Come to relieve my ardor, fickle breeze (*aura*) about to be received in my embrace."

Some busybody took note and reported what she had heard to the wife's fearful ears. As Procris heard the name of *Aura*, as if that of a rival, she felt faint and was speechless with sudden grief. She grew pale like withered leaves that beginning winter has nipped with the grapes picked from the vine, like quinces that curve their branches when ripe, and like cornel berries as yet not ripe enough for our food. As consciousness returned, she tore the thin clothing from her breast and raked her innocent cheeks with her nails.

Immediately, she flew in frenzy through the roads with disheveled hair like an excited Bacchante with her thyrsus. When she arrived near the place she left her companions in the valley and with silent footsteps, stealthily resolute, she entered the grove alone. What were you thinking, Procris, when in your madness you lay hidden thus? You were thinking, of course, that now, now *Aura* would come, whoever she was, that shameful goings-on were to be seen with your own eyes! Now you are vexed at having come—for you would not wish to catch them—, now you are pleased that you did. Doubtful love torments your heart. There is the place, the name, the informer—things which prompt her to believe—and the fact that the mind always thinks that what it fears exists.

When she saw traces of a body in the matted grass, her breast pounded in alarm with the throbbing of her heart. And now midday had shortened the thin shadows, and evening and dawn were in mid course. Lo, Cephalus, son of Mercury, returns from the forest and sprinkles his hot face with water from the spring. Anxiously, you lie hidden, Procris. He drops down as usual on the grass and says, "Come, gentle zephyrs and a breeze (*aura*)."

When the happy error of the name is revealed to the poor girl, sanity returns and also the true color to her face.

She gets up and with trembling body moves the leaves between them, a wife about to enter her husband's embrace. He, thinking that he has seen a wild animal, impetuously gets up in haste. There are weapons in his right hand. What are you doing, unfortunate man? She is not a wild beast. Check your weapons. (How) wretched am I!

The girl has been pierced by your spear. She shouts, "Woe is me! You have pierced a loving heart. This place always has its wounds from Cephalus. I die untimely, but not wounded by a rival. This fact, earth, will make you lie light on me when I am buried. Now the breath of life pours out into the air (*aurās*) which I suspected because of a word. Ah, I am falling. Close my eyes with your dear hand." He supports the dying body of his mistress on his sad heart and bathes her cruel wounds with his tears. The breath of life goes forth and, slipping gradually from her reckless heart, is caught in the mouth of her poor husband.

But let us resume the work; I must proceed with bare essentials, that the weary bark may reach its harbor. You are waiting anxiously for me to take you to a dinner party, and in this direction also you seek my advice. Come late and create an impression by entering, when the lamp is put in place. By delaying, you will be welcome when you come; lateness is your best move. Although you are ugly, you will seem beautiful to all, and the very darkness will cover up your blemishes. Take the food in your fingers—your manner of eating is of some importance—and do not smear your whole face with a dirty hand. If Paris had seen Helen eating greedily, he would have hated her and would have said, "My kidnapping (you) was stupid." It is more proper and would be more appropriate for girls to drink. You, Bacchus, get along well with Venus' boy. This also do only so far as the head is capable of enduring, and the mind and feet are steady; and do not see as double things which are single.

The play has its end; it is time to dismount from the swans who have borne our yoke on their necks. As the young men once did, now let the girls, my pupils, inscribe on their spoils "NASO WAS THE TEACHER."

SELECTED LETTERS OF SENECA

Travel Does Not Cure the Troubled Soul Seneca to His Friend Lucilius Greeting

340-344

Do you think that this has happened only to you, and are you surprised, as at something strange, at the fact that after such lengthy travel and so many changes of scene you have not shaken off the melancholy and heaviness of heart? It is your mind, not your climate, that you ought to change. Though you have traversed the vast sea, though, as our Virgil says, "both lands and cities recede from view," shortcomings will follow you, wheresoever you arrive. To a (certain) man when he made this same complaint, Socrates said, "Why are you surprised that your travels abroad are of no help to you, when you are carrying yourself along? You are afflicted by the very motive that drove you forth." How can fresh scenes, how can knowledge of cities or places help? That bustling about turns out to be useless. Do you ask why your escaping does not help you? You are escaping in your own company. The burden of soul must be laid aside; until then no place will please you.

Whatever you do, you are working against yourself, and you harm yourself by the very movement; for you are shaking up a sick man. But when you rid yourself of your malady, every change of place will become pleasant. Though you may be driven forth to the most distant lands, be stationed in whatsoever corner of a barbarous country, that dwelling, of whatever sort it may be, will be hospitable for you.

Who you are when you come is more important than where you come, and for that reason we ought to bind our mind to no place. We must live with this persuasion: "For no one corner am I born. This whole world is my native land." If this were clear to you, you would not be surprised that you are in no way helped by changes in the areas to which you move on from time to time through boredom with the old. For the very first place would have pleased you, if you believed every place your own. Now you are not travelling, but wandering and being driven and changing from place to place, whereas that which you seek—the good life—is found everywhere. Surely no place can be so full of turmoil as the Forum? There too you may live peacefully, if it be necessary.

"Thirty tyrants," you say, "surrounded Socrates and were not able to break his spirit." What does it matter how many tyrants there are? There is but one form of slavery. The man who has despised slavery is free, however great the crowd of despots.

It is time to end, but not until I have paid the harbor dues. "The beginning of salvation is the knowledge of sin." This seems to me a splendid remark of Epicurus. For he who does not know that he is sinning does not want to be corrected. You should catch yourself in the act before you mend your ways. Some glory in their vices: do you believe that those who reckon their faults as virtues

have any thought of reforming? Accordingly, so far as you can, be your own accuser, investigate yourself; first play the role of accuser, then that of judge, and lastly that of one who pleads for mercy. Sometimes find yourself guilty. Farewell.

God Is in Our Hearts
Seneca to His Friend Lucilius Greeting

You are doing an excellent thing and healthful for you if, as you write, you persevere in moving towards a good mind; it is foolish to pray for this when you can gain it from yourself. Our hands must not be lifted heavenwards, nor the sacristan entreated in order that he may admit us to the ear of the god's likeness as though we can be heard more clearly. God is near you, is with you, is within you. I mean this, Lucilius: a holy spirit dwells within us, in all our good and evil deeds a watcher and a guardian. According as he has been treated by us, so does he himself treat us. Now, no one can be a good man without God; can anyone surmount fortune unless aided by God? He gives counsels noble and upright. In every good man "it is uncertain who the god is, but a god dwells."

If you have seen a man undaunted by dangers, unharmed by desires, happy amid adversities, calm in the midst of storms, from a vantage point viewing men, and viewing the gods on equal terms, will not a feeling of reverence for that man steal over you? Will you not say, "This is too great and too exalted to be believed similar to this frail body in which it exists? A divine power has descended into that man." A heavenly power sways the noble mind that is self-controlled, that passes by all things as less important, and that smiles at all our fears and desires.

What, then, is this mind? One which shines with no luster but its own goodness. For what is there more foolish than praising in a man those things that are not his own? What is more insane than the man who admires those things which can forthwith be transferred to someone else? No one should glory except in what is his own. The vine we praise if with its fruit it burdens the shoots, if of itself it bends the stakes to the ground from the weight of what it has produced; surely no one would prefer to this vine that whose grapes and leaves hang golden? In the vine, fertility is its own peculiar virtue. In a man, too, that ought to be praised which is his own. Suppose a man has a household of handsome slaves, a fine home, a large estate, and a high income: none of these things is in him but around him. Praise in him what can neither be taken from him nor given, what is the man's own. Do you ask what it is? The mind and reason perfected in the mind. For man is a reasoning animal. Accordingly his good has reached perfection if he has fulfilled that for which he is born. Now what is it that this reason

requires from him? A thing that is very easy, life in accordance with his own nature. But universal madness makes this difficult: we push one another into vices. How can those be recalled to salvation whom none restrains and the people incites? Farewell.

How a Master Should Treat His Slaves
Seneca to His Friend Lucilius Greeting

From those who come from you I am glad to know that you are living on friendly terms with your slaves. This is in keeping with your good sense and sound training. "They are slaves." No, human beings. "They are slaves." No, comrades. "They are slaves." No, humble friends. "They are slaves." No, fellow slaves, if you reflect that fortune has the same power over both groups. Accordingly I laugh at those who think that it is degrading to dine with one's slave.

Please reflect that he whom you call your slave is sprung from the same stock, enjoys the same climate, breathes as you do, lives as you do, dies as you do. You can just as well consider him free-born as he can consider you a slave.

"Well, then, shall I invite every slave to my table?" No more than you would every free man. You are mistaken if you think that I would snub certain ones as though their occupation were too menial, as for instance yonder mule-driver and yonder herdsman. I shall not rate them by their callings but by their character. Each man gives himself his character; the callings chance assigns. Let some dine with you because they deserve it, some that they may. For, if in them there is aught servile because of their humble environment, association with the better class of men will banish it.

There is no reason, my dear Lucilius, why you should seek a friend only in the Forum or in the senate; if you pay careful attention, you will find one at home too. Often good material goes unused for want of a craftsman; try and you will find out. Just as it is a foolish man who, when he is about to buy a horse, does not examine the horse but merely its saddle and bridle, so he is most foolish who values a man either by his clothes or by the station in life which is put upon us after the manner of clothing.

"He is a slave." But perhaps in his heart he is free. "He is a slave." Will this harm him? Show me who is not; one man is slave to lust, another to greed, another to ambition - - all are slaves to hope, all are slaves to fear.

I do not want to delay you longer; for you have no need of exhortation. Good character has this among other assets; it finds favor with itself, it endures. Badness is fickle, often changes, not for the better but into something different. Farewell.

347-365

Gaius Plinius to His Friend Nepos

I think that I have remarked that with the deeds and sayings of famous men and women some are more famous, others are more truly great. My view was strengthened by a conversation yesterday with Fannia. She is granddaughter of the famous Arria, who was both a comfort and a model for her husband in their death. She related many deeds of her grandmother, no less great than this but not so well-known; and I think that these will surprise you when you read them just as much as they did me when I heard of them.

Her husband, Caecina Paetus, was ill; ill too was their son, each with a fatal illness, as it seemed. The son died, a remarkably handsome boy, and just as modest, no less dear to his parents for other qualities than for being just their son. She prepared for his funeral and performed the rites in such a way that her husband was quite unaware of what had happened. Moreover, whenever she entered his bedroom, she pretended that their son was alive and even more comfortable and, when he would quite often ask how the boy was doing, she would answer, "He rested well. He showed some appetite." Then when the tears that she had long kept back threatened to overcome her and burst forth, she would leave the room and surrender to her grief. When she had wept her fill, dry-eyed, with an expression of composure she would return as though she had left her bereavement outside.

To be sure, that was a glorious deed of hers, unsheathing the weapon, stabbing herself to the heart, drawing out the dagger, holding it out to her husband, and making the immortal, almost superhuman remark, "Paetus, it does not hurt." But yet when she was saying and doing this, everlasting glory lay before her eyes. It is a greater deed than this to hide her tears; conceal her grief; and, when her son was dead, still play the mother's part, without the reward of immortality, without the reward of fame.

Scribonianus had taken up arms in Illyricum against Claudius. Paetus had been on his side. After Scribonianus had been slain, Paetus was being taken to Rome as prisoner. He was about to embark. Arria pleaded with the soldiers to be put on board with him. "Surely," she said, "you intend to give a former consul some humble slaves to see to his food, his clothing, and his shoes. I shall perform these services, all by myself." She did not have her way. She rented a small fishing boat and followed the large vessel in her small one.

At the hearing before Claudius, when the wife of Scribonianus was volunteering information, Arria said to her, "Am I to listen to you, in whose arms Scribonianus was killed, and yet you stay

alive?" From this remark it is clear that her plan for a most glorious death was not suddenly formed.

Again, when Thrasea, her son-in-law was entreating her not to persist in her idea of dying and among other remarks had said, "Well, then, do you want your daughter to die with me if I shall have to die?" she answered, "I do, if she lives as long and in such harmony with you as I have done with Paetus."

With this answer she had deepened her family's concern. She was watched more carefully. She realized it and said, "You are wasting your efforts; you can cause me to die a bad death, but my death you cannot prevent."

As she said this, she sprang from her chair, struck her head violently against the opposite wall, and collapsed. Returning to consciousness, she said, "I had told you that I would find a road to death, no matter how hard, if you refused me an easy one."

Do you think that these are greater than the famous "Pactus, it does not hurt," which she reached through these words and deeds? In the meantime, while immense fame, to be sure, spreads that remark abroad, no fame attends these. And hence the inference, as I remarked at the beginning, that some (deeds and words) are more famous, others are more truly great. Farewell.

Gaius Plinius Sends Greetings to His Calpurnia

Never have I complained more about the pressure of my affairs, which have not permitted me either to escort you when you set for Campania for the sake of your health or to follow immediately after your departure. Now especially I wish to be with you so that I may trust the evidence of my own eyes as to how you care for your strength and your own dear person, and whether, without injury to your health, you are enjoying the pleasures of the resort and the bounty of the district.

Indeed, even if you were well, I would be concerned at missing you; for it is an anxious and uneasy state to have no news at times about the person whom one loves most dearly. Now certainly the thought of both your absence and your weak condition frightens me with a vague, uneasy feeling of concern.

I fear and imagine all sorts of things; and, as is the way with people when afraid, I imagine most those things which I most dread. Therefore I ask you the more earnestly to show concern for my fear by writing me one or even two letters every day. For I shall be somewhat relieved as I read, but immediately after reading I shall be afraid. Farewell.

Gaius Plinius Sends Greetings to His Friend Tacitus

You ask me to write you of the death of my uncle in order that you may be able to hand on a more accurate account to posterity.

I thank you; for I see that for his death undying fame is in store, if it is made known by you. For although in a disaster to the most beautiful lands he perished as did peoples, as did cities, as if destined to live for ever from the memorable nature of the calamity, although he himself composed many works that will endure, yet the immortality of your writings will contribute much to his own lasting survival. I indeed think happy those to whom it has been granted by the gift of the gods either to do things that deserve to be recorded or to record things that deserve to be read, but happiest I think those to whom both have been given. My uncle will be in their number because of both his books and yours. All the more gladly do I undertake, even demand what you enjoin.

He was at Misenum and was in personal command of the fleet. On August 24th about 1 P. M. my mother pointed out to him that a cloud was visible, strange in both size and appearance. After a sun bath followed by a cold dip, he had taken a snack while reclining and was now studying. He called for his slippers and went up to a place from which that phenomenon could best be viewed. A cloud was rising, from what mountain was uncertain to those gazing at it from the distance—later it was known to have been Vesuvius. Its resemblance and shape a pine tree would best describe. For extended upwards, as it were, with a very long trunk, it spread out with certain branches, because, I suppose, it was lifted up by a fresh gust of air. Then, when this died away, it was forsaken or else was overcome by its own weight, and so it dissolved by spreading sideways. Sometimes it was bright, sometimes dingy and mottled, depending on whether it had carried up earth or ashes.

It seemed to him as a great scholar something important, deserving to be studied at closer range. He ordered a Liburnian galley to be made ready; he gave me the chance, if I wished, to come with him. I answered that I preferred to study; and, as it happened, he had given me some writing to do. He was leaving the house when he received a note from Rectina, wife of Tascus, who was frightened by the danger that threatened, for her villa lay at the foot of the mountain, and there was no escape except by ship; she begged that he rescue her from so great a danger. He changed his plan, and discharged as a great hero what he had begun as a scientist. He launched quadriremes; and went on board himself, intending to bring help not just to Rectina but to many, for the lovely coast was a popular resort. He hastened to the place from which others were fleeing, and kept straight course, straight rudder into the dangers, and was so free of fear that he dictated and noted down all the developments, all the outlines of that disaster as he had noticed them with his eyes.

Now ashes were falling on the ship, growing hotter and thicker the nearer they approached; now pumice stones too, and rocks that were black, charred and disintegrated by the fire; now there was

a sudden shoal, and shores that obstructed because of the débris from the mountain.

Having hesitated for a short time as to whether he should turn back, he said to the helmsman who advised him to do so, "Fortune favors the brave. Make for the house of Pomponianus." He was at Stabiae, cut off by the intervening bay; for the sea pours upon shores that gradually wind and curve. There, although the danger was not yet approaching, yet it was clear and was imminent since it was growing, and Pomponianus had collected his belongings on boats, determined to escape if the contrary wind died down. My uncle sailed in there with the wind right behind him, embraced his alarmed friend, consoled and encouraged him; to soothe his fear by his own lack of concern, he gave orders to be taken down to the bath. After bathing he reclined and dined, either quite cheerfully or, what is equally impressive, with the appearance of cheerfulness.

Meanwhile from Mount Vesuvius in several places very extensive flames and high fires shone out, and their radiance and brightness were intensified by the darkness of the night. To alleviate (his friend's) fear, he kept saying that through the panic of the country people fires had been left, and deserted villas in isolated areas were on fire. Then he went to sleep and slept in what was certainly very genuine slumber. For his breathing, which was rather heavy and loud because of his corpulent physique, was heard by those who passed the door.

But the level of the yard from which his apartment was approached had so risen, blocked with cinders and intermingled pumice, that if he stayed any longer in the bedroom there would be no way out. When roused, he came out and joined Pomponianus and the others who had stayed awake all night. They consulted together whether they should stay under shelter or move about in the open. For the houses were swaying because of the frequent, violent tremors and seemed to go or be carried now this way, now that, as though moved away from their foundations. In the open, on the other hand, there was danger from the falling of the pumice stones, light and porous though they were. But this was the choice made after a comparison of the dangers. And with him, of course, reason prevailed over reason; with the others it was fear over fear. They placed pillows on their heads and fastened them with napkins; this was a protection against falling objects.

Now elsewhere it was day; it was night there, blacker and thicker than any night; however it was relieved by many torches and lights of various kinds. It was decided to go down to the shore and view from close quarters whether the sea now permitted them to sail, but it was still rough and forbidding. There he lay down on a discarded piece of cloth, repeatedly called for cold water and drank it. Next flames and, as forerunner of the flames, a smell of sulphur caused the others to flee but roused him. He got

up, leaning on two young slaves, and immediately collapsed, because, as I gather, his breathing was blocked by the rather thick vapor and his windpipe was closed, for it was naturally sensitive and constricted, and frequently inflamed. When day was restored—this was the third day after that which he had last seen—his body was found intact and unhurt and covered over, in the clothes that he had been wearing; the state of the body was that of a person sleeping rather than of one who was dead.

Meantime at Misenum my mother and I—but it has no bearing on the history, and you wanted to know only about his death. I shall therefore conclude. I shall add just one thing, that I have recounted all the events which I had witnessed and which I had heard about at the very time when the truth is most likely to be told. You will select what you most want; for it is one thing to write a letter, another to write a history, one thing to write to a friend, another to write for everybody. Farewell.

Gaius Plinius Sends Greetings to His Friend Sura

Leisure provides me with the opportunity to learn and you to instruct. Therefore, I should very much like to know whether you think that ghosts exist and have their own form and some personality, or whether things unsubstantial and false assume an appearance as the result of our fear.

I am especially inclined to believe that they do exist from what, as I hear, happened to Curtius Rufus. While still poor and unimportant, he had been on the staff of the governor of Africa. In the afternoon he was strolling in the portico. A woman appeared to him, superhuman in stature and beauty. She told the frightened man that she was Africa, announcing in advance things that were to be; for, she said, he would go to Rome, would win political offices, would also return to this same province with supreme power, and would die there. It all came true. Furthermore it is said that the same figure met him on the shore as he was approaching Carthage and getting off the ship. He certainly fell victim to disease; and inferring the future from the past and adversity from success, he abandoned hope of recovery, although none of his family were in despair.

Now as for the following story, is it not more terrifying and also no less amazing? I shall set it down just as I heard it. There was in Athens a house, large and spacious but unhealthful, with a bad reputation. In the silence of the night there was a sound of iron and, if you listened more carefully, the clanking of chains was heard—rather distant at first, then from close at hand. Soon the ghost appeared, an old man wasted away and filthy, with flowing beard and shaggy hair; he was wearing and rattling fetters on his legs and chains on his hands.

Because of this, the occupants in fear spent the grim, terrible nights without sleep. Lack of sleep led to disease and to death, when their fear grew worse. For in the daytime, too, although the ghost had departed, the memory of the ghost hovered before the eyes; and the fear lasted longer than its causes. Then the house was forsaken and condemned to solitude, and it was left entirely to that apparition. However it was advertised if anyone wanted to buy or rent it, not knowing about this great danger.

A philosopher, Athenodorus, came to Athens. He read the notice and, when he heard the price, inquired because the price was suspiciously cheap, was told the whole story, and—none the less, in fact all the more—he rented it.

When evening began to come on, he ordered a couch to be prepared for him in the front part of the house, called for his writing pads, pen and a light. He sent all his family off into the rooms farther back. He himself concentrated on his writing—mind and eyes and hand—lest an idle mind might invent the hearing of ghosts and ungrounded fears.

In the beginning, as everywhere else, there was the silence of the night. Then iron was rattled and chains were moved. He did not lift his eyes and did not slow his pen but concentrated his mind and blocked out the sounds. Then the noise grew louder, came nearer, and was heard now as though on the threshold, now as though inside it. He looked behind, saw and recognized the specter that he had been told of. It was standing and beckoning with a finger as though calling him. He, on the other hand, indicated by a gesture that it should wait a little, and again he bent over his wax tablets and pen. It rattled its chains over the writer's head. He looked back at the ghost, which was beckoning as before; and without delay he took his lamp and followed. It went with slow tread as though burdened with chains. After it turned off into the yard of the house, it suddenly vanished and deserted its companion. The deserted man laid some grass and leaves that he had picked as a marker for the spot.

Next day he went to the magistrates and advised them to have that spot dug up. Bones were found, mingled and entangled with chains. The body, when rotted by its long stay in the earth, had left these bones bare and eaten away from the chains. They were gathered and buried at public expense. After this the house was rid of its ghost as it was duly laid to rest.

Gaius Plinius to Trajan, the Emperor

It is customary for me, Sir, to refer to you all problems about which I am in doubt. For who can better direct my uncertainty or inform my ignorance? I have never been present at inquiries regarding Christians; on this account I do not know what is usually

either punished or investigated and to what extent. I have been not a little perplexed as to whether there is some distinction on the basis of age, or whether persons, however young, are treated in no way differently from the more mature; whether pardon is granted for repentance or whether the fact that he has ceased does not work to the advantage of a person who was ever a Christian; whether punishment is given for the name itself, if it be free from crimes, or for the crimes that adhere to the name.

Meantime this is the procedure that I have followed in the case of those who were reported to me as Christians. I asked them personally whether they were Christians; if they admitted it, I asked them a second and a third time, threatening punishment. If they persisted I ordered them to be led to execution. For I had no doubt that, whatever it was that they confessed to, stubbornness and unyielding obstinacy at least must be punished. There were others of similar madness whom I noted down to be referred to the City because they were Roman citizens. Soon, as usually happens, when a charge is widespread, from the mere process of investigation the charge took various forms. An anonymous accusation, containing the names of many persons, was laid before me. As for those who denied that they were or had been Christians, when at my dictation they called upon the gods and with incense and wine made supplication to your image which I had ordered to be introduced for this purpose together with the statues of the gods, and when furthermore they reviled Christ (none of these things, it is said, those who are truly Christians can be compelled to do), I thought that they should be acquitted.

Some, mentioned by the informer, said that they were Christians and denied it a little later; they had been, it was true, but had ceased, some three years earlier, some longer, an occasional one even twenty years earlier. All these too venerated your image and the statues of the gods and reviled Christ. Moreover they affirmed that this had been the sum of their guilt or their error (whichever it was), that they had been accustomed on an appointed day to gather before dawn and to sing a hymn antiphonally to Christ as to a god, and to bind themselves with an oath not to commit some crime, but to refrain from acts of theft, robbery, and adultery, from betraying their trust; from refusing to return a deposit when called upon. After this ceremony was concluded, it had been their custom to depart and gather again to take food, but ordinary and harmless food; that they had ceased to do even this after my edict whereby in accordance with your instructions I had forbidden the existence of societies.

Therefore I considered it the more necessary even with torture to inquire from two women servants, who were called deaconesses, what the truth was. I found nothing but a base, immoderate superstition. For this reason I have postponed investigation and have hastened to consult you. For it seemed to me a problem that

deserved consultation, especially because of the number of those facing trial. For many of all ages, of all classes, and even of both sexes are being and will be brought to trial. The blight of this superstition has spread not only through the towns but also the villages and the countryside; but I think that it can be halted and corrected. Indeed it is fairly certain that the temples, which were already almost deserted, have begun to be frequented, the customary sacrifices, long interrupted, to be resumed, and food for the victims (hitherto a purchaser for this was rarely found) to be sold. From this it is easy to infer how large a number of persons can be corrected, if an opportunity is given for repentance.

Trajan to Pliny

You have followed the procedure that you should, my dear Secundus, in examining the cases of those who had been reported to you as Christians; for there can be set up no general rule which has, as it were, a definite pattern.

They must not be sought out; if they should be reported and found guilty, they would have to be punished; with this proviso, however, that a person who has denied that he is a Christian and has made this clear in actual practice, *i.e.* by worshipping our gods, although suspected because of his past conduct, should obtain pardon as the result of his repentance.

But the presentation of anonymous charges ought to have no part in a criminal investigation; for not only does it set a very bad precedent but it is not in accord with the spirit of our age.

This is he whom you read, whom you ask for, Martial, famous all the world over because of his witty little books of epigrams; and, eager reader, the fame that you have given him while alive and appreciative, only few poets possess after they are ashes.

Gemellus seeks to marry Maronilla, is eager, is ardent, entreats, and offers gifts. "Is she so pretty?" "Oh no, there is no one uglier." "What then does he see in her?" "Her cough."

When modest Arria handed to her husband, Paetus, the sword, which she had drawn from her own flesh, she said, "If you place any trust in me, the wound which I have made does not pain me; but what you will do, Paetus, this is what will pain me."

If I remember aright, you had had four teeth, Aelia. One cough forced out two, and a second two others. Now you can cough without worry all day long. There is nothing more for a third cough to do.

I do not love you, Sabidius, and I cannot say why. I can only say this—I do not love you.

Formerly Diaulus was a doctor; now he is an undertaker. What he does as undertaker, he had also done as doctor.

You are pretty, we know it, and a young girl, it is true, and wealthy—who can deny it? But when you go too far in self-praise, Fabulla, you are neither wealthy nor pretty nor a young girl.

Issa is naughtier than the sparrow of Catullus, Issa is purer than the kiss of a dove, Issa is more winning than any girl, Issa is more precious than pearls from India, Issa is a little dog, pet of Publius. If she whimpers, you will think that she is talking; she knows both joy and sorrow. She rests, leaning on her master's neck, and does her napping so that her breathing is not even heard. In order that her last day may not wholly take her, Publius depicts her in a painting, in which you will see such a likeness that she herself is not more like. In short, compare Issa with the painting; either you will think that each is alive, or you will think that each has been painted.

Paulus buys poems. Paulus gives public readings from his own poems; for what you buy you can rightly call your own.

You never give. You always make promises, Galla, when someone asks. If you always disappoint, I beg you now, Galla, say "no."

You say that pretty girls are madly in love with you, Sextus, when your face is like someone's swimming under water.

You give no public recital, Mamercus, and want to be considered a poet. Be anything you like, provided that you give no public recital.

You say that it is nothing, whatever you ask for, persistent Cinna. Well, if it is nothing you ask for, Cinna, I am refusing you nothing, Cinna.

If ever you send me a hare, Gellia, you say: "Tis handsome you will be, Marcus, in seven days' time." If you are not making fun, if you are telling the truth, my love, you have never eaten a hare, Gellia.

To you, father Fronto and mother Flacilla, I entrust this girl, my pet and my delight, in order that dear little Erotion may not shudder at the black shades and at the ominous jaws of the dog of Tartarus. She was just now about to finish the chill of her sixth winter, if she had not lived as many days too few. Among such long familiar patrons may she happily play and babble my name with lisping tongue. May no hard turf cover her gentle bones, and, O earth, be not heavy to her; she was not heavy to you.

You always say that tomorrow, tomorrow you are going to live, Postumus. Tell me, Postumus, when does that tomorrow of yours come? How far away is your tomorrow? Where is it? Or whence is it to be sought? Surely it is not hiding in the land of the Parthians and the Armenians? Already your tomorrow is as old as Priam or Nestor. Tell me, for how much could your tomorrow be bought? You will live tomorrow? It is already too late, Postumus, to live today. The wise man, Postumus, is the man who lived yesterday.

Do you wonder, Theodorus, why I do not give you my books of poetry, when you plead and ask so often? There is a good reason. So that you may not give me yours.

By often drinking poison Mithradates brought it about that cruel toxicants could not harm him. You too have taken precaution, Cinna, by always dining so poorly, so that you can never die of starvation.

You will always be poor if you are poor, Aemilianus. Nowadays wealth is given to nobody but the wealthy.

You, Cinnamus, order that you be called Cinna. Is not this, I ask you, Cinna, a barbarism? If you had earlier been called Furius, by this analogy you would now be called Fur.

No woman could be preferred to you, Lycoris; none can be preferred to Glycera. She will be what you are; you cannot be what she is. To think what changes time makes! I want her, I wanted you.

He bathed with us, dined cheerfully and yet in the morning Andragoras was found dead. Do you ask, Faustinus, the reason for so sudden a death? In a dream he had seen the doctor Hermocrates.

You know that you are chased for your money; you know that the chaser is greedy; and you know, Marianus, what he wants. Yet in your last will and testament, foolish man, you list him as heir

and want him to be in your place. "But he has been very generous." Yes, giving bait; and can a fish love the fisherman? Will he mourn your fate with genuine grief? If you wish him to grieve, Marianus, do not give him a penny.

Chloe carved, guilty woman, on the tombstones of seven husbands that she had been responsible. What can be simpler?

Your seventh wife, Phileros, is now at rest in the ground. The ground gives to no man, Phileros, a richer return than to you.

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THE CONFESSIONS

Great art Thou, oh Lord, and highly to be praised; great is Thy goodness and of Thy wisdom there is no numbering. And man, some portion of Thy creation, wishes to praise Thee; and man, bearing around his mortality, bearing around the evidence of his sin and the evidence that Thou dost resist the proud, even yet man, some portion of Thy creation, wishes to praise Thee.

Thou stirrest him so that he delights to praise Thee, because Thou hast made us for Thyself and our heart is restless until it finds rest in Thee.

Give me, Oh Lord, to know and to understand whether I am first to invoke Thee or to praise Thee, and to know Thee first or to invoke Thee.

But who invokes Thee, if he does not know Thee? For if he does not know Thee, he can invoke some other than Thee.

Or art Thou rather invoked that Thou mayest be known? But how will men invoke him in whom they have not trusted? Or how will they trust without a preacher?

And those who seek the Lord will praise Him. For seeking they will find Him, and finding they will praise Him.

I would seek Thee, Oh Lord, invoking Thee; and I would invoke Thee, trusting in Thee; for Thou hast been preached to us.

My faith invokes Thee, oh Lord, my faith that Thou hast given to me, that Thou hast breathed into me through the humanity of Thy son, through the ministry of Thy preacher.

What then art Thou, my God? What, I ask, save the Lord God? For who is Lord except the Lord? Or who is God except our God?

Highest, best, most potent, most omnipotent, most merciful and most just, most hidden and most present, loveliest and strongest, steadfast and incomprehensible, unchangeable, changing all things, never new, never old, renewing all things and leading the proud to age and they know it not, always active, always at rest, gathering and not needing, carrying and filling and protecting, creating and nourishing and completing, searching though Thou lackest for nothing.

Thou dost love and feel no passion; Thou art jealous and untroubled, Thou art penitent and feelest no sorrow; Thou growest

angry, and art tranquil. Thou changest Thy works and dost not change Thy plan. Thou receivest what Thou findest and hast never lost; never needy and Thou rejoicest in gains; never greedy and Thou requirest usury. Thou spendest abundantly that Thou mayest owe; and who has anything that is not Thine? Thou repayest debts, owing no man; Thou forgivest debts, losing nothing.

And what have we said, Oh my God, my life, my holy grace? Or what does anyone say in telling of Thee? And woe to those who are silent since even the eloquent are dumb!

Among them, then at an impressionable age I was studying books of the eloquence in which I wished to shine with the reprehensible and conceited aim that the joys of human vanity induce. And now in the usual course of rhetoric I had reached a book of a certain Cicero whose eloquence almost all admire, but not so his heart.

But that book of the man contains an exhortation to philosophy and is entitled *Hortensius*. Now that book changed my affection and changed towards Thine own self, Oh Lord, my prayers and altered my vows and my desires.

All empty hope suddenly became worthless in my eyes and I began to yearn for the immortality of wisdom with unbelievable fervor of heart; and I had begun to rise in order that I might return to Thee. It was not to improve in eloquence—which I appeared to be purchasing while my mother paid for the tuition when I was in my nineteenth year, my father having died two years earlier—it was not therefore to improve in eloquence that I referred to that book, and it was the contents not the style that had won me over.

How I burned, oh my God, how I burned to fly back from earthly things to Thee, and knew not what Thou wast doing with me. For with Thee is wisdom. Now love of wisdom has a Greek name “*philosophia*,” and it was with this love that that reading inspired me.

And I at that time—Thou knowest, oh light of my heart—found delight in that exhortation in this one thing; that because of that dialogue I was stirred, inflamed and aglow not to love, to seek, to gain, to hold and embrace firmly this sect or that, but wisdom itself whatever it might be.

* * *

And Thou didst send Thy hand from on high and deliver my soul from this deep gloom since my mother, Thy faithful one, poured forth her tears for me to Thee more copiously than mothers weep for physical death.

For in the faith and the spirit which she had from Thee she saw my death, and Thou didst hear her prayer, Oh Lord. Thou didst hear her prayer and didst not despise her tears when they flowed forth and wetted the ground at her feet. Thou didst hear her prayer.

For whence came that dream, with which Thou didst console her so that she allowed me to live with her and to share the same table with her in her home? She had begun to refuse this, shunning and

detesting the blasphemies of my error. For she saw herself standing on a wooden rule and a handsome youth coming towards her, cheerful and smiling at her, whereas she was sorrowing and overcome by grief. And when he had inquired of her the reasons for her sadness and her daily tears, and she had answered that she was weeping because of my ruination, he had bid her be free from worry and had admonished her that she should heed and see that where she was there I was also.

And when she gave heed to this, she saw me standing near her on the same rule. Whence came this save that Thy ears were near her heart?

Oh Thou good omnipotent God who dost care for each one of us as if caring for him alone, and for all as though for each individual.

Then indeed the more ardently I loved those healthful affections of which I used to hear, in that they had given themselves whole to be healed by Thee, the more execrably I hated myself when compared to them.

Since many of my years had now flowed past with me, perhaps twelve, since that time when in my nineteenth year I had read the *Hortensius* of Cicero and had been aroused by enthusiasm for wisdom, despising earthly happiness, I postponed the time when I would be free to search out that wisdom of which not the discovery but even the search alone was now to be preferred even to the discovery of treasures and to the kingdoms of the gentiles and to the bodily pleasures that flow around us at our beck and call.

But I, an unhappy young man, most unhappy, at the very beginning of my young manhood, had even sought chastity of Thee and had said, "Grant me chastity and continence, but not just now." For I was afraid that Thou mightest quickly grant my prayer and quickly heal me of the disease of concupiscence which I preferred to be sated rather than extinguished. And I had gone on crooked paths, in sacrilegious superstition, not to be sure confirmed in this superstition but preferring it to all else that I did not seek in piety of heart.

I lay down beneath a fig tree, somehow or other, and gave my tears free rein, and the floods from my eyes burst forth, an acceptable sacrifice unto Thee. And it was not to be sure with these words but it was with this meaning that I said many things to myself—"And Thou, oh Lord, how long? How long, wilt Thou be angry for ever? Remember not our past iniquities." (For I realized that I was possessed by them; I was uttering piteous cries.) How long? How long? Tomorrow and tomorrow? Why not now? Why not in this hour an end to my shame?

I was speaking these words and was weeping in the bitterest contrition of my heart. And lo! from the house next door I hear the voice of someone chanting, saying and often repeating, a boy's voice or a girl's—I know not which—"Pick up and read. Pick up and read." And immediately my expression changed, and I began to

ponder most intently whether children were accustomed in some kind of game to chant a refrain of this sort; and it did not occur to me that I had anywhere heard of any such. And checking the onrush of my tears I arose, with no other interpretation than that I was divinely ordered to open the book and to read the first chapter that I had come upon.

For I had heard of Antonius that from reading a passage in the gospel that he had chanced upon he had been admonished as if what was read were spoken to him, "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou wilt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me;" and that through such an oracle he had been converted to Thee.

And so in excitement I returned to the place where Alypius was sitting; for it was there that I had placed the book of the Apostle when I had got up from there. I seized it, opened it and read in silence the first chapter that met my eyes: "Not in reveling and drunkenness, not in debauchery and licentiousness, not in quarreling and jealousy. But put on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to gratify its desires."

I did not wish to read further and there was no need. Immediately in fact at the end of this sentence, as though the light of security were shed upon my heart, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.

God tested Abraham and said to him: "Abraham." He answered: "Here am I." He said to him: "Take your son, your only begotten son, Isaac, whom you cherish and go to the land of vision and offer him there as a whole burnt offering upon one of the mountains of which I shall tell you." So Abraham arose in the night, saddled his ass, and took two of his young men with him and his son Isaac; and, when he had cut the faggots for the burnt offering, he went out to the place of which God had told him.

Now on the third day, he lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off, and he said to his young men: "Wait here with the ass; the lad and I will hurry yonder, and, after we have worshipped, we will return to you." And he took the wood of the burnt offering and laid it on Isaac, his son; he himself took in his hands the fire and the knife.

When they were both going together, Isaac said to Abraham: "My father." He answered: "What do you wish, my son?" "Behold," he said, "the fire and the wood; where is the victim for the burnt offering?" Abraham said: "God will provide himself the victim for a burnt offering, my son." So they went both of them together.

They came to the place of which God had told him, where he built an altar and arranged the wood on top. And, when he had bound his son Isaac, he placed him on the altar above the pile of wood. Then he put forth his hand and took the knife to slay his son. And, lo, the angel of the Lord called from heaven, saying: "Abraham! Abraham!" He said: "Here am I." And he said: "Do not lay your hand on the lad or do anything to him, for now I know that you fear God, seeing you have not withheld your son, your only son, from me." And Abraham lifted his eyes and saw behind him a ram caught in the thicket by his horns, and, taking it, he offered it as a burnt offering instead of his son.

He called the name of that place The Lord Provides. Thus to this day it is said: "On the mountain the Lord will provide."

And the angel of the Lord called to Abraham a second time from heaven, saying: "'By myself I have sworn,' says the Lord, 'because you have done this and have not withheld from me your only begotten son, I will bless you and will multiply your descendants as the stars of heaven and the sand which is on the seashore; your descendants shall possess the gates of their enemies and by your descendants all the nations of the world shall be blessed, because you have obeyed my voice.'"

And Moses said to the people: "Fear not; stand firm and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will work for you today. The Egyptians, whom you see now, you shall not see again for all eternity. The Lord will fight for you, and you will be still."

The Lord said to Moses: "Why do you cry to me? Tell the people

of Israel to go forward. Lift up your rod and stretch out your hand over the sea and divide it, that the people of Israel may go on dry ground through the sea. I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians so that they will follow you; and I will be glorified over Pharaoh and all his host, his chariots, and his horsemen. And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord when I have been glorified over Pharaoh and his chariots and his horsemen."

The angel of God, who went before the host of Israel, moved and went behind them; and the pillar of cloud moved from before them and stood behind them, between the host of Egypt and the host of Israel. And there was the cloud and darkness, and the night passed without one coming near the other all night.

And, when Moses had stretched out his hand over the sea, the Lord drove the sea back with a strong and burning wind blowing all night and made it dry land; and the waters were divided. And the children of Israel went through the midst of the sea on dry ground, for the waters were a wall to them on their right hand and on the left. The Egyptians pursued and went in after them, into the midst of the sea, all Pharaoh's horses, his chariots and his horsemen. And in the morning watch, lo, the Lord, in a pillar of fire and of cloud, looking down upon the host of the Egyptians, killed their soldiers and clogged their chariot wheels so that they drove heavily. Therefore the Egyptians said: "Let us flee from Israel, for the Lord is fighting for them against us."

Then the Lord said to Moses: "Stretch out your hand over the sea, that the waters may come back upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots and upon their horsemen." Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to its wonted flow when the morning appeared. The waters came upon the Egyptians in flight, and the Lord enveloped them in the midst of the sea. The waters returned and covered the chariots and horsemen of all Pharaoh's army who had entered the sea in pursuit; not so much as one of them remained.

The children of Israel walked on dry ground through the sea, and for them the waters were a wall on the right and on the left. And on that day the Lord saved Israel from the hands of the Egyptians.

My son, if you receive my word and treasure up my commandments with you so that your ear is attentive to wisdom, incline your heart to understanding. Yes, if you cry out for insight and raise your voice for understanding, if you seek it like silver and search for it as for hidden treasure, then you will understand the fear of the Lord and find the knowledge of God, for the Lord gives wisdom, and from his mouth come knowledge and understanding. He will watch over the well-being of the righteous and protect those who walk in integrity, guarding the paths of justice and preserving the way of the saints. Then you will understand righteousness and judgment and equity and every good path. If wisdom comes into your heart and knowledge is pleas-

ing to your soul, discretion will watch over you, understanding will guard you so that you may be delivered from the way of evil and from the man of perverted speech and from those who forsake the paths of uprightness and walk in the ways of darkness and from those who rejoice in doing evil and take delight in the perverseness of evil and from those whose paths are crooked and their ways infamous.

Go to the ant, O sluggard; consider her ways and learn wisdom. Though she has neither leader nor officer nor chief, she prepares her food in summer and gathers her sustenance in harvest. How long will you lie sleeping, O sluggard? When will you arise from your slumber? You will sleep a little, be drowsy a while, will fold your hands a little to rest; poverty will come upon you like a vagabond and want like an armed man.

There once reigned a very powerful emperor, Jovinian. And once when he had been lying in his bed, his heart was exalted more than can be believed, and he said in his heart, "Is there another god than I?" Thinking this, he fell asleep. But in the morning he rose up, called his knights, and said, "Dear friends, it is good to take food, because today I want to go hunting." Now they were ready to fulfill his wish. Having taken food, they went off to hunt.

Now while the emperor was riding, unbearable heat seized him so that he thought that he would die if he could not bathe in cold water. He looked behind, and in the distance he saw a wide stretch of water. He said to his knights, "Stay here until I come to you." He struck his horse with his spurs and speedily rode to the water. He got down off his horse, took off all his clothes, entered the water, and remained there until he had been completely cooled off.

Now while he waited, there came a certain man, like him in every way, in face, in appearance, and put on the emperor's clothes, mounted his horse and rode to the knights. He was received by all as the emperor's person because they had no suspicion of him, because he was like the emperor in every way. They had their sport, and when their sport was ended he rode back to the palace with the knights.

After this Jovinian came out of the water but could find neither clothes nor horse. He was surprised; he was very distressed because he was naked and saw nobody. He thought to himself, "What shall I do? I am wretchedly attended." At length returning to himself he said, "Here nearby there lives a knight, whom I promoted to knighthood. I shall go to him and, I shall get clothes and a horse; and thus I shall go up to my palace and see how and by whom I have been embarrassed."

Jovinian, completely naked, went alone to the castle of the knight; he knocked on the gate. The keeper asked the reason for the knocking. But he said, "Open the gate and see who I am." The man opened the gate, and when he had seen him, he said, "Who are you?" And the other, "I am Jovinian, the emperor. Go to your master and tell him to send me clothes because by accident I have lost my clothes and horse." The man said, "You are lying, you wretched scoundrel. A little while ago my lord, Emperor Jovinian rode to his palace with his knights, and my master came back and now is sitting at table. But because you call yourself the emperor, I shall announce it to my master." The keeper entered and announced his story to his master. On hearing this he ordered him to be conducted inside. And it was done accordingly. When the knight had seen him, he did not recognize him at all; but the

emperor knew him very well. The knight said to him, "Tell me, who are you and what is your name?" But he said, "I am the emperor, and I am called Jovinian, and I promoted you to knighthood." But he said, "You utter scoundrel, by what boldness are you bold to call yourself emperor? Just now my lord, Emperor Jovinian, rode to his palace with his knights ahead of you, and I had joined him on the way and have come back, you utter scoundrel! True it is that I was made a knight by my lord the emperor. Because you have resorted to such presumption that you called yourself the emperor, you will not escape unpunished." And immediately he had him soundly whipped and afterwards expelled.

Now he, thus flogged and expelled, wept bitterly and said, "Oh my God, what can this mean, that the knight whom I promoted to knighthood does not recognize me and has severely flogged me? Here nearby there is a certain duke, my counsellor. I shall go to him and reveal to him my need. And so I shall be able to be clothed and go to my palace."

Now when he had come to the duke's gate, he knocked. The keeper, hearing the knocking, opened the entrance, and when he had seen the naked man he marvelled and said, "Who are you and why have you come here so completely naked?" But he said, "I ask you, do my business with the duke. I am the emperor and by chance I have lost my clothing and my horse, and on this account I have come to him, so that he may help me in this need." When the keeper had heard his words, he marvelled, went in, and announced to his master that a naked man was at the gate, who said that he was the emperor and asked for admittance. The duke said, "Lead him in quickly so that we may see who it is who presumes to call himself emperor." Now the keeper opened the gate and led him in. The emperor recognized him very well, but the duke did not recognize him at all. The duke said to him, "Who are you?" And he answered, "I am the emperor, and I have promoted you to honors and to your dukedom, and have made you my counsellor among the others." The duke said, "You are mad, poor fellow; a little while ago I went with my lord, the emperor, towards his palace and returned. Because you have claimed such rank for yourself, you will not escape unpunished." He had him imprisoned and supported for some days on bread and water. Then he dragged him out of the prison, had him soundly flogged, and expelled him from his territory.

Having been thus humiliated, he emitted groans and sighs and said to himself, "Woe is me! What shall I do? I have been humiliated. For I am an object of scorn to men. It is better for me to proceed to my palace and my courtiers will recognize me. If they do not, my wife will certainly recognize me by definite proofs."

Alone he approached the palace, completely naked, and knocked on the gate. The keeper heard the knocking and opened the gate.

When he had seen him, he said, "Tell me, who are you?" And he said, "Don't you know me?" But he said, "I certainly do not." He said, "I am surprised at this, because you are wearing my livery." He said, "You lie, because I am wearing the livery of my emperor." And he said, "I am he. By the love of God I ask you to go to the empress and tell her of my arrival, so that she may quickly send me clothes, because I wish to enter the hall. Now if she should not believe your words, tell her that there are definite proofs that no one else knows except us two, so that she may believe you in everything." The keeper said, "I have no doubt that you are mad, because my lord already sits at table, and the empress next to him. However, because you say that you are the emperor, I shall notify the empress; and I am sure that you can be severely punished because of this."

The keeper proceeded to the empress, bowed, and reported everything to her. She, turning to her lord who was sitting next to her, said, "Oh sire, hear an amazing thing. A scoundrel is telling me of the personal proofs that we have often used and says that he is the emperor and my lord." When he had heard this, he himself ordered the keeper to lead him in within sight of all. When he had been led in, completely naked, a dog, that earlier loved him dearly, leapt at his throat to kill him, but was held back by the people. Likewise he used to have a falcon on a perch, and when the falcon saw him, it broke the cord and flew out of the hall. The emperor said to everyone in the hall, "My dear friends, hear my words which I shall speak to this man. Tell me, dear friend, who are you, and why have you come here?" But he said, "Sir, I am emperor of this empire, and lord of this palace, and on that account I have come here to speak to the empress." The emperor said to all who stood around, "Tell me by the oath that you have sworn, which of us is emperor and lord?" But they said, "Oh, sire, this is a strange question. By the oath that we have sworn, we have never seen him, so far as we know, but you are our lord and emperor whom we have had from youth. And on that account we ask that he be punished, so that all may take the example and not venture on such presumption."

Then the emperor, turning to the empress, said, "Tell me, my lady, do you know this man who says that he is the emperor and your lord?" But she said, "Oh sire, why do you ask me such questions? Have I not for more than thirty years been in your company and had children by you? But there is one thing that I wonder at—how that scoundrel managed to know the secrets that we had arranged." That emperor said to him, "Because you have been so bold that you have called yourself emperor, I pronounce sentence that you be dragged today at a horse's tail. And if you dare to make such a claim in future, I shall condemn you to a most shameful death." He called the attendants and instructed them to drag him

at the tail of a horse, in such a way, however that he should not be killed. And it was so done.

After this, indeed, that most unhappy emperor grieved and almost despairing of his life, said to himself. "May the day perish when I was born! My friends have deserted me, and neither my wife nor my children know me." As he said this, he began to think, "Here closeby lives a hermit, my confessor. I shall go to him, he will perhaps recognize me because he has quite often heard my confession." He proceeded to the hermit and knocked at the window of his cell. But he said, "Who is it who is knocking there?" He answered, "I am Jovinian, the emperor. Open the window for me so that I may speak to you." Now when he had heard his voice, he opened the window; and when he had seen him, he at once closed the window with a bang and said, "Depart from me, cursed one! You are not the emperor but a devil in the guise of a man." Hearing this, he fell to the ground in his grief, pulled the hair of his head and his beard and uttered lamentations to heaven and exclaimed, "Woe is me! What shall I do? Woe is me!"

When he said this, he recalled how one night in his bed his heart was lifted up so that he had said, "Is there another god than I?" Again he knocked at the hermit's window and said, "By the love of Him who hung on the cross, hear my confession! At least, even if you should refuse to open the window, still listen with it closed until I have finished." But he said, "It pleases me well." Then he made confession about his whole life, and chiefly how he had exalted himself in defiance of God, when he had said that he did not believe that there was another god than his own self.

After confession and absolution, the hermit now opened his window and immediately recognized him and said, "Blessed be the Most High! Now I recognize you. I have a few clothes here; quickly dress yourself and proceed to your palace. As I hope, all your people will recognize you."

The emperor dressed and proceeded to his palace. He knocked at the gate. The keeper opened the gate and greeted him very respectfully. But he said, "Do you recognize me?" The keeper replied, "Yes, sire, very well. But I am surprised because I have stood here all day, and did not see you go out." Now, he entered the hall and, behold, everyone bowed. But the other lord was in a private room with the empress. A knight came out of the room and, having looked at him closely, returned to the room with these words, "My lord, there is a certain man in the hall, to whom all do honor, who resembles you so much in every way that I have no idea which of you is the emperor." The emperor, hearing this, said to the empress, "Dearest lady, go outside and tell me whether you recognize him, and bring me back word." Now, she went out, and when she had seen him was amazed. She immediately entered the room and said, "Oh, sire, on peril of my life I say only this—I have

no idea which of you is my lord." But he said, "If this is so, I shall go out and find out the truth."

When he had entered the hall, he took him by the hand and made him stand next to him. Then he called to all the nobles standing in the hall with the empress and said, "By the vow that you have taken, say which of us is your emperor." The empress answered first, "Sire, it falls to me to answer first. God in heaven is my witness—I have no idea which of you is my lord." And so said they all. Then he who had come out of the room said, "Hear me. That man is your emperor and lord; for at a certain time he raised himself in defiance of God, and therefore no man recognized him, until he made amends to God. Now, I am his angel, guardian of his soul, who have guarded his empire while he was doing penance. Now the penance is complete and he has made amends for his sins because, as you saw, I had him dragged at the tail of a horse." After these words he said, "Be obedient to him. I commend you to God."

Immediately he vanished from their eyes. But the emperor rendered thanks to God and after this always lived in good peace and surrendered his spirit to God.

THE ASCENT OF MONT VENTOUX

397-402

Petrarch to His Friend Denis

Today, drawn solely by the desire to see the remarkable height of the place, I have climbed the highest mountain of this region, which with good reason they call Ventoux (*i.e.* windy). For many years this hike had been in my mind, for from infancy, as you know—fate shaping men's lives—I have lived in these parts. Moreover this mountain, being seen from every direction far and wide, is almost always in my sight.

But when I thought about a companion—strange to relate—hardly any of my friends seemed completely suitable. Even among dear friends, that intimate harmony in all wishes and ways is rare. One is too sluggish, the other is too alert; one is too slow, the other is too quick; then again, one is too stupid, the other is more knowing than I would like; the silence of one, the presumption of the other, the heaviness and obesity of one, the leanness and weakness of the other scared me off. The chill lack of curiosity of the one, the glowing anticipation of the other advised me against them. These things, though serious, are tolerated at home; for love endures all things, and friendship objects to no burden. But all these become more serious on a journey. At length I turned to resources at home, and revealed the project to my younger brother, my only one, whom you know well. He could not hear of a more delightful project and thanked me because I regarded him as both friend and brother.

On the day we had set, we left home and came to Malaucène towards evening; it is a place in the foothills of the mountain, facing north. There we stayed for a day; and today at last, with one servant each, we climbed the mountain not without great difficulty; for it is a sheer and almost inaccessible mass of rocky land. But the poet has well said, "Toil unrelenting overcomes all obstacles."

The long day, the balmy air, vigor of spirits, strength and dexterity of body, and any other asset favored us as we went. Our only obstacle was the nature of the ground. We came upon a shepherd who had spent his life among the valleys of the mountain and tried to turn us back from the climbing by speaking at length; fifty years earlier with the same rush of youthful enthusiasm he had climbed to the highest peak and had brought back from it nothing but regret, fatigue, body and clothing torn on rocks and brambles; and never before or since had they heard tell of anyone's attempting the like.

As he called out this to us—for the minds of the young do not trust advisers—our eagerness grew with his attempt to discourage us. Accordingly, when he saw that his efforts were wasted, the old man went ahead a little, and with his finger pointed out a steep path among the rocks, from behind us giving and repeating many words of advice to us when we had already left him.

We had left with him the clothing and anything else that could be a hindrance, girded ourselves solely for the climb, and began eagerly to ascend. But, as usually happens, weariness quickly followed a vigorous effort. Not far from there, accordingly, we rested on a rock. Again setting out, we went ahead but more slowly, and I in particular picked my mountain path now at a more moderate pace. And while my brother, by a short cut, in fact, along the ridges of the actual mountain was aiming for the higher parts, I, by an easier way, was turning towards the bottom; and when he tried to call me back and point out a more direct route I answered him that I hoped for an easier approach on the other side and was not afraid of a longer road that gave a gentler approach.

With this excuse I was concealing laziness; and while the others were already up the heights, I was wandering in the valleys while the approach elsewhere was no easier but the distance was increasing and the unnecessary effort was becoming irksome. Meantime when I was already weary and exhausted and disgusted with my confused wandering, I decided to make for the heights. When I had reached my brother—wearied and anxious, while he was waiting, refreshed by a long rest—we went on for some time at the same even pace.

Hardly had we left that hill and behold—again I turn down to the lower parts, and again, wandering through valleys while following an easy stretch of the roads, I fell into a long stretch of difficulties. For I was postponing the troublesome climb, but the human mind cannot change the course of nature, and no physical body can reach the top by going down.

There is a hill, the highest of all, which the woodsmen call “the little son”—why, I know not, but I suspect that it is so called by antiphrasis, as is the case with some other things. For it truly appears the father of all the nearby mountains. And since you have listened to my troubles as I climbed, listen also to the rest, please, father, and give one hour of your time to reading over my one day’s actions.

First of all, deeply stirred by a certain strange quality in the air and by the broader view, I stood like one bewildered. I looked back. There were clouds at my feet. And now Athos and Olympus are less incredible for me as I behold in a mountain of less fame what I had heard and read about them. Then I directed my gaze to the parts of Italy where my mind prefers to turn. The Alps themselves, frozen and snow-covered, through which once passed the famous cruel enemy of the Roman name, breaking the rocks with vinegar, if we believe the report, seemed to me close at hand though actually they are at a considerable distance. I sighed, I confess, for the air of Italy, more evident to my mind than to my eyes; and a longing beyond measure assailed me to see both my friend and my country again.

Then a fresh thought seized my mind and turned me from places to times; for I said to myself, "Today it is ten years since you ended the studies of boyhood and left Bologna and—Immortal God! unchangeable wisdom!—how many, what great changes in your ways this interval of time has witnessed!" I pass over an infinitude of matters, for I am not yet in port so as to view with composure the storms that have gone past.

It was nearly time to leave, for now the sun was declining, and the shadow on the mountain was lengthening. Reminded and, as it were, awakened, I turned back, looking to the West. That boundary between France and Spain, the summit of the Pyrenees, is not seen from there, not through the intervention of any barrier that I know of, but the mere frailty of human sight. But the mountains of the Lyon area to the right, and to the left the straits of Marseilles and the sea that beats against Aigues Mortes were very clearly visible, though several days journey distant. Down below, we gazed at your Rhone river.

While I gazed at these sights, one by one, and thought now some earthly thought, now, by my body's example, turned my mind to higher things, I decided to look into the book of St. Augustine's *Confessions*—the gift of your love—which I keep as a reminder of the author and the giver and always have in my hands, a book small enough to hold in my hand but infinitely appealing. I opened it, intending to read at random, for what could I come upon except what was pious and devotional?

Now, as it happened, the tenth book of that work confronted me. My brother, expecting to hear from my lips some passage from Augustine, was standing there, eager to listen. I call God as my witness, and my brother who was there, that the passage which I first fixed my eyes on was—"And men go to wonder at the heights of the mountains and the mighty waves of the sea and the highest waterfalls and the course of the ocean and the circlings of the stars and neglect their own selves."

I was dumbfounded, I confess, and asking my brother who was eager to listen not to disturb me, I closed the book, angry with myself because even now I was marvelling at earthly things, I who should have learned long ago from pagan philosophers themselves that nothing except the soul is matter for wonder, and if the soul is great nothing else is great.

Then indeed, satisfied that I had seen enough of the mountain, I turned my inward eyes upon myself; and from that hour there was no one who heard me speak until we reached the bottom. Without being aware of the stony path I went back in the dead of night to that little country inn from which I had set out before daybreak, and the moon that shone all night rendered us welcome service as we went.

In the meantime, therefore, while the servants were busy preparing supper, I went alone to a secluded part of the house, to

write this letter to you hurriedly and without forethought, lest, if I should postpone it, my purpose in writing would cool off since perhaps our feelings are altered with a change of scenes. See, then, most affectionate father, how true it is that I want nothing in me hidden from your eyes, for I am revealing to you so carefully not merely my entire life but even my every thought. And therefore please pray that my thoughts, so long straying and uncertain, may become settled and, having shifted over many matters to no purpose, may direct themselves to the one thing that is true, certain, and steadfast. Farewell. May 1st, Malaucène, 1336.

THE STORY OF JOAN OF ARC

404-416

In the meantime, when the fortunes of the French were in almost desperate plight, a sixteen-year old girl named Joan, a poor farmer's daughter in the area of Toul, while she was tending swine, was filled with divine inspiration as her exploits prove. She left her herd and, regarding her mission as more important than her parents, proceeded to the commander of the nearest town, the only one in that district that had remained loyal to the French. She asked for guides to show her the way to the Dauphin.

The commander asked the reason for her journey. She said that she had divine instructions to deliver to him, salutary for him and the kingdom. The commander laughed and scorned her (laughed her off), thinking that she was mad. When she persisted, he tested her out in many ways. There was a delay of several days to see whether the girl would perhaps alter her purpose or whether some unworthy motive might be found in her. But when she was discovered to be steadfast, unswerving, and innocent of any shame, the commander said, "For all I know this is God's will. The kingdom of France has often been saved by divine aid. In our days, too, perhaps something has been ordained in heaven for our deliverance, to be revealed through a woman." Choosing three servants of proven loyalty, he entrusted the girl to them to be conducted to the Dauphin.

The journey was to take almost ten days, and the territory that lay in her path was held either by the enemy or his allies. Dressed in male clothing, the girl surmounted all difficulties unharmed, and approached the Dauphin, who was staying in the territory of the Bituriges. Broken in spirit after having suffered so many reverses, the Dauphin was no longer concerned about defending his kingdom but about finding a place where, freed from cares, he might lead a carefree life. In Spain the power of the king of Castile and León was at its height in that generation, and he was bound to the Dauphin by blood ties and the bond of friendship; he had decided to ask him to assume the responsibility and the crown of the kingdom of France and grant him some nook where he

might safely live in retirement. It was while he was pondering these matters that the girl met him and, on delivering the letter of the commander, sought a hearing.

Alarmed at the strange incident and fearing that he would be deceived, the Dauphin committed the girl for examination to his confessor, the Bishop of Castres, the most learned theologian of the day. When she was questioned about her faith, her answers were in conformity with Christian religion. Examined in morals, she was found virtuous and most honorable. The examination took several days. No pretense, no deceit was found in her, no device of evil art. The only difficulty remained in the question of her dress. Questioned as to why she had put on male clothing which was forbidden for a woman, she answered that she was a girl and for a girl either kind of clothing was appropriate; she had been commissioned by God to wear male clothing since she must also wear male armor.

Having been accredited (authorized) in this way, she was again brought into the presence of the Dauphin. "I have come to you, true king," she said, "at God's bidding, not by my own plan. He commands that you follow me. If you obey, I shall restore your throne to you; and at Rheims I shall very soon place the crown upon your head." The Dauphin said that what was promised was very difficult; that the city of Rheims in which kings were customarily crowned was very distant and was occupied by the enemy, and nowhere was there a safe route open; Orléans, a city that lay along the route, was under siege by the English; that the French had not the strength to aid the unhappy beleaguered citizens, and far less to strive for his coronation.

Undaunted by these words the girl said, "I am making no empty promise. If you trust God, trust me also. I have come as His messenger. I shall provide arms for you from a divine source, and with an invisible sword I shall open the road. Wherever you go, the people will obey, and, moreover, the nobles will follow your standard. And do not think the siege of Orléans an obstacle; I shall before all else raise this siege and give you a free city. Merely entrust to me these knights who are here with you."

The situation was discussed for some time in the Council with conflicting views. Some thought that the girl was out of her mind, others that she was mocked by a devil, others that she was filled with the Holy Spirit, and these related that Bethulia and other cities in the days of old had been saved by women, and said that the kingdom of France, which had often received divine aid, now too could be defended by the maid whom God was sending, and that it was entrusted to the frail sex lest the French, in their arrogant fashion, feel confidence in their own valor; the girl was by no means to be considered mad when her counsels were full of sense. This view prevailed, and they entrusted to the girl the expedition against Orléans.

The leader in war became a woman. Armor was brought to her, horses were led to her. The girl took a rather spirited mount; and, radiant in armor, brandishing a spear, she made the horse leap, run, and turn in circles, just as myths tell of Camilla. When the nobles had observed this, no one was found to despise the girl's leadership. All the highest nobles took up arms and followed with great eagerness the girl who set out on the march when all preparations had been made. Access to Orléans by land was very difficult. The English had blockaded all the roads and at the three gates of the city they had set three camps as barriers, and these they had fortified with ditch and wall. Well aware that the river Loire ran along the walls of the city, the girl loaded ships with grain in a place concealed from view, and embarked with the troops.

She informed the besieged townspeople of her departure and, using the river's swift current and fast oarsmen, she was seen in sight of the town before the enemy realized that she would be coming. The English rallied to arms and, boarding boats, vainly tried to delay the girl's entry. They were routed with heavy casualties. She entered the town, was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm by its citizens, and brought in food of every kind to people on the verge of death by starvation.

Immediately at dawn the following day she made a furious assault upon the camp of the enemy, which blocked the town's main gate. After filling the ditches and tearing down the rampart and wall, she routed the English, and, winning the defenses, she set fire to the towers and ramparts that the enemy had prepared; steadying the courage of the townspeople, she sallied forth at the other gates and repeated her success in the other camps. Since the English forces were divided at several positions and one camp was unable to help another, the siege of Orléans was lifted in this manner and ended once and for all. The enemy, all who had gathered for the siege, suffered such losses that hardly a man survived to report the disaster. And the fame for this exploit was given to the girl alone, although the most valiant and experienced warriors and men who had often commanded troops took part.

Talbot, the most famous among the English leaders, resented this disaster to his troops and the disgrace. He took four thousand horsemen, the élite of all his forces and led them against Orléans, intending to do battle with the girl if she dared to come out to face him, and feeling confident that he would either capture or kill her as she went out the gates. But it turned out far differently. The girl led out her forces; and as soon as she sighted the enemy, raising a loud shout and making a terrifying charge, she broke through the lines of the English among whom there was no one who dared make a stand or show his face. Sudden fear and dread had seized them all. Though they were superior in numbers, they still thought that they would be outnumbered and believed that countless forces were doing battle on the girl's side. And there

were those who thought that angels were fighting on the opposite side, and felt no confidence in victory when fighting against God. The drawn swords fell from their hands; each man threw away shield and helmet to be less encumbered in flight. Talbot's exhortations went unheard and his threats unheeded. A most shameful flight resulted, and they showed only their rear to the girl. She pursued them as they fled and either captured or slew them all with the exception of their leader and a small group. When he saw that his men could not be called back from flight, he escaped the enemy's attack by use of swift horses.

The fame of these events, reported to neighboring peoples and then to those more distant, and becoming ever greater as it travelled, filled the minds of all with amazement. The Dauphin, now trusting the counsels of the girl, whose words had been confirmed by actions, decreed thanksgivings to God in all the churches and made ready to receive the crown. Hearing of the girl's miraculous feats, when they learned that preparations were being made for the rites of coronation, nobles from all over the kingdom took up arms and rallied from all France in their unbelievable eagerness to see the girl. And within a month more than thirty thousand horsemen gathered to fight under the Dauphin at their own expense. He, rejoicing more and more that such large forces of armed men were available, hurried on his way from Bourges where he usually stayed and led the troops into Rheims while the girl in armor rode in front carrying the royal standard. Every town on the route was under the enemy's control; and all the inhabitants, bound by new oaths, had resolved to remain loyal to the English and to treat the Dauphin as an enemy.

But when they learned that he and the girl were close at hand—marvellous to relate—no one met them, armed in opposition, no one closed the gates, no one abused them as they came. Wherever they went, the common people streamed out to meet them, they hailed the Dauphin as their lord, competing among themselves as to how they could welcome their prince with greater honors. When the army had arrived within five miles of Rheims, there was great alarm in the city. Nothing seemed secure for the English; the upper classes were wavering, and the thought of revolt attracted the common people.

Among the English there were some who advised that the holy oil with which the king is anointed be transferred elsewhere so that, if the city were lost, the enemy might not be duly crowned. The French think that long ago a white dove, sent from heaven, brought to Saint Rémi, bishop of this city, the holy oil with which the kings are anointed (with which to anoint the king); and they guard it with the deepest reverence. They do not think that it is diminished, although from Clovis down to these times very many kings have used this oil, and they say that he who has not been anointed with this oil is not truly king. For this reason, although

the English had quite frequently considered removing the oil, they think that the plan was prevented by the divine will.

When near the city, the Dauphin sent heralds to order that the city be surrendered and to proclaim to the people of Rheims his coronation. They delegated prominent citizens to ask for time to consider. The girl orders that no reply be made to the delegates, no delay be made in the time in which God had ordained that all must be done. The Dauphin obeyed the girl, detained the delegates, sent ahead columns of cavalry, and at a swift pace proceeded toward the city.

An amazing fact that posterity will disbelieve: not one was found under arms either at the gate or in the town; in civilian dress the citizens met him outside the walls. Without conditions, without terms, with no objection, the Dauphin entered the open gates. No one protested; no one showed a sign of resentment. All agreed that it was God's doing. As the French entered one gate, the English fled by the other.

A peaceable, quiet city gave its lord a warm welcome and now respected him as a father with amazing affection and the highest honors whom a short time before it despised as an enemy. Around the Dauphin there was a great throng of people offering their respects, a greater throng around the girl whom all regarded as some divine presence. This happened on the Sabbath day, on the day before the feast of St. Mary Magdalene; and on the feast day itself, at the monastery of Saint Rémi, amid a large gathering of the people, while many nobles and prelates stood round, the Dauphin by the tradition of his ancestors was anointed with the holy oil and received the diadem of the kingdom of France, while the people shouted their wishes for long life and victory for King Charles—for this was the Dauphin's name.

The king remained in that city for four days contrary to custom; for it was usual for the kings of France on the day that followed the coronation to visit in pilgrimage a church which has Saint Marchon as guardian, and there heal the sick. The French have made current the miracle that a certain disease originates in the human throat, which is cured only by the king's touch and by certain secret words, and that this occurs after the coronation in this church. The new king did not make his pilgrimage on the appointed day. He was prevented by the ambassadors of the Burgundians who had come to pay their respects and were presenting a proposal for peace. After they had been heard, on the fourth day the pilgrimage was made. I have no definite information about the healing of disease during the pilgrimage, although the French believe that all those things occur miraculously.

After this, the girl went toward Laon with the new king and no resistance was found. There was complete obedience to the king. This was true for all the towns that lay between Paris and Laon, since the people high and low, one and all, streamed out to meet

him with the greatest rejoicing. Hope was also given the king of capturing the city of Paris. But when he had led his forces into that area and no one came to meet him, realizing that he had been disappointed, he withdrew. The girl, however, with a bolder spirit took certain companies and hurried right to the gate that leads to the swine market. This gate she set on fire after a violent assault and had the hope of possessing the city; but as she fought with more courage than caution, and as within the city the most violent resistance was offered, she was wounded by an arrow aimed at random. As soon as she noticed that she was wounded, she withdrew from the battle. Her comrades gave up the assault, and at this point the girl's popularity began to decline; previously believed inviolable, she could, after all, be wounded. From that time on her name was neither so dreaded by the English nor so revered by the French. In a short time her wound was healed, however, and she again returned to the camp. There she handled arms according to her former custom but performed nothing noteworthy.

The king had not withdrawn far from the city, waiting to see whether perhaps they would change their minds and he would be called back. Nothing turned out as he expected. The Duke of Gloucester, who then governed Paris and administered the kingdom for the English, took the greatest precaution that none of the citizens should go out to Charles. But he himself led out his forces and made camp opposite theirs at a distance of about half a mile. The enemy armies watched each other for two days, and although they engaged in certain preliminaries and stratagems of war, yet they did not venture to engage in pitched battle. After that they withdrew almost unscathed, and it was uncertain which side suffered greater disgrace.

The English returned to Paris, the French to Bourges, regaining the allegiance of all the population that lay in their line of march since they had come back by a different route.

When the girl realized that the king was crowned and quite securely established in his power, impatient of inactivity, she resumed hostilities, and took many cities by armed assault, and accepted the surrender of many others; some which were oppressed under siege by the enemy she liberated by swiftly coming to their aid. Finally, when the English were laying siege to the strongly fortified town of Compiègne, she proceeded there with her forces, wishing to aid those under siege. The enemy learned of her approach and prepared to ambush her as she came.

She had to march through vineyards and along narrow roads, and when she had entered these, the enemy attacked her from the rear. The battle was fought bitterly on the limited terrain; but here as the girl was surrounded, was unable to deploy a line of battle, and was fighting under unfavorable conditions with no opportunity of escape, she surrendered. A nobleman, John of Luxemburg, count of Ligny, who was then fighting for the English, led the

girl captive and kept her under guard for some time in one of his strongholds.

Some say that she was taken prisoner in a different way. They relate that Philip, duke of Burgundy, setting out against the enemy who were laying waste Picardy, had been hunting near the Aisne river; that when the girl who was not far away learned of this she hoped to take him by surprise, and selecting six thousand of the cavalry had hurried against the hunters; that Philip, learning of the planned attack, had drawn his men up in line and had engaged in battle with the girl as she approached; that in this battle John had captured her; and that Philip had forbidden that the girl be led to him, for he thought it humiliating to have fought against a woman, even when he was victorious.

However it happened, it is agreed that the girl was captured in war and sold to the English for ten thousand gold pieces, and that she was led to Rouen where she was carefully examined to see whether she employed sorcery or an evil spirit, or whether she had any heretical religious views. Nothing was discovered that called for correction except the male clothing that she wore. Nor did they consider that this called for the supreme penalty. She was remanded to prison, and the death penalty was imposed if she should in the future wear men's clothing. Since she had learned to manage arms and took delight in military training she was tempted by her guards who would bring now a military cloak, now a breastplate, now a cuirass, and other pieces of military equipment into her presence. Unsuspecting, she equipped herself on occasion with male clothing and armor, not knowing that in so doing she was dressing to her death. It is credible that, as long as the girl was alive even though a prisoner, the English believed that they were never very safe, since they had been defeated in so many battles by her; that they feared her escape and magical arts, and that for this reason they sought a pretext for killing her.

When the judges learned that the girl had again taken to male dress, they condemned her to be burned, charging that she had fallen back into wrongdoing. They threw her ashes into the river Seine in order that they should not some day be treated with honor.

Thus Joan died, an amazing, marvellous girl, who restored the kingdom of France when it had collapsed and almost fallen apart; who inflicted so many, such severe defeats on the English; who, appointed to command men, preserved her spotless purity amid the ranks of the soldiers; about whom nothing unbecoming was ever heard. I should find it difficult to state whether it was the work of God or the devising of man.

Some think that when the nobles of France lost confidence in themselves because of the English successes, and one scorned having the other as leader, this crafty device was thought out by someone who was shrewder (than the rest),—that they should assert that the girl had been sent on a divine mission, and grant the

leadership to her at her request; for there was no mortal who refused God as his leader.

This is most definite, that it was the girl under whose leadership the siege of Orléans was raised; by whose arms all the territory was conquered between Bourges and Paris, by whose plan the people of Rheims returned to allegiance and the coronation was celebrated among them; by whose attack Talbot was routed and his army destroyed, by whose daring the gate of Paris was burned; by whose skill and earnest effort the fortunes of France were re-established securely.

It is an achievement that deserved to be recorded, though it is likely to meet with wonder rather than credibility in later generations. Although Charles grieved bitterly at the death of the girl, he did not fail his own cause; he fought many memorable battles by his own efforts and by those of his leaders, not only against the English but also against the Burgundians.

419-442

The Horse-Cheat

A. Good Lord, how solemn our friend Phaëdrus looks, and from time to time gazes heavenward! I'll go up to him. What is up, Phaëdrus?

P. Why do you ask that, Aulus?

A. Because from Phaëdrus¹ you have become Cato, it seems to me, there is such gravity in your expression.

P. No wonder, my friend; I have just confessed my sins.

A. Whew! Now I cease to wonder. But come tell me, have you in good faith confessed everything?

P. Everything that in fact occurred to me, except for just one thing.

A. Why did you keep back this one thing?

P. Because I have not yet been able to regret it.

A. It ought to be a pleasant sin.

P. Whether it is a sin, I do not know; but if you are at leisure, you shall hear it.

A. I shall certainly be glad to hear.

P. You know how much trickery there is in this country among the dealers who sell or hire out horses.

A. I know more than I would like to, as I have been taken in more than once.

P. Recently I had to make a trip, quite long and urgent as well. I went up to one of those, a man whom you would have called least bad of the lot; and I was on a fairly friendly footing with the fellow. I told him that I had important business; that I needed a very strong horse; if ever he had shown himself a good man to me, now let him show it. He promised that he would treat me like his dearest brother.

A. He would probably cheat his brother too.

P. He led me into the stable, ordered me to pick out whichever I wanted of all the horses. Finally one appealed to me more than the rest. He commended my judgment, swearing that this horse had frequently been sought after by many, and that he had preferred to keep it for a special friend rather than make it over to strangers. We agreed on the price. I paid cash. I mounted. The horse capered with surprising spirit as it went out; you would have called it quite frisky, for it was a plump and pretty little creature. Now after I had been riding for an hour and a half, I found that it was simply exhausted and could not be urged on even with the spurs. I had heard that horses of this sort were fattened up by these fellows to cheat people—horses that from their appearance you would judge unusually good, but utterly incapable of exertion. I immediately thought to myself, "I have been cheated. Come, let me give him some of his own medicine when I get back home."

¹ Phaëdrus: the name in Greek means *bright, joyful*.

A. What plan did you adopt, a horseless rider?

P. What chance offered. I turned off to the nearest village; I secretly left the horse there with a man I knew, and hired another. I set out for my destination. I came back, returned the hired horse, found my own nag, just as it was, plump and nicely rested. Riding on it, I came back to the swindler. I asked him to feed it for a few days in his stable until I called for it again. He asked me how well it had carried me. I swore indeed by all that is holy that never in my life had I mounted a finer horse; it did not trot, but flew, and in so long a journey it had not once felt tired, nor did it become one whit leaner for its exertion. After I had convinced him that this was true, he silently began to think to himself that that horse was different from what he had until then suspected. Accordingly before I could leave, he asked whether my horse was for sale. I said no at first; because if I had to go on a trip again, it would not be easy to get another like it; however, nothing was so precious to me that it was not for sale at a generous price, even if someone wanted to buy my own self, I said.

A. Well, you played the Cretan nicely with the Cretan.

P. To be brief. He did not let me go until I had quoted him a price for the horse. I quoted a price considerably higher than I had paid. Shortly after I left the man, I secretly arranged for someone to play a part for me in this play, and he was nicely trained and coached. As he entered the house, he called out loudly for the horsedealer; he said that he needed a really good horse and particularly long-winded. The other displays many; and the worse the horse, the more he praises it. The only thing he did not praise was the one that he had sold to me since he really believed that it was as I had boasted it to be. But the other immediately asked him whether that one too was for sale; for I had described to him the shape of the horse, and had indicated its stall. The horsedealer kept quiet at first and praised others, being eager to make a sale. Since, no matter how much the others were extolled, my man kept coming back to that one horse, at last the dealer said to himself, "Clearly I was wrong in my judgment about that horse, if this stranger indeed immediately picked it out among the others." Since my man kept pressing him, at last, "It is for sale," said he, "but perhaps you will be scared off by the price." "A price is not high," said the other, "if the article is worth it. Name a figure." He named a figure considerably higher than I had named to him, grasping at profit here too. At last they agreed on a price; a fairly large down payment was given, in fact a gold sovereign, so that no suspicion of a sham purchase would arise. The buyer ordered the horse to be given fodder, said he would return shortly, and also gave the groom a tip. As soon as I learned that the deal was firm so that it could not be annulled, again equipped with greaves and spurs, I went back to the horsedealer. I was panting for breath as I shouted for him. He came and asked me what I wanted. "Have my horse saddled immediately," I said, "for I have to leave at once on very

urgent business." "But," said he, "just now you instructed me to feed your horse for several days." "True," I said, "but a mission has unexpectedly come up, a royal mission, which tolerates no delay." Then he said, "You will choose what horse you will of them all; you cannot have your own." I asked why I could not. "Because it has been sold," said he. Then, pretending to be deeply disturbed, "Heaven forbid," said I, "that what you say be true. With this journey ahead of me, I would not sell that horse even if someone paid me four times over." I began to make a row and shouted that I was a ruined man. At length he became heated too. "What need is there," said he, "of this quarreling? You named your price. I sold the horse. If I pay you the price, you have no case against me. There are laws in this city. You cannot force me to produce the horse." After I had protested for a long time that he should produce either the horse or the buyer, finally he angrily paid the price. (I had paid originally 15 gold pieces, I had quoted him a price of 26, and he had quoted 32.) He thought to himself, "It is better to make this profit than give back the horse." I left, pretending to be disgruntled and hardly mollified even when the money was given me. He asked me to take it in good part, and said that he would make up for this inconvenience in other ways. So the cheater was cheated. He has a worthless horse. He is waiting for the man who made the down payment to come and pay him money. But no one is coming or will ever come.

A. In the meantime has he never protested to you?

P. With what nerve or by what right would he do this? He has, to be sure, met me several times, and he has complained about the buyer's bad faith. But I have on my own protested to the man, saying that he had this coming to him, since he robbed me of such a horse by too hasty a sale. This is so well planned a crime, to my way of thinking, that I cannot bring myself to confess it.

A. I would call for a statue to myself if I had planned anything of this sort; so far would I be from confessing it.

P. Whether you are sincere in saying this, I do not know; but you encourage me to be all the more pleased at hoodwinking fellows of this sort.

The Shipwreck

An. It is a dreadful story that you are telling. Is that what you mean by sailing? Heaven forbid that anything of the sort ever enter my mind!

Ad. Why, what I have told so far is a mere trifle compared to what you are now going to hear.

An. I have already heard more than enough miseries. I shudder at your story as though I were personally facing the danger.

Ad. On the contrary, hardships when past are a pleasant memory. That night something happened which to a great extent robbed the skipper of hope.

An. Tell me, please, what was it?

Ad. The night was dim, and on the mast top one of the sailors was standing in the crow's nest (this, I think, is the name they give it) looking around if he could sight any land. A fiery ball began to stay at his side; this is a very ominous sign for sailors if ever it is a single fire; a happy one when there are two. Antiquity believed that these were Castor and Pollux.

An. What connection have they with sailors, when one of them was a horseman, the other a boxer?

Ad. That was the poets' view. The skipper who was sitting at the helm said, "Mate" (for this is the word with which sailors address one another), "do you see the company protecting your flank?" "I do," said he, "and I pray that it be a good sign." Soon the ball of fire slid down the riggings and rolled down right to the skipper.

An. Was he scared to death?

Ad. Sailors are used to strange things. It stopped there a while, rolled along the edges of the entire ship, and then, sliding off through the middle hatches, it vanished. Towards noon the weather began to stiffen more and more. Have you ever seen the Alps?

An. I have.

Ad. Those mountains are warts, compared to the waves of the sea. Every time we were tossed high, you might have touched the moon with your finger; every time we were let down, we thought that the earth was gaping open and we were going straight to Tartarus.

An. What madmen to trust the sea!

Ad. When the sailors were vainly struggling against the storm, the skipper at last approached us, pale as a sheet.

An. This pallor forebodes some great ill.

Ad. "Friends," said he, "I have ceased to be master of my ship; the winds have conquered. The only thing left is for us to put our hope in God and for each to prepare for the end."

An. A truly Scythian speech.

Ad. "But above all," said he, "the ship must be lightened; necessity, a stern weapon, so ordains: it is better to save life at the sacrifice of goods than to perish along with our goods." Truth persuaded us. Numerous chests full of costly wares were flung into the sea.

An. This was really making sacrifice!

Ad. An Italian was there, who had served as ambassador at the court of the king of Scotland. He had a trunk filled with silver vases, rings, cloth and silk clothes.

An. He didn't want to settle with the sea?

Ad. No. He wanted either to perish with his dear possessions or to share his safety with them. So he began to refuse.

An. What did the skipper do?

Ad. "For all we care," he said, "you might perish by yourself with your things; but it is not fair for all of us to be in danger

because of your trunk. Otherwise we shall pitch you into the sea along with your trunk."

An. Spoken like a tar!

Ad. So the Italian too made his sacrifice with many curses to both gods in heaven and hell for having trusted his life to so wild an element.

An. I recognize the Italian note.

Ad. A little later the winds, rendered no gentler by our gifts, broke the riggings and rent the sails.

An. What a calamity!

Ad. At that point the sailor again approached us.

An. To make a speech?

Ad. He saluted. "Friends," said he, "the time urges each one to commend himself to God and prepare for death." Questioned by some who were not unversed in seamanship as to how long he thought that he could keep the ship afloat, he said that he could make no promises, but could not do so for more than three hours.

An. This speech was even more severe than the earlier one.

Ad. Saying this, he ordered all the riggings to be cut, and the mast to be sawed off right to the socket in which it was set, and to be rolled into the sea along with the yardarms.

An. Why was this?

Ad. Because it was a hindrance rather than a help when the sail was lost or tattered. All our hope was in the rudder.

An. How about the passengers in the meantime?

Ad. There you would have seen an unhappy state of affairs. Some fell prone upon the planks and worshipped the sea, pouring upon the waves whatever oil there was, flattering it just as we are wont to do with an angry prince. Some did nothing but vomit; a great many registered vows.

An. Did nobody remember Christopher?

Ad. I heard one—and I couldn't help laughing—who in a loud voice so that he would be heard promised Christopher, who is in Paris at the top of the temple (really a mountain more than a statue), a wax candle as big as he himself was. When he was shouting this as loudly as he could and repeatedly emphasized it, a man who knew him and happened to be standing next to him nudged him with his elbow and cautioned him, "Watch what you are promising; even if you were to auction off everything that you have, you would not be able to pay for it." Then the fellow said, his voice now lowered so that of course Christopher would not overhear, "Shut up, you fool; do you think I mean what I say? If I once touch land, I do not intend to give him a tallow candle."

An. The stupid dolt! I suspect that he was a Batavian.

Ad. No, but he was from Zeeland.

An. I am surprised that nobody thought of the Apostle Paul, who once voyaged himself and when his ship was wrecked leapt ashore. For he was not unversed in misfortune and learned to help the unfortunate.

Ad. Of Paul there was no mention.

An. In the meantime they were praying?

Ad. In competition. One was chanting "Hail, Queen," another, "I believe in God." There were some who had their own special little prayers, not unlike incantations, to ward off dangers.

An. How affliction makes men religious! In good times no thought of God or of any saint occurs to us. What were you doing in the meantime?

Ad. I approached the Father himself directly, saying, "Our Father, Who art in heaven." No divine power hears more quickly than He or more readily grants what is sought.

An. But did not your conscience protest in the meantime? Were you not afraid to address the Father whom you had offended by so many crimes?

Ad. To be frank, my conscience deterred me somewhat. But soon I regained courage with this thought, "No father is so angry with his son that, if he sees him in danger in torrent or in lake, he will not grasp him by the hair and drag him to the shore." Among them all nobody behaved more calmly than a woman who was holding at her bosom a little baby that she was nursing.

An. What about her?

Ad. She alone neither shouted nor wept nor made promises. She merely embraced her child and silently prayed. Meanwhile as the ship was repeatedly being pounded in the shallow waters, the skipper, being afraid that it would be loosened everywhere, girded it with ropes fore and aft.

An. A weak protection!

Ad. Meanwhile an old priest got up, a man of sixty; Adam was his name. Casting off his clothes right to his underwear, casting off leggings and shoes too, he bade us all prepare in the same way for swimming. And standing like that amidships, he gave us a sermon from Gerson on the five truths about the usefulness of confession. He exhorted each and everyone to make ready for either life or death.

An. What did you do?

Ad. When I saw that there was confusion everywhere, I silently made confession to God, condemning before Him my unrighteousness and entreating His mercy.

An. Expecting to go where if you had thus died?

Ad. This I left to God as my judge, for I did not want to be judge in my own case; yet in the meantime I felt somewhat optimistic. While this was happening, the captain, weeping, came back to us. "Let everybody be ready," he said, "for the ship will be of no use to us after a quarter of an hour." For it was already sprung in some places and was shipping water. A little later the captain reported to us that he saw a church tower in the distance. Meantime, as best he could, the captain steered the ship in that direction, battered as it was, taking in water everywhere and obviously about to break up if it had not been undergirded with ropes.

An. A hard situation.

Ad. We were carried to a point where the people of that place saw us in our danger. Crowds of them ran down to the edge of the shore; by lifting clothes and hoisting caps on poles, they beckoned us towards them, and raising their arms to heaven they showed that they lamented our sad lot.

An. I am eager to know what happened.

Ad. The sea had now claimed the entire ship so that we were likely to be no safer on board than in the sea. The sailors bailed out a boat and lowered it into the water. Everybody tried to jump into it, and in the great confusion the sailors protested that the boat could not hold so large a crowd, and that each should seize whatever he could and try to swim. Our plight did not allow deliberation. One seized an oar, another a pole, another a tub, another a bucket, another a plank; and, each relying on his own means of safety, they committed themselves to the waves.

An. What happened in the meantime to that poor woman, the only person who was not wailing?

Ad. She was the first of all to reach the shore.

An. How could she?

Ad. We had placed her on a curved plank and fastened her in such a way that she could not easily fall off. We put a small board in her hand that she could use as an oar; and with a fervent prayer we exposed her to the waves, with a pole pushing her away from the ship, which was a source of danger. In her left arm she held her baby, and with her right she paddled.

An. She was a heroine.

Ad. When there was now nothing left, one man wrenched away a wooden statue of the Virgin mother, and embracing this he began to swim.

An. Did the boat arrive safely?

Ad. They were first to perish. Besides thirty had flung themselves into it.

An. By what ill-fate did this occur?

Ad. Before it could get away from the large vessel, it was overturned by its lurching motion.

An. What bad luck! What happened next?

Ad. Looking after others, I came near to losing my life.

An. How?

Ad. There was nothing left to swim with.

An. Cork would have been useful then.

Ad. In that crisis I would have preferred cheap cork to a golden candlestick. While I was looking around I suddenly thought of the bottom part of the mast. Since I could not take it out alone, I recruited a helper. We leaned on this and both committed ourselves to the sea; I had the right side, and he the left. While we were being tossed about in this manner, the priest, the preacher on the ship, flung himself right on our shoulders. He was a big person, too. We shouted out, "Who is this third man? He will sink us all."

But he said calmly, "Don't worry; there is room enough. God will help us."

An. Why was he so late in starting to swim?

Ad. Well, he would have been in the boat; for everyone assigned him the place of honor. The boat sank meanwhile.

An. Go ahead and tell me about yourself.

Ad. While we were still tossing near the ship, which was tossing this way and that at the mercy of the waves, the rudder struck and broke the thigh of the man who was holding the left. So he was forced off. The priest, who prayed for his eternal rest, took his place, urging me to guard my side with great courage and work my legs vigorously. In the meantime we were swallowing a great deal of salt water. Neptune indeed had provided not merely a salt bath but a salt potion as well. But the priest showed me a remedy for this.

An. Please tell me.

Ad. Whenever a wave struck us, he closed his mouth and turned the back of his head to it.

An. He was an energetic old man.

Ad. When we had been swimming this way for some time and made some progress, the priest, since he was unusually tall, said, "Be of good cheer; I feel bottom." Not daring to hope for such good fortune, I said, "We're too far from shore to hope for bottom." "No," said he, "I feel land with my feet." "Maybe," said I, "it is one of the boxes that the sea rolled this way." "No," he said, "from the scraping of my toes I clearly am touching bottom." When we had been swimming still for quite some time and he again felt bottom, he said, "You do what you think best; I am leaving you the whole mast, and I am trusting myself on the bottom." And so saying, he waited for the ebbing of the waves and ran on foot as fast as he could. When the waves came up again, he clasped both knees with both his hands and braced himself against the flood, dipping under the waves as seagulls and ducks usually do. When the wave again receded, he sprang up and ran. Seeing that he managed this, I followed his example. There were people standing on the beach. They held out very long poles from one person to the next and supported themselves against the force of the waves—strong men, accustomed to the waves—in such a way that the man at the end held out a pole to a swimmer. When the swimmer grasped this pole, they all moved back towards the shore, and he was dragged to safety on dry land. By this aid a number were saved.

An. How many?

Ad. Seven; but of these, two were spent by the warmth when brought near a fire.

An. How many were there on the ship?

Ad. Fifty-eight.

An. Oh cruel sea! Did it return so few in such a large number?

Ad. We found the people there unbelievably kind, with amazing eagerness providing us with everything—shelter, fire, food, clothing and travel money.

An. Who were the people?

Ad. The Dutch.

An. There are none kinder, though they are surrounded by uncivilized peoples. After this, I imagine, you won't seek out Neptune again.

Ad. No, not unless God robs me of my sanity.

An. And I myself would prefer hearing such stories to the experience.

Inns

B. Why is it that most people have liked the idea of staying a day or two at Lyons? When I have once started on a journey, I don't rest until I have reached my destination.

W. Well, I'm surprised that anyone can be torn away from there.

G. Why, how is that?

W. Because there is a place there that the comrades of Ulysses couldn't be torn away from; the Sirens are there. Nobody is better treated in his own home than in an inn there.

G. What happens?

W. There was always some woman standing near the table to brighten the meal with jokes and quips. And the women there are amazingly attractive. First of all, the mother of the household would come up and greet us, bidding us be of good cheer and make the best of what was served. Next came her daughter, an attractive woman with such light-hearted ways and words that she could gladden even a Cato. And they chat with the guests not as strangers but as if they had been old friends.

B. I recognize the courtesy of the French nation.

G. Now since they could not be there all the time because there were household chores to do and other guests to greet also, a young girl would stand by, ready for all jokes; she alone was quite capable of parrying the sallies of everyone. She kept the conversation going until the daughter came back; for the mother was fairly old.

B. But what, after all, was the food like? For it is not with stories that a belly is filled.

G. Really first class, so that I marvel that they could put guests up so cheaply. Again, when the meal is over, they feed a guest with amusing stories so that no boredom may steal upon him. I thought that I was at home, not abroad.

B. How about the bedrooms?

G. There were some girls there everywhere, laughing, frolicking, playing. On their own they asked whether we had any dirty clothes, washed them, and returned them laundered. In short, it was only girls and women we saw there, except in the stable, though they frequently burst in here too. They embrace the parting guests and send them on their way with such affection as if all were brothers or close relatives.

B. Maybe those ways become the French; as for me, the German ways are appealing as being more masculine.

G. It has never been my lot to see Germany, and therefore please be so kind as to tell me how they welcome guests.

B. I don't know whether there is the same manner of treatment everywhere; I shall relate what I have seen. Nobody welcomes the newcomer, lest they appear to solicit guests. For they consider this low and degrading and unbecoming to German stolidity. When you have been shouting for a long time, someone at last pokes his head out the little window of the stove room (for they usually live in these up to the summer solstice) just like a tortoise looking out of his shell. He has to be asked whether you are allowed to put up there. If he doesn't shake his head, you realize that a place is granted you. When people ask where the stable is, he indicates it with a wave of his hand. There you may look after your horse in your own way. For no servant moves a finger to help. If the inn is rather crowded, a servant there shows the stable and a place too, anything but suitable for a horse; for they keep the better places for those coming later, for nobles especially. If you should raise any objection, you are immediately told, "If you don't like it, look for another inn." In the towns they are reluctant and stingy about providing hay and sell it for not much less than oats themselves. When your horse has been looked after, you move along just as you are into the stove room, with leggings, luggage, and mud; for this is the one common room, serving everybody.

G. With the French they show bedrooms where people may undress, clean up, get warm, or even rest if they so desire.

B. There is nothing like that here. It is in the stove room that you take off your leggings, put on shoes, change underwear if you wish, hang up next to the stove your clothes soaked with rain, and move there yourself to get dried out. There is water available too, if you should wish to wash your hands, but usually it is so clean that afterwards you have to look for more water to wash that water off with.

G. I commend the heroes enervated by no squeamishness.

B. But even though you have stopped at 4 P. M., you won't have dinner before nine, sometimes even ten o'clock.

G. Why is that?

B. They don't get a meal ready until they see everybody, so that all may be served in the same operation.

G. They are looking for the short cut.

B. Right you are. And so frequently there gather eighty or ninety in the same stove room, travelers on foot, riders, business men, sailors, carters, farmers, children, women, the sound and the sick.

G. That's really communal life.

B. One man combs his hair there, another wipes off the sweat, another is cleaning rawhide boots or leggings, another is belching garlic. In short, there is no less turmoil of tongues and persons than of yore in the Tower of Babel. Now if they have seen some foreigner who betrays some distinction by his appearance, they all concentrate on him with fixed gaze, viewing him as though some strange species of animal had been brought in from Africa, so much so that, after they have taken their places at table, they turn back to look and continue to watch without taking their eyes off him, and are oblivious of food.

G. In Rome, Paris and Venice nobody is surprised at anything.

B. It would be wrong in the meantime for you to ask for anything. When it is already late in the evening and they expect no new arrivals, a servant comes out, an old man with a gray beard, shorn head, grim expression and shabby clothing. He casts a glance around and silently counts up how many there are in the stove room. The more people he sees there, the more vigorously the fire is stoked, even if otherwise the sun is oppressive from the heat. With them this is the important thing in good treatment: to have sweat streaming off everyone. If somebody, not being used to the hot air, should open the window a crack to escape being suffocated, he is immediately told, "Shut it." If you should answer, "I can't stand it," you are told, "Then, look for another inn."

G. Still it seems to me that there is nothing more dangerous than for so many to be breathing the same hot air, especially when they are relaxed physically, and then eat food, staying there for several hours.

B. They are tough *hombres*; they laugh at that and think nothing of it.

G. But meantime they are tough at the risk of many people.

B. What would you have? They are used to this, and it is a sign of a resolute heart not to depart from custom. But listen to the rest. Later our bearded Ganymede returns and spreads with tablecloths the number of tables that he reckons adequate for that number. But the cloths, good Lord! are anything but Milesian linen: you would say they were hempen, taken off the yardarms. He has assigned a minimum of eight guests to each table. Now those who are familiar with the native custom take their places where each pleases. For there is no distinction between poor and rich, master and servant.

G. This is the famous old equality, which tyranny has now removed from our lives. This, I think, is the way Christ lived with his disciples.

B. When all have taken their places, our grim Ganymede comes out again, and once more he counts over his bands of comrades. A little later he returns and sets out for each individual

a wooden platter and a spoon made of the same silver, and then a glass cup; and bread somewhat later; each polishes this off at his leisure while the porridge is being cooked. In this way you sometimes sit for about an hour.

G. Meantime none of the guests clamors for food?

B. None who knows the temperament of the district. At last wine is served, good God! anything but mellow! Sophists ought to drink nothing else; it is so sharp and pungent. But if some guest, even offering money privately, were to ask that some kind of wine be provided from elsewhere, at first they pretend not to notice but looking as if they would slay him. If you were to press, they answer, "Here so many counts and marquises have stayed, and none of them has ever complained about my wine. If you don't like it, look for another inn for yourself." At last our bearded friend or the innkeeper himself, in dress little different from the servants, comes out. He asks whether we want something. Shortly a somewhat nobler wine is brought in. They admire those who drink rather copiously although the man who has drunk most wine pays no more than he who has drunk least.

G. A surprising talent in the people.

B. But before I end this banquet, it is amazing what a din and hubbub of voices there is there when everybody has begun to grow heated with the drinking. In short, everyone's deaf. Often fake jesters join in, and though no other class of men is more detestable, you would hardly believe what delight the Germans take in them. With their singing, chattering, shouting, dancing and pounding they make it seem that the stove room will collapse; and the result is that no one hears anyone else speaking. But in the meantime they think that they have a pleasant life; and there you have to sit it out willy-nilly until late at night.

G. Now at last finish off your banquet, for I too am getting fed up with it when it is so long drawn out.

B. I shall do so. When the cheese is finally removed (and it is hard for them to like it unless it is rotten and crawling with worms), out comes our bearded friend, carrying with him a food platter on which he has drawn with chalk some circles and semi-circles. He puts this down on the table without speaking a word in the meantime and with a glum expression; you would say that he was a version of Charon. Those who recognize the picture put down money, one after the other, until the platter is filled. Then, having noted who laid down their money, he counts it out in silence. If nothing should be missing, he nods his head.

G. What if there should be any extra?

B. Perhaps he would return it, and sometimes they do this.

G. Nobody protests the unfair system?

B. Nobody with any sense. For he would immediately hear, "Who do you think you are? You will pay no more than others."

G. It is a free kind of people that you tell me of.

B. Now if anyone is weary after travelling and soon after his

supper would want to go to bed, he is ordered to wait until the others also go to bed.

G. I think I see Plato's *Republic*.

B. Then each is shown his own nook, and it is literally a bedroom, for there are only beds there and nothing else that you can use or steal.

G. Things are clean there?

B. Just as clean as at the banquet; bed sheets that may have been washed six months earlier.

G. What is done about the horses in the meantime?

B. They get the same treatment as humans.

G. But is it the same manner of treatment everywhere?

B. In some places it is more civil, in others rougher than I have described. But generally it is like this.

G. What if I were now to tell you how guests are treated in that part of Italy which they call Lombardy, again in Spain, and then in England and in Wales. For the English have customs that are partly French and partly German, as they combine strains of both. The Welsh claim that they are the aboriginal English.

B. Please tell me, for as it happens I have never been near these peoples.

G. At the moment I do not have time. For the sailor ordered me to appear by 3 P. M. if I did not want to be left behind; and he has my bit of luggage. Some other time there will be an opportunity to chat as much as we like.

MENAECHMI

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Act 1

MEN. Every time I want to go outdoors, you hold me back, call me back, keep asking where I am going, what I am doing, what business I have, what I am up to, what I am carrying, what I have done outdoors. And so that you won't waste your efforts in watching me, for your pains I shall go to a girl friend's today and have dinner at her house. (to the audience) Nice work! By taunting her I have at last chased my wife away from the door. Where are the husband lovers? Why are they all slow about collecting gifts for me, congratulating me because I have fought a good fight? This robe I have stolen from my wife inside; I am carrying it to my girl friend.

PEN. Hello, young man! Is there any share in that booty for me?

MEN. I am lost! I have fallen into an ambush.

PEN. No, no, a convoy. Don't worry.

MEN. Who is it?

PEN. It is I, Peniculus. Good day.

MEN. Good day. What do you do?

PEN. I clasp my genius with the right.

MEN. Oh my Timeliness, you could not come at a better time than now.

PEN. That's a habit with me. I know timeliness all to pieces.
What is this rig about?

MEN. Say what a smart fellow I am.

PEN. Where do we plan to eat?

MEN. Just say what I bid you.

PEN. Here I go, "What a smart fellow."

MEN. Do you care to add anything on your own?

PEN. Yes, and a very gay dog.

MEN. Continue.

PEN. No, by Hercules, not unless I know what for.

MEN. Move over this way from the door.

PEN. There you are.

MEN. Over still farther this way.

PEN. O. K.

MEN. Now, then, take a sniff of this robe that I have. What does it smell of?

PEN. There's a smell of theft, girl friend, lunch.

MEN. Right you are. Now it will be given to my girl friend here, Erotium. For me, for you, and for her I shall now order lunch to be got ready.

PEN. Nice work! Now do I hit the doors? Shall I pound?

MEN. Wait, wait, by Hercules, please. She herself—here she is coming out. Oh, do you notice the sun, how it has been thrown in shade by the radiance of this body?

ER. Sweetheart, Menaechmus, good day.

PEN. Where do I fit in?

ER. You don't. Scram.

MEN. How I really hate my wife, sweetheart, when I look at you.

ER. What's this?

MEN. Spoils from my wife for you to wear, my rose. Hold this, Peniculus. Take this robe for yourself since you are the only woman living who understands my ways.

ER. This is positive thinking for good lovers.

MEN. Do you know what I want you to see to?

ER. I do. I shall see to what you want.

MEN. Well then, order lunch to be got ready for us three at your place.

ER. I will indeed, by Castor.

MEN. We are going ahead to the forum. We shall be here directly. While lunch is being cooked, we shall take a drink meanwhile.

ER. Come whenever you like. It will be ready.

MEN. Just be sly. You, follow me.

PEN. By Hercules I'll guard and follow you; I won't lose you today.

ER. Call Culindrus, the cook, outdoors to me immediately.

Culindrus, take a basket and money. Here you are, you have 3 nummi (= 6 drachmae).

CUL. I have them.

ER. Off you go to buy provisions. See what is enough for three.

CUL. Who will the guests be?

ER. Menaechmus, his parasite, and I.

CUL. That already makes ten; for a parasite easily serves as eight.

ER. I have told you the guests. See to the rest.

CUL. O.K. It's as good as cooked. Tell them to go and take their places.

ER. Come back quickly.

CUL. I'll be here directly.

Act 2

MEN. S. There is no greater pleasure for sailors, to my way of thinking, Messenio, than when you sight land out on the deep.

MESS. It would be greater if, when you arrive, you saw a land to call your own. Now why, please, have we come to Epidamnus, Menaechmus?

MEN. S. To look for my twin brother.

MESS. It is six years now, that we have been looking for him. We have sailed around the Istrians, the Spanish, the Massilians, the Illyrians, all the Adriatic, Magna Graecia, and all the Italian coasts. We keep looking for a dead man among the living; for we would have found him long ago now if he were living.

MEN. S. When I know that my brother is dead, I shall stop searching. I alone know how dear he is to my heart.

CUL. I have shopped well. I shall set a good lunch for the lunchers. But here he is, it is Menaechmus I see! Oh my poor back! The guests are strolling in front of the house before I get back from marketing. I'll go up and speak to them. Menaechmus, good day.

MEN. S. Thanks for the greeting, whoever you are.

CUL. Whoever I am! Don't you know who I am?

MEN. S. No, by Hercules, I do not.

CUL. Where are the other guests?

MEN. S. What guests are you looking for?

CUL. Your parasite.

MEN. S. My parasite! Surely this man is mad. I know surely that you are mad, bothering me a stranger, whoever you are.

CUL. I am Culindrus. You don't know my name?

MEN. S. I don't know you, and don't want to know you.

CUL. Your name is Menaechmus.

MEN. S. You speak like a sane person when you call me by name. But how do you know me?

CUL. How do I know you, when as your friend you have my mistress, Erotium, here?

MEN. S. I have not and I do not know who you are.

CUL. He has the habit of often joking with me that way. He is ever so funny when his wife is not present. What do you say?

MEN. S. What do you want, I say?

CUL. This that you see, is it enough food for you three, you, the parasite and the woman?

MEN. S. What women, what parasites are you talking about?

MESS. What crime drives you to bother this man?

CUL. What is your business with me? I don't know you. I am talking to this man whom I know?

MESS. By Pollux, you are not sane, I do know that.

CUL. This will be cooked directly. So don't go off anywhere too far from the house. Any thing else? I'll go inside and tell Erotium that you are standing here.

MEN. S. Has he gone off? He has. But I wonder how he knows my name.

MESS. Small wonder, by Hercules. Those women have this custom. They send their slaves to the harbor, if any foreign ship puts in. They ask around where it's from, what its name is. Later they at once fasten and glue themselves on. I certainly think that we should be on guard.

MEN. S. By Hercules, that is really good advice you give. But be quiet a moment; for the door creaked. Let us see who comes out from here.

ER. Leave the doors this way. Off you go. I don't want the doors closed. Inside make ready; see to things. See that what should be is done. Spread the couches. But where is that man? The cook said that he was in front of the house. Dear heart, it surprises me that you stand here at the doors when the doors are always open to you. Everything is ready just as you ordered and wanted. The lunch, as you ordered, is ready here. When you wish, you may take your place.

MEN. S. To whom is this woman speaking?

MESS. To you, of course.

MEN. S. What dealings had I ever or have I now with you?

ER. Because, by Pollux, it is you alone of all men Venus wanted me to love.

MEN. S. Of course, this woman is either mad or drunk, Messenio, addressing me, a stranger, in so familiar a fashion.

MESS. Didn't I tell you that such things usually happen here? Let me talk to her. See here, woman, I'm talking to you.

ER. Well?

MESS. Where do you know this man?

ER. In the same place as he has now long known me, here in Epidamnus.

MESS. Here in Epidamnus! He has never set foot inside here in this city until today!

ER. Ho, ho! You're joking! My dear Menaechmus, please, why don't you go inside?

MEN. S. Why, this woman, by Pollux, calls me correctly by my name. I wonder what all this is.

MESS. She has smelled that purse you have.

MEN. S. By Pollux, it was good that you reminded me. Here, take this. Now I'll know whether she loves me or the purse more.

ER. Let us go inside to have lunch.

MEN. S. You are good to invite me. No, thanks.

ER. Why, then, did you order me to cook lunch for you?

MEN. S. Did I order you to cook lunch?

ER. Certainly, for you and your parasite.

MEN. S. For what parasite?

ER. Peniculus.

MEN. S. Who is this Peniculus?

ER. The one who came with you just now, when you presented me with the robe that you filched from your wife.

MEN. S. What's this? I gave you a robe that I filched from my wife! Are you in your right mind?

ER. Do you deny that you gave me your wife's robe today?

MEN. S. Now too I deny it. Why, I have never had a wife, nor have I, and since the day when I was born, I have never set foot inside the door. I had lunch on the ship. Then I landed here and met you.

ER. Now, please, stop joking, and go inside with me.

MEN. S. It's some other man you are looking for, lady, not me.

ER. Don't I know you, Menaechmus, born as son of Moschus, you who were born at Syracuse in Sicily?

MEN. S. That's the truth you are telling, lady.

MESS. Don't do it. You are done for, if you cross the threshold.

MEN. S. You just keep quiet. I was being shrewd just now, lady, when I was contradicting you. I was afraid that this man would report to my wife about the robe and about the lunch. Now, whenever you wish, let us go inside.

ER. Are you still waiting for your parasite?

MEN. S. I am neither waiting for him nor do I want him admitted if he does come.

ER. By Castor that suits me fine. Let us go inside.

MEN. S. I'll follow you directly. I wish to talk to him first. Hey, Messenio, come over here to me.

MESS. What is it?

MEN. S. I have booty. Lead those sailors off to the inn. Before sunset come to meet me here.

MESS. You do not know those women, master.

MEN. S. Quiet, I say, and go away from here.

MESS. You are going now? He is really done for! Follow me, so that I may come to meet him on time.

Act 3

PEN. Oh Jupiter! Menaechmus has slipped away from me and gone off to his woman friend, I think, and did not want to take me. I shall go . . . But what do I see? Menaechmus with his garland is coming out of the house. The meal is finished. I shall watch and see what the man does. Afterwards I'll go up and speak to him.

MEN. S. She says that I gave her this robe and that I stole it from my wife. Since I realized that she was making a mistake, I began to agree. Whatever the woman said, I said the same. To put it briefly, I have nowhere been well treated at less cost.

PEN. I'll go up to the man, for I am eager to embarrass him.

MEN. S. Who is this who is coming towards me?

PEN. What do you say, man more fickle than feather, most evil and worthless? What did I do to you, that you should lose (ruin) me when you gave me the slip just now in the forum?

MEN. S. Young man, please, what is your name?

PEN. You don't know me, your parasite? .

MEN. S. I would not deny it, if I knew.

PEN. Answer. Did you steal this robe from your wife and give it to Erotium?

MEN. S. By Hercules, I neither have a wife, nor gave to Erotium, nor did I steal the robe.

PEN. Now, by Pollux, I shall tell your wife the whole story. All those insults will fall back on you.

MEN. S. What is all this? They all make fun of me this way. But there goes the door.

ANC. Menaechmus, Erotium says will you be so kind and take this bracelet to the jeweler now.

MEN. S. Both that and anything else she wants looked after; say that I'll look after, whatever she wants.

ANC. Do you know what this bracelet is? This is the one that a while ago you said you had stolen from your wife.

MEN. S. By Hercules it never happened.

ANC. You don't remember? Give back the bracelet, then, if you don't remember.

MEN. S. Wait. Why, of course I remember. Sure enough, this is the one I gave her.

ANC. Anything else?

MEN. S. Just say, "It will be looked after." Both robe and bracelet will be returned together. Has she gone inside? She has. She has closed the doors. The gods all help, bless, and love me. But why am I slow while the chance is given to get away? I'll take this garland and throw it off to the left side so that, if they follow me, they may think that I have gone off this way. I'll

go and meet my slave if I can, so that he may learn from me of these blessings that the gods are giving me.

PEN. You will now catch him red-handed. See, the garland that he had. And, by Pollux, here he is himself. He is coming back very conveniently, but he hasn't the robe.

MAT. How shall I deal with him now?

PEN. Move over here; ambush and capture him.

MEN. Clients detained me in the forum; and so I have wasted an excellent day. I ordered lunch to be got ready. My woman friend is waiting for me, I know. She is angry with me now, I think. The robe that I gave will appease her.

PEN. Do you hear clearly what he is saying?

MAT. Clearly.

MEN. I shall go inside where I shall be well off.

PEN. Stay. You will be badly off instead.

MEN. Who is talking over there? My wife with the parasite. She is glum. Tell me, wife, what ails you?

MAT. Take your hand away, take away your caresses.

MEN. Why are you out of sorts with me?

MAT. You should know.

MEN. What is all that about, wife?

MAT. You're asking me?

MEN. What is the matter?

MAT. A robe . . .

MEN. A robe?

MAT. A robe somebody . . .

PEN. Why are you scared?

MEN. Why, I am scared of nothing.

PEN. Except one thing: the robe puts pallor in you.

MEN. Someone of the slaves behaving badly? The maids or slaves answering you back?

MAT. You're talking nonsense.

MEN. You're very glum. I don't like that.

MAT. You're talking nonsense.

MEN. Surely you're not mad at me?

MAT. Now you are not talking nonsense.

PEN. Now hurry and eat up lunch when I'm not there.

MEN. By Jupiter and all the gods I swear, wife—is this enough for you?—I have not lunched, by Pollux, and I have not set foot inside here today.

PEN. Do you deny it? Didn't I just now see you standing here in front of the house, with a flowery garland, when you said that you did not know me, you said you were a foreigner? By Hercules I have told your wife everything.

MEN. What did you tell?

PEN. I don't know. Ask her personally.

MEN. What is this, wife? What did he tell you? What is it?

MAT. A robe has been stolen from me, from the house.

MEN. Who stole it?

MAT. By Pollux, the man who took it knows that.
 MEN. Who is this man?
 MAT. One Menaechmus.
 MEN. By Pollux, a scurvy trick. Who is this Menaechmus?
 MAT. Your own self, I say.
 MEN. I!
 MAT. You.
 MEN. Who accuses?
 MAT. I.
 PEN. And I. Yes and you gave it to your friend Erotium here.
 MEN. By Jupiter and all the gods I swear, wife—is this enough for you?—I didn't give it.
 MAT. You will never set foot inside the house unless you bring back this robe with you. I'm going home.
 PEN. What about me, who did you this favor?
 MAT. The favor will be returned whenever something is stolen from your home.
 PEN. By Pollux, that certainly will never happen, for I have nothing at home to lose. I see that I have fallen right out of this family.
 MEN. If I displease you, I'll have to put up with it. But I'll please Erotium here, who will not shut me out. Hello, is there anyone at the door? Open up and call out Erotium to the front.
 ER. Who is looking for me here? My dear Menaechmus, why are you standing here outside? Follow me in.
 MEN. Wait. You know why I am coming to you? That robe, please, which I gave you just now, give it back to me. My wife has found out everything.
 ER. Why, I gave that robe to you, to take it to the tailor's, a little while ago, and that bracelet, to take to the jeweler's.
 MEN. You gave me the robe and bracelet?! You never did.
 ER. You gave me that robe of your own free will. You gave it to me as a gift. Now you want it back. Hold it for yourself, take it away, use it, you or your wife. After today you will never set foot inside here. Don't kid yourself.
 MEN. Hey you! I am talking to you. Wait. Come back. She's gone in. She has closed the doors. Now I am most excluded. Now I am not trusted at all either at home nor at my woman friend's. I'll go and consult my friends as to what they think I ought to do.

Act 4

MEN. S. I acted foolishly when I trusted the purse to Messenio. He has plunged, I imagine, into some dive.
 MAT. I'll watch and see how soon my husband comes back home. But here he is, I see him. I am safe. He is bringing back the robe.
 MEN. S. I wonder indeed where Messenio is now strolling.

MAT. Aren't you ashamed, you disgraceful man, to come into my sight with that finery?

MEN. S. What is it? What's troubling you lady?

MAT. Insolent man, do you even dare to speak to me?

MEN. S. What wrong, I ask, have I done so that I don't dare to speak?

MAT. You ask me? Oh the man's impudent audacity! By Castor, I'll send for my father now and tell him your shameful deeds that you are doing. Go, Decio, look for my father, asking him to come back with you. I cannot endure this shameful behavior of yours. For I would prefer to be a widow rather than put up with this shameful behavior of yours.

MEN. S. Are you in your right mind? What shameful behavior of mine?

MAT. Robes and my jewelry you take away from your wife and give to a woman friend. Am I telling this quite correctly?

MEN. S. Do you dare to say that this robe was stolen from you, when another woman gave it to me to have it altered?

MAT. If you make fun of me, then, by Pollux, you can't make fun of him, my father, who is approaching here. Why don't you look behind? Do you know him?

MEN. S. I don't know him from Calchas (*from Adam*). I saw him the same day as I did you.

MAT. Are you saying that you don't know me? Don't know my father?

MEN. S. By Hercules I'll say the same if you want to bring along your grandfather.

SE. As suits my age, as suits this task. I'll move ahead. I'll hurry to advance. But this is a worry in my heart and soul. What is this business? Why did daughter so suddenly ask me to go to her? But whatever it is, I'll know directly. And there she is herself in front of the house, and I see her husband looking glum.

MAT. I'll go to meet him. A good day to you, dear father.

SE. And good day to you. Why are you glum?

MAT. I cannot live here, and endure it in any way, so do take me away from here.

SE. Now here's a pretty to-do. How many times have I told you that you are to humor your husband? Don't spy on what he does, where he goes, how he carries on.

MAT. But he loves a woman friend next door.

SE. Good man! And thanks to your nosiness he will love her all the more.

MAT. But he takes from me jewelry and robes out of the chests at home; he robs me, and secretly carries away my jewelry to his women friends.

SE. He is behaving badly, if he does that.

MAT. Why, even now he has a robe, father, and a bracelet that he had presented to her.

SE. I'll find out from him directly. I'll go up to the man and talk to him. Tell me this, Menaechmus, why are you glum?

MEN. S. Whoever you are, whatever your name, old man, I call almighty Jupiter and the gods as witnesses.

SE. About what?

MEN. S. If I have ever set foot inside this woman's house, I pray that I may become the most wretched of all wretched men.

SE. Are you sane? Are you saying that you have never set foot in this house where you live, you utter madman?

MEN. S. Yes, by Hercules, I am.

SE. Now really, Menaechmus, you have joked enough. Now get to the point.

MEN. S. Please, what is your business with me? Who are you or where are you from? Are you of sound mind, or indeed is she, who is bothering me in every possible way?

MAT. Do you see that his eyes are green? How the color rises green from his temples and forehead? Just look how his eyes glitter!

MEN. S. What better course for me than to pretend that I am mad in order to frighten them away from me? *Evoi, evoi, Bromius!* Where do you call me to hunt in the forest? Apollo by an oracle bids me burn out that one's eyes with blazing torches.

MAT. I'm lost, dear father! He is threatening to burn my eyes out. I am running away. Please watch over him, father, so that he does not go off anywhere away from here.

MEN. S. You give me many orders, Apollo. Now you bid me take untamed, fierce horses and climb into the chariot. Now I have taken my place on the chariot. Now I have the reins, now the whip in my hands. Gee up, horses. Let the sound of the hoofs be heard.

SE. Are you threatening me with yoked horses?

MEN. S. Lo, Apollo, again you bid me charge against the man who is standing here and murder him. But who is this who is pulling me by the hair out of this chariot?

SE. Ye gods, your loyal help! Such sickness suddenly attacked him. I'll go and fetch a doctor now as fast as possible.

MEN. S. Have those people now gone, please, out of my sight? Please, all of you, if the old man comes back, don't tell him by what road I escaped from here.

Act 5

ME. What had you said his disease was? Tell, old man.

SE. Why, that's why I am bringing you, to tell me this and make him well.

ME. Why, that is very easy. I promise you upon my honor that he'll be well.

SE. I want him treated very carefully. And here's the man himself.

ME. Let us watch what he does.

MEN. By Pollux, this has been a vexing day for me. What I

thought I was doing secretly, the parasite has let it all out into the open. I ask for the robe so that it may be brought back to my wife. Erotium says that she has given it to me. Ah me, by Pollux, I am an unhappy man!

SE. Why do you stand? Why do you hesitate?

MEN. What is this business? What do you want? Why are you standing around me? Where are you carrying me? Where are you taking me? Help, citizens of Epidamnus, help!

MESS. Ye immortal gods! I beseech you, what do I see with my own eyes? They are carrying my master shoulder high most shamefully. Let him go.

MEN. I beg of you, whoever you are, help me.

MESS. I'll help and defend and succor. I'll never allow you to be killed. Let him go, let him go.

MEN. I have this fellow's eye.

MESS. Let his eye socket show in his head. You scoundrels, you robbers, you pirates.

Slaves. Murder! Please, by Hercules, let me go.

MESS. Come, get going, go to the dickens. There you are; as you are the last to leave, this will be your reward.

MEN. But may the gods always bless you, young man, whoever you are!

MESS. Then, by Pollux, if you were to do the right thing, you would set me free, master.

MEN. Young man, you are mistaken. By father Jupiter, I swear that I am not your master.

MESS. Let me then leave a free man if you say that I am not your slave.

MEN. As far at least as I am concerned, be free and go wherever you like.

MESS. Good day, my patron. Since you free me in earnest, I rejoice. Now I'll go to the inn to bring you back the gear and money.

MEN. Make it snappy. Too many strange things have happened to me today in strange ways. Some say that I am not who I am, and bar me outdoors. He says that he is my slave. He says that he will bring me a purse with money. My father-in-law and the doctor believe that I am mad. Now I shall go to my friend Erotium, although she is angry with me. If I can, I'll prevail upon her to give me back the robe to take it back home.

MEN. S. You, insolent fellow, do you have the nerve to say that you met me anywhere today, after I ordered you to come and meet me here?

MESS. Why, I rescued you just now when four men were carrying you. You were appealing for the help of gods and men when I ran up and rescued you by force, by fighting. Because of this, because I saved you, you set me free.

MEN. S. I ordered you to go free!

MESS. Yes, you did.

MEN. Even if you swear it by your eyes, you evil creatures, I did not any the more take away the robe and the bracelet today.

MESS. Immortal gods, what is this I see?

MEN. S. What do you see?

MESS. He is the image of you.

MEN. S. He is not at all unlike me.

MEN. Oh hello, young man, you who saved me, whoever you are.

MESS. Young man, please, by Hercules, tell me your name.

MEN. My name is Menaechmus.

MEN. S. No, by Pollux, that is my name.

MEN. What's this I hear from you?

MEN. S. This which is a fact.

MESS. I certainly know this man; he is my master. I am his slave, but I thought that I was his.

MEN. S. I seems to me that you are mad. Don't you remember that you left the ship with me today?

MESS. You are the master. You, look for a slave. Good day to you, and to you goodbye. Ye immortal gods, give me hope unhopd for; for, unless my mind deceives me, these are the twins. Menaechmus!

MEN. AND MEN. S. What do you want?

MESS. I want not both, but my master. Which of you two sailed with me?

MEN. Not I.

MEN. S. But I.

MESS. I want you then. Come over here.

MEN. S. I have come over. What is it?

MESS. I have never seen a person more like a person than he is like you, and you like him.

MEN. S. You shall be free if you discover that this is my brother.

MESS. Is your name Menaechmus?

MEN. I admit it.

MESS. And yours is too?

MEN. S. It is.

MESS. Do you say that Moschus was your father?

MEN. Yes, indeed.

MEN. S. And mine too.

MEN. Oh, hail brother, whom I did not hope for and see now after so many years.

MEN. S. And you, whom I have sought for until now with many miseries and hardships and rejoice at having found.

MESS. Now, spectators, farewell and applaud us loudly.

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